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THE UNIVERSAL ANTHOLOGY

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THE ANCIENT THEATRE.

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ROYAL EDITION

THE

UNIVERSAL ANTHOLOGY

A Collection of the Best Literature, Ancient, Mediæval and Modern, with Biographical and Explanatory Notes

EDITED BY

RICHARD GARNETT

KEEPER OF PRINTED BOOKS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON, 1851 TO 1899

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POEMS OF PRIOR.

[Matthew Prior, English poet and diplomatist, was born at Wimborne-Minster, Dorsetshire, England, July 21, 1664; died at Wimpole, Cambridgeshire, September 18, 1721. He was graduated at St. John's College in 1686; became intimate with Charles Montagu, and with him wrote "The Hind and the Panther, transvers'd to the Story of the Country Mouse and the City Mouse" (1687), a parody on Dryden, who was deeply annoyed. Prior was secretary to Lord Dursley, ambassador to the Hague, 1690–1697; secretary to the Earl of Portland's embassy to France in 1698. He was afterward a member of Parliament and an ambassador to Paris, and in 1715 was impeached and imprisoned two years in his own house. His poems are not great, but are graceful, polished, and witty. A collection entitled "Carmen Seculare" was published in 1700, and "Alma, or the Progress of the Mind" in 1715.]

The Lady's Looking-Glass.

Celia and I the other day
Walked o'er the sand hills to the sea:
The setting sun adorned the coast,
His beams entire, his fierceness lost:
And on the surface of the deep,
The winds lay only not asleep:
The nymph did like the scene appear,
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair:
Soft fell her words, as flew the air.
With secret joy I heard her say
That she would never miss one day
A walk so fine, a sight so gay.
But, oh the change! the winds grow high;
Impending tempests charge the sky;
The lightning flies; the thunder roars;
And big waves lash the frightened shores.
Struck with the horror of the sight,
She turns her head, and wings her flight;

And trembling vows, she'll ne'er again
Approach the shore, or view the main.
Once more at least look back, said I;
Thyself in that large glass descry:
When thou art in good humor drest;
When gentle reason rules thy breast;
The sun upon the calmest sea
Appears not half so bright as thee:
'Tis then that with delight I rove
Upon the boundless depth of love:
I bless my chain; I hand my oar;
Nor think on all I left on shore.
But when vain doubt and groundless fear
Do that dear foolish bosom tear;
When the big lip, and watery eye
Tell me the rising storm is nigh:
'Tis then thou art yon angry main,
Deformed by winds, and dashed by rain;
And the poor sailor, that must try
Its fury, labors less than I.
Shipwrecked, in vain to land I make;
While Love and Fate still drive me back:
Forced to dote on thee thy own way,
I chide thee first, and then obey.
Wretched when from thee, vexed when nigh,
I with thee, or without thee, die.

Euphelia and Cloe.

The merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrowed name:
Euphelia serves to grace my measure;
But Cloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay;
When Cloe noted her desire,
That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise;
But with my numbers mix my sighs:
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.

Fair Cloe blushed: Euphelia frowned:
I sung and gazed: I played and trembled:

And Venus to the Loves around
Remarked how ill we all dissembled.

The Lady to Venus.

Venus, take my votive glass,
Since I am not what I was;
What from this day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see.

Love Disarmed.

Beneath a myrtle's verdant shade
As Chloë half asleep was laid,
Cupid perched lightly on her breast,
And in that heaven desired to rest;
Over her paps his wings he spread;
Between he found a downy bed,
And nestled in his little head.
Still lay the god; the nymph, surprised,
Yet mistress of herself, devised
How she the vagrant might inthrall,
And captive him who captives all.
Her bodice half-way she unlaced;
About his arms she slyly cast
The silken bond, and held him fast.
The god awakes; and thrice in vain
He strove to break the cruel chain;
And thrice in vain he shook his wing,
Incumbered in the silken string.
Fluttering, the god, and weeping, said:—
"Pity poor Cupid, generous maid,
Who happened, being blind, to stray,
And on thy bosom lost his way;
Who strayed, alas! but knew too well
He never there must hope to dwell.
Set an unhappy prisoner free,
Who ne'er intended harm to thee."
"To me pertains not," she replies,
"To know or care where Cupid flies;
What are his haunts, or which his way;
Where he would dwell, or whither stray;
Yet will I never set thee free;
For harm was meant, and harm to me."

"Vain fears that vex thy virgin heart!
I'll give thee up my bow and dart:
Untangle but this cruel chain,
And freely let me fly again."
"Agreed: secure my virgin heart;
Instant give up thy bow and dart:
The chain I'll in return untie;
And freely thou again shalt fly."
Thus she the captive did deliver;
The captive thus gave up his quiver.
The god, disarmed, e'er since that day
Passes his life in harmless play;
Flies round, or sits upon her breast,
A little, fluttering, idle guest.
E'er since that day the beauteous maid
Governs the world in Cupid's stead;
Directs his arrow as she wills;
Gives grief, or pleasure; spares, or kills.

Full Discharge.

To John I owed great obligation;
But John, unhappily, thought fit
To publish it to all the nation;
So John and I are more than quit.

Democritus and Heraclitus.

Democritus, dear droll, revisit earth,
And with our follies glut thy heightened mirth;
Sad Heraclitus, serious wretch, return,
In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn.
Between you both I unconcerned stand by:
Hurt, can I laugh? and honest, need I cry?

Misinformed.

When Bibo thought fit from the world to retreat,
As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat,
He woke in the boat, and to Charon he said,
He would be rowed back, for he was not yet dead.
"Trim the boat and sit quiet," stern Charon replied:
"You may have forgot — You were drunk when you died."

THE GRUMBLING HIVE, OR KNAVES TURNED HONEST.

By BERNARD MANDEVILLE.

[BERNARD MANDEVILLE, ethical speculator and satirist, was born 1670, at Rotterdam; studied and took M.D. at the University of Leyden; and settled in London as a physician in 1691. The popular resentment over the corruptions incident to the War of the Spanish Succession led him, in 1705, to publish the skit "The Grumbling Hive," a half-serious paradox whose moral was afterwards digested as "Private vices are public benefits." His rejoinders to attacks upon it drew him on to maintain this principle as a serious basis of society, in "An inquiry into the Origin of Moral Virtue" (1714), and "A Search into the Origin of Society" (1723), etc., aimed at Shaftesbury; and it fills a large space in the ethical speculation of the eighteenth century. He wrote other works, medical and general, not now important. Died 1733.]

A SPACIOUS hive well stockt with bees,
That lived in luxury and ease,
And yet as famed for laws and arms
As yielding large and early swarms,
Was counted the great nursery
Of sciences and industry.
No bees had better government,
More fickleness, or less content:
They were not slaves to tyranny,
Nor ruled by wild democracy;
But kings, that could not wrong, because
Their power was circumscribed by laws.
These insects lived like men, and all
Our actions they performed in small;
They did whatever's done in town,
And what belongs to sword or gown.
Though th' artful works, by nimble flight
Of minute limbs, 'scaped human sight,
Yet we've no engines, laborers,
Ships, castles, arms, artificers,
Craft, science, shop or instrument,
But they had an equivalent;
Which, since their language is unknown,
Must be called as we do our own.
As grant, that among other things,
They wanted dice, yet they had kings;
And those had guards: from whence we may
Justly conclude, they had some play;
Unless a regiment be shown
Of soldiers that make use of none.

Vast numbers thronged the fruitful hive.
Yet those vast numbers made 'em thrive:
Millions endeavoring to supply
Each other's lust and vanity;
Whilst other millions were employed
To see their handiworks destroyed;
They furnished half the universe,
Yet had more work than laborers.
Some with vast stocks and little pains,
Jumped into business of great gains;
And some were damned to scythes and spades,
And all those hard laborious trades,
Where willing wretches daily sweat,
And wear out strength and limbs to eat:
Whilst others followed mysteries,
To which few folks bind 'prentices,
That want no stock but that of brass,
And may set up without a cross;
As sharpers, parasites, pimps, players,
Pickpockets, coiners, quacks, soothsayers,
And all those that in enmity
With downright working, cunningly
Convert to their own use the labor
Of their good-natured heedless neighbor.
These were called knaves, but bar the name,
The grave industrious were the same:
All trades and places knew some cheat,
No calling was without deceit.
The lawyers, of whose art the basis
Was raising feuds and splitting cases,
Opposed all registers, that cheats
Might make more work with dipt estates;
As wer't unlawful that one's own
Without a lawsuit should be known.
They kept off hearings wilfully,
To finger the refreshing fee;
And to defend a wicked cause,
Examined and surveyed the laws,
As burglars shops and houses do,
To find out where they'd best break through.
Physicians valued fame and wealth
Above the drooping patient's health,
Or their own skill: the greatest part
Studied, instead of rules of art,
Grave pensive looks and dull behavior,
To gain th' apothecaries' favor;

The praise of midwives, priests, and all
That served at birth or funeral;
To bear with th' ever-talking tribe,
And hear my lady's aunt prescribe;
With formal smile, and kind how d'ye,
To fawn on all the family;
And, which of all the greatest curse is,
T' endure th' impertinence of nurses.
Among the many priests of Jove,
Hired to draw blessings from above,
Some few were learned and eloquent,
But thousands hot and ignorant:
But all past muster that could hide
Their sloth, lust, avarice, and pride;
For which they were as famed as tailors
For cabbage, or for brandy sailors.
Some meager-looked, and meanly clad,
Would mystically pray for bread,
Meaning by that an ample store,
Yet lit'rally received no more;
And whilst these holy drudges starved,
The lazy ones, for which they served,
Indulged their ease, with all the graces
Of health and plenty in their faces.
The soldiers that were forced to fight,
If they survived, got honor by't,
Though some, that shunned the bloody fray,
Had limbs shot off, that ran away;
Some valiant gen'rals fought the foe,
Others took bribes to let them go;
Some ventured always where 'twas warm,
Lost now a leg, and then an arm,
Till quite disabled, and put by,
They lived on half their salary;
Whilst others never came in play,
And stayed at home for double pay.
Their kings were served, but knavishly,
Cheated by their own ministry:
Many that for their welfare slaved,
Robbing the very Crown they saved;
Pensions were small, and they lived high,
Yet boasted of their honesty.
Calling, whene'er they strained their right,
The slipp'ry trick a perquisite;
And when folks understood their cant,
They changed that for emolument;

Unwilling to be short or plain,
In anything concerning gain:
For there was not a bee but would
Get more — I won't say, than he should,
But than he dared to let them know
That paid for't; as your gamesters do,
That, though at fair play, ne'er will own
Before the losers what they've won.
    But who can all their frauds repeat?
The very stuff which in the street
They sold for dirt t'enrich the ground,
Was often by the buyers found
Sophisticated with a quarter
Of good-for-nothing stones and mortar;
Though Flail had little cause to mutter,
Who sold the other salt for butter.
    Justice herself, famed for fair dealing,
By blindness had not lost her feeling:
Her left hand, which the scales should hold,
Had often dropt them, bribed with gold;
And though she seemed impartial
Where punishment was corporal,
Pretended to a reg'lar course,
In murther, and all crimes of force —
Though some, first pilloried for cheating,
Were hanged in hemp of their own beating:
Yet, it was thought, the sword she bore
Checked but the desp'rate and the poor;
That, urged by mere necessity,
Were tied up to the wretched tree
For crimes which not deserved that fate,
But to secure the rich and great.

    Thus ev'ry part was full of vice,
Yet the whole mass a paradise;
Flattered in peace, and feared in wars,
They were th' esteem of foreigners,
And lavish of their wealth and lives,
The balance of all other hives.
Such were the blessings of that state:
Their crimes conspired to make them great;
And virtue, who from politics
Had learned a thousand cunning tricks,
Was, by their happy influence,
Made friends with vice; and ever since,

The worst of all the multitude
Did something for the common good.
This was the state's craft, that maintained
The whole, of which each part complained:
This, as in music harmony
Made jarrings in the main agree;
Parties directly opposite,
Assist each other, as 'twere for spite;
And temp'rance with sobriety
Serve drunkenness and gluttony.
The root of evil, avarice,
That damned ill-natured baneful vice,
Was slave to prodigality,
That noble sin; whilst luxury
Employed a million of the poor,
And odious pride a million more:
Envy itself, and vanity,
Were ministers of industry;
Their darling folly, fickleness
In diet, furniture, and dress,
That strange ridic'lous vice was made
The very wheel that turned the trade.
Their laws and clothes were equally
Objects of mutability;
For what was well done for a time,
In half a year became a crime:
Yet whilst they altered thus their laws,
Still finding and correcting flaws,
They mended by inconstancy
Faults which no prudence could foresee.
Thus vice nursed ingenuity,
Which joined with time and industry,
Had carried life's conveniencies,
Its real pleasures, comforts, ease,
To such a height, the very poor
Lived better than the rich before,
And nothing could be added more.
How vain is mortal happiness!
Had they but known the bounds of bliss,
And that perfection here below
Is more than gods can well bestow,
The grumbling brutes had been content
With ministers and government.
But they, at every ill success,
Like creatures lost without redress,

Cursed politicians, armies, fleets;
Whilst ev'ry one cried, "Damn the cheats,"
And would, though conscious of his own,
In others barb'rously bear none.
One, that had got a princely store
By cheating master, king, and poor,
Dared cry aloud, "The land must sink
For all its fraud;" and whom d'ye think
The sermonizing rascal chid?
A glover that sold lamb for kid.
The least thing was not done amiss,
Or crossed the public business,
But all the rogues cried brazenly,
"Good gods, had we but honesty!"
Mercury smiled at the impudence,
And others called it want of sense,
Always to rail at what they loved:
But Jove, with indignation moved,
At last in anger swore "he'd rid
The bawling hive of fraud," and did.
The very moment it departs,
And honesty fills all their hearts;
There shows 'em, like th' instructive tree,
Those crimes which they're ashamed to see,
Which now in silence they confess,
By blushing at their ugliness:
Like children that would hide their faults,
And by their color own their thoughts;
Imag'ning when they're lookt upon,
That others see what they have done.
But, oh, ye gods! what consternation,
How vast and sudden was th' alteration!
In half an hour, the nation round,
Meat fell a penny in the pound.
The mask hypocrisy's flung down,
From the great statesman to the clown;
And some in borrowed looks well known,
Appeared like strangers in their own.
The bar was silent from that day;
For now the willing debtors pay,
Ev'n what's by creditors forgot;
Who quitted them that had it not.
Those that were in the wrong stood mute,
And dropt the patched vexatious suit;
On which, since nothing less can thrive

Than lawyers in an honest hive,
All, except those that got enough,
With inkhorns by their sides trooped off.
Justice hanged some, set others free;
And after jail delivery,
Her presence being no more required,
With all her train and pomp retired.
First marched some smiths with locks and grates,
Fetters, and doors with iron plates;
Next jailers, turnkeys, and assistants;
Before the goddess, at some distance,
Her chief and faithful minister,
'Squire Catch, the law's great finisher,
Bore not th' imaginary sword,
But his own tools, an ax and cord;
Then on a cloud the hoodwinked fair,
Justice herself, was pushed by air;
About her chariot and behind,
Were sergeants, bums of ev'ry kind,
Tip-staffs, and all those officers,
That squeeze a living out of tears.
Though physic lived, whilst folks were ill,
None would prescribe but bees of skill,
Which through the hive dispersed so wide,
That none of them had need to ride;
Waived vain disputes, and strove to free
The patients of their misery;
Left drugs in cheating countries grown,
And used the product of their own,
Knowing the gods sent no disease
To nations without remedies.
Their clergy, roused from laziness,
Laid not their charge on journey-bees,
But served themselves, exempt from vice,
The gods with prayer and sacrifice:
All those that were unfit, or knew
Their service might be spared, withdrew;
Nor was there business for so many,
(If th' honest stand in need of any);
Few only with the high-priest stayed,
To whom the rest obedience paid:
Himself employed in holy cares,
Resigned to others state affairs.
He chased no starv'ling from his door,
Nor pinched the wages of the poor;

But at his house the hungry's fed,
The hireling finds unmeasured bread,
The needy trav'ler board and bed.
Among the king's great ministers,
And all th' inferior officers,
The change was great; for frugally
They now lived on their salary:
That a poor bee should ten times come
To ask his due, a trifling sum,
And by some well-hired clerk be made
To give a crown, or ne'er be paid,
Would now be called a downright cheat,
Though formerly a perquisite.
All places managed first by three,
Who watched each other's knavery,
And often for a fellow-feeling
Promoted one another's stealing,
Are happily supplied by one,
By which some thousands more are gone.
No honor now could be content,
To live and owe for what was spent;
Liv'ries in brokers' shops are hung,
They part with coaches for a song;
Sell stately horses by whole sets;
And country-houses, to pay debts.
Vain cost is shunned as much as fraud;
They have no forces kept abroad;
Laugh at th' esteem of foreigners,
And empty glory got by wars;
They fight, but for their country's sake,
When right or liberty's at stake.

Now mind the glorious hive, and see
How honesty and trade agree.
The show is gone, it thins apace;
And looks with quite another face:
For 'twas not only that they went,
By whom vast sums were yearly spent,
But multitudes that lived on them,
Were daily forced to do the same.
In vain to other trades they'd fly;
All were o'erstocked accordingly.
The price of lands and houses falls;
Mirac'lous palaces, whose walls,
Like those of Thebes, were raised by play,
Are to be let; whilst the once gay,

Weakened hands and gouty wood to
More pasture to expose to flames, than use
The mean materials on the ground
Smile at the alms once they have.
The building trade is quite destroyed,
Artificers are not employed;
No manner for the art is found,
Bricklayers, carvers, are not named.
There that remain, grown very rate, strive,
Not how to thrive, but how to live;
And when they paid their taverns score,
Resolved to enter it no more.
No vintner's jilt in all the hive
Could wear now cloth of gold, and thrive;
Nor Tavern such vast sums advance
For Burgundy and Orleans.
The courtier's gone, that with his mine
Supped at his house on Christmas eves;
Spending as much in two hours' stay,
As keeps a troop of horse a day.
The haughty Chloe, to live great,
Had made her husband rob the state:
But now she sells her furniture,
Which th' Indies had been ransacked for;
Contracts th' expensive bill of fare,
And wears her strong suit a whole year:
The slight and fickle age is past,
And clothes, as well as fashions, last.
Weavers, that joined rich silk with plate,
And all the trades subordinate,
Are gone. Still peace and plenty reign,
And ev'rything is cheap, though plain:
Kind Nature, free from gard'ners force,
Allows all fruits in her own course;
But rarities cannot be had,
Where pains to get 'em are not paid.
As pride and luxury decrease,
So by degrees they leave the seas.
Not merchants now, but companies
Remove whole manufactories.
All arts and crafts neglected lie;
Content, the bane of industry,
Makes them admire their homely store,
And neither seek nor covet more.
So few in the vast hive remain,
The hundredth part they can't maintain

Against th' insults of num'rous foes,
Whom yet they valiantly oppose;
'Til some well-fenced retreat is found,
And here they die, or stand their ground.
No hireling in their army's known;
But bravely fighting for their own,
Their courage and integrity
At last were crowned with victory.
They triumphed not without their cost,
For many thousand bees were lost.
Hardened with toils and exercise,
They counted ease itself a vice;
Which so improved their temperance,
That, to avoid extravagance,
They flew into a hollow tree,
Blest with content and honesty.

THE MORAL.

Then leave complaints: fools only strive
To make a great an honest hive.
T' enjoy the world's conveniencies,
Be famed in war, yet live in ease,
Without great vices, is a vain
Utopia, seated in the brain.
Fraud, luxury, and pride, must live,
Whilst we the benefits receive.
Hunger's a dreadful plague, no doubt,
Yet who digests or thrives without?
Do we not owe the growth of wine
To the dry, shabby, crooked vine?
Which, whilst its shoots neglected stood,
Choked other plants, and ran to wood;
But blest us with its noble fruit,
As soon as it was tied and cut:
So vice is beneficial found,
When 'tis by justice lopped and bound;
Nay, where the people would be great,
As necessary to the state
As hunger is to make 'em eat.
Bare virtue can't make nations live
In splendor; they that would revive
A golden age, must be as free
For acorns as for honesty.

THE FAMILY OF SULLEN.

(From "The Beaux' Stratagem.")

By GEORGE FARQUHAR.

[George Farquhar, one of the four great comic dramatists of the Restoration, was a clergyman's son, born in Londonderry, Ireland, in 1678; attended Trinity College, Dublin, as a "poor scholar," but left in disgust at the humiliations, and became an actor in Dublin; nearly killing a fellow-actor by accident, left the stage, and became by favor a lieutenant in the army; at twenty wrote "Love and a Bottle," whose remarkable success turned him into a playwright for good. He next produced "The Constant Couple" (1700); its sequel, "Sir Harry Wildair" (1701); a volume of poems, letters, and an essay on Comedy (1702); "The Inconstant" (1703); "The Stage Coach" (with Motteux; an adaptation: 1704); "The Twin Rivals" (1705); "The Recruiting Officer" (1706); "The Beaux' Stratagem" (the last two his masterpieces), written when dying in 1707, at twenty-nine. He was a shy man, free only with his pen; and was entrapped, to his disaster, into a penniless marriage in 1703.]

Scene: *A Gallery in* Lady Bountiful's *House. Enter* Mrs. Sullen *and* Dorinda, *meeting.*

Dorinda — Morrow, my dear sister: are you for church this morning?

Mrs. Sullen — Anywhere to pray; for Heaven alone can help me. But I think, Dorinda, there's no form of prayer in the liturgy against bad husbands.

Dorinda — But there's a form of law in Doctors Commons; and I swear, sister Sullen, rather than see you thus continually discontented, I would advise you to apply to that: for besides the part that I bear in your vexatious broils, as being sister to the husband and friend to the wife, your example gives me such an impression of matrimony that I shall be apt to condemn my person to a long vacation all its life. But supposing, madam, that you brought it to a case of separation, what can you urge against your husband? My brother is, first, the most constant man alive.

Mrs. Sullen — The most constant husband, I grant ye.

Dorinda — He never sleeps from you.

Mrs. Sullen — No, he always sleeps with me.

Dorinda — He allows you a maintenance suitable to your quality.

Mrs. Sullen — A maintenance! do you take me, madam, for an hospital child, that I must sit down and bless my benefactors

for meat, drink, and clothes? As I take it, madam, I brought your brother ten thousand pounds, out of which I might expect some pretty things, called pleasures.

Dorinda — You share in all the pleasures that the country affords.

Mrs. Sullen — Country pleasures! racks and torments! Dost think, child, that my limbs were made for leaping of ditches, and clambering over stiles? or that my parents, wisely foreseeing my future happiness in country pleasures, had early instructed me in rural accomplishments of drinking fat ale, playing at whisk [now whist], and smoking tobacco, with my husband? or of spreading plasters, brewing of diet-drinks, and stilling rosemary-water, with the good old gentlewoman my mother-in-law?

Dorinda — I'm sorry, madam, that it is not more in our power to divert you; I could wish, indeed, that our entertainments were a little more polite, or your taste a little less refined. But pray, madam, how came the poets and philosophers, that labored so much in hunting after pleasure, to place it at last in a country life?

Mrs. Sullen — Because they wanted money, child, to find out the pleasures of the town. Did you ever see a poet or philosopher worth ten thousand pounds? if you can show me such a man, I'll lay you fifty pound you'll find him somewhere within the weekly bills. Not that I disapprove rural pleasures, as the poets have painted them: in their landscape, every Phillis has her Corydon, every murmuring stream and every flowery mead gives fresh alarms to love. Besides, you'll find that their couples were never married; but yonder I see my Corydon, and a sweet swain it is, Heaven knows! Come, Dorinda, don't be angry: he's my husband and your brother, and between both, is he not a sad brute?

Dorinda — I have nothing to say to your part of him: you're the best judge.

Mrs. Sullen — O sister, sister! if ever you marry, beware of a sullen, silent sot, one that's always musing, but never thinks. There's some diversion in a talking blockhead; and since a woman must wear chains, I would have the pleasure of hearing 'em rattle a little. Now you shall see, but take this by the way: he came home this morning at his usual hour of four, wakened me out of a sweet dream of something else by tumbling over the tea-table, which he broke all to pieces; after his

man and he had rolled about the room, like sick passengers in a storm, he comes flounce into bed, dead as a salmon in a fishmonger's basket; his feet cold as ice, his breath hot as a furnace, and his hands and his face as greasy as his flannel night-cap. O matrimony! He tosses up the clothes with a barbarous swing over his shoulders, disorders the whole economy of my bed, leaves me half naked, and my whole night's comfort is the tunable serenade of that wakeful nightingale, his nose! Oh, the pleasure of counting the melancholy clock by a snoring husband! But now, sister, you shall see how handsomely, being a well-bred man, he will beg my pardon.

Enter SQUIRE SULLEN.

Squire Sullen — My head aches consumedly.

Mrs. Sullen — Will you be pleased, my dear, to drink tea with us this morning? It may do your head good.

Squire Sullen — No.

Dorinda — Coffee, brother?

Squire Sullen — Psha!

Mrs. Sullen — Will you please to dress and go to church with me? The air may help you.

Squire Sullen — Scrub! [*Calls.*

Enter SCRUB.

Scrub — Sir!

Squire Sullen — What day o' th' week is this?

Scrub — Sunday, an't please your worship.

Squire Sullen — Sunday! bring me a dram; and d'ye hear, set out the venison pasty and a tankard of strong beer upon the hall table; I'll go to breakfast. [*Going.*

Dorinda — Stay, stay, brother, you shan't get off so: you were very naught last night, and must make your wife reparation; come, come, brother, won't you ask pardon?

Squire Sullen — For what?

Dorinda — For being drunk last night.

Squire Sullen — I can afford it, can't I?

Mrs. Sullen — But I can't, sir.

Squire Sullen — Then you may let it alone.

Mrs. Sullen — But I must tell you, sir, that this is not to be borne.

Squire Sullen — I'm glad on't.

Mrs. Sullen — What is the reason, sir, that you use me thus inhumanly?

Squire Sullen — Scrub!

Scrub — Sir!

Squire Sullen — Get things ready to shave my head.

[*Exit.*

Mrs. Sullen — Have a care of coming near his temples, Scrub, for fear you meet something there that will turn the edge of your razor. — [*Exit* SCRUB.] Inveterate stupidity! did you ever know so hard, so obstinate a spleen as his? O sister, sister! I shall never ha' good of the beast till I get him to town. London, dear London, is the place for managing and breaking a husband.

Dorinda — And has not a husband the same opportunities there for humbling a wife?

Mrs. Sullen — No, no, child: 'tis a standing maxim in conjugal discipline, that when a man would enslave his wife, he hurries her into the country; and when a lady would be arbitrary with her husband, she wheedles her booby up to town. A man dare not play the tyrant in London, because there are so many examples to encourage the subject to rebel. O Dorinda! Dorinda! a fine woman may do anything in London: o' my conscience, she may raise an army of forty thousand men.

Dorinda — I fancy, sister, you have a mind to be trying your power that way here in Lichfield: you have drawn the French count to your colors already.

Mrs. Sullen — The French are people that can't live without their gallantries.

Dorinda — And some English that I know, sister, are not averse to such amusements.

Mrs. Sullen — Well, sister, since the truth must out, it may do as well now as hereafter; I think one way to rouse my lethargic, sottish husband, is to give him a rival: security begets negligence in all people, and men must be alarmed to make 'em alert in their duty. Women are like pictures — of no value in the hands of a fool till he hears men of sense bid high for the purchase.

Dorinda — This might do, sister, if my brother's understanding were to be convinced into a passion for you: but I fancy there's a natural aversion of his side; and I fancy, sister, that you don't come much behind him, if you dealt fairly.

Mrs. Sullen — I own it, we are united contradictions, fire and water; but I could be contented, with a great many other wives, to humor the censorious mob, and give the world an appearance of living well with my husband, could I bring him but to dissemble a little kindness to keep me in countenance.

Dorinda — But how do you know, sister, but that, instead of rousing your husband by this artifice to a counterfeit kindness, he should awake in a real fury.

Mrs. Sullen — Let him: if I can't entice him to the one, I would provoke him to the other.

Dorinda — But how must I behave myself between ye?

Mrs. Sullen — You must assist me.

Dorinda — What, against my own brother?

Mrs. Sullen — He's but half a brother, and I'm your entire friend. If I go a step beyond the bounds of honor, leave me; till then, I expect you should go along with me in everything: while I trust my honor in your hands, you may trust your brother's in mine. The count is to dine here to-day.

Dorinda — 'Tis a strange thing, sister, that I can't like that man.

Mrs. Sullen — You like nothing; your time is not come: love and death have their fatalities, and strike home one time or other; you'll pay for all one day, I warrant ye. But come, my lady's tea is ready, and 'tis almost church time. [*Exeunt.*

* * * * * * *

Scene: A Room in BONIFACE'S *Inn. Knocking without; enter* BONIFACE.

Boniface — Coming! coming! — A coach and six foaming horses at this time o' night! some great man, as the saying is, for he scorns to travel with other people.

Enter SIR CHARLES FREEMAN.

Sir Charles — What, fellow! a public house, and abed when other people sleep?

Boniface — Sir, I an't abed, as the saying is.

Sir Charles — Is Mr. Sullen's family abed, think'ee?

Boniface — All but the squire himself, sir, as the saying is, he's in the house.

Sir Charles — What company has he?

Boniface — Why, sir, there's the constable, Mr. Gage, the

exciseman, the hunch-backed barber, and two or three other gentlemen.

Sir Charles — I find my sister's letters gave me the true picture of her spouse. [*Aside.*

Enter SQUIRE SULLEN, *drunk.*

Boniface — Sir, here's the squire.

Squire Sullen — The puppies left me asleep — Sir!

Sir Charles — Well, sir.

Squire Sullen — Sir, I am an unfortunate man; I have three thousand pound a year, and I can't get a man to drink a cup of ale with me.

Sir Charles — That's very hard.

Squire Sullen — Ay, sir; and unless you have pity upon me, and smoke one pipe with me, I must e'en go home to my wife, and I had rather go to the devil by half.

Sir Charles — But I presume, sir, you won't see your wife to-night: she'll be gone to bed. You don't use to lie with your wife in that pickle?

Squire Sullen — What! not lie with my wife! why, sir, do you take me for an atheist or a rake?

Sir Charles — If you hate her, sir, I think you had better lie from her.

Squire Sullen — I think so too, friend. But I'm a justice of peace, and must do nothing against the law.

Sir Charles — Law! As I take it, Mr. Justice, nobody observes law for law's sake, only for the good of those for whom it was made.

Squire Sullen — But if the law orders me to send you to jail, you must lie there, my friend.

Sir Charles — Not unless I commit a crime to deserve it.

Squire Sullen — A crime! oons, an't I married?

Sir Charles — Nay, sir, if you call marriage a crime, you must disown it for a law.

Squire Sullen — Eh! I must be acquainted with you, sir. — But, sir, I should be very glad to know the truth of this matter.

Sir Charles — Truth, sir, is a profound sea, and few there be that dare wade deep enough to find out the bottom on't. Besides, sir, I'm afraid the line of your understanding mayn't be long enough.

Squire Sullen — Look'ee, sir, I have nothing to say to your

sea of truth; but if a good parcel of land can entitle a man to a little truth, I have as much as any he in the country.

Boniface — I never heard your worship, as the saying is, talk so much before.

Squire Sullen — Because I never met with a man that I liked before.

Boniface — Pray, sir, as the saying is, let me ask you one question: are not man and wife one flesh?

Sir Charles — You and your wife, Mr. Guts, may be one flesh, because ye are nothing else; but rational creatures have minds that must be united.

Squire Sullen — Minds!

Sir Charles — Aye, minds, sir: don't you think that the mind takes place of the body?

Squire Sullen — In some people.

Sir Charles — Then the interest of the master must be consulted before that of the servant.

Squire Sullen — Sir, you shall dine with me to-morrow! Oons, I always thought that we were naturally one.

Sir Charles — Sir, I know that my two hands are naturally one, because they love one another, kiss one another, help one another in all the actions of life; but I could not say so much if they were always at cuffs.

Squire Sullen — Then 'tis plain that we are two.

Sir Charles — Why don't you part with her, sir?

Squire Sullen — Will you take her, sir?

Sir Charles — With all my heart.

Squire Sullen — You shall have her to-morrow morning, and a venison pasty into the bargain.

Sir Charles — You'll let me have her fortune, too?

Squire Sullen — Fortune! why, sir, I have no quarrel at her fortune: I only hate the woman, sir, and none but the woman shall go.

Sir Charles — But her fortune, sir —

Squire Sullen — Can you play at whisk, sir?

Sir Charles — No, truly, sir.

Squire Sullen — Not at all-fours?

Sir Charles — Neither.

Squire Sullen [*Aside*] — Oons! where was this man bred? — [*Aloud*] Burn me, sir! I can't go home, 'tis but two a clock.

Sir Charles — For half an hour, sir, if you please — but you must consider 'tis late.

Squire Sullen — Late! that's the reason I can't go to bed.— Come, sir! [*Exeunt.*

* * * * * * *

Enter SQUIRE SULLEN.

Squire Sullen — What's all this? They tell me, spouse, that you had like to have been robbed.

Mrs. Sullen — Truly, spouse, I was pretty near it — had not these gentlemen interposed.

Squire Sullen — How came these gentlemen here?

Mrs. Sullen [*to the others*]. — That's his way of returning thanks, you must know.

Foigard — Aye, but upon my conshience de question be àpropos for all dat.

Sir Charles — You promised last night, sir, that you would deliver your lady to me this morning.

Squire Sullen — Hump?

Archer — Hump! what do you mean by Hump? — Sir, you shall deliver her. — In short, sir, we have saved you and your family; and if you are not civil, we'll unbind the rogues, join with 'em, and set fire to your house. — What does the man mean? Not part with his wife!

Foigard — Arra, not part wid your wife! Upon my shoul, de man dosh not understand common shivility.

Mrs. Sullen — Hold, gentlemen, all things here must move by consent. Compulsion would spoil us. Let my dear and I talk the matter over, and you shall judge it between us.

Squire Sullen — Let me know first, who are to be our judges. — Pray, sir, who are you?

Sir Charles — I am Sir Charles Freeman, come to take away your wife.

Squire Sullen — And you, good sir?

Aimwell — Thomas, Viscount Aimwell, come to take away your sister.

Squire Sullen — And you, pray, sir?

Archer — Francis Archer, esq., come —

Squire Sullen — To take away my mother, I hope. — Gentlemen, you're heartily welcome. I never met with three more obliging people since I was born. — And now, my dear, if you please, you shall have the first word.

Archer — And the last, for five pounds. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Sullen — Spouse.

Squire Sullen — Rib.

Mrs. Sullen — How long have you been married?

Squire Sullen — By the almanac, fourteen months; but by my account, fourteen years.

Mrs. Sullen — 'Tis thereabout by my reckoning.

Foigard — Upon my conshience, dere accounts vil agree.

Mrs. Sullen — Pray, spouse, what did you marry for?

Squire Sullen — To get an heir to my estate.

Sir Charles — And have you succeeded?

Squire Sullen — No.

Archer — The condition fails of his side. — Pray, madam, what did you marry for?

Mrs. Sullen — To support the weakness of my sex by the strength of his, and to enjoy the pleasures of an agreeable society.

Sir Charles — Are your expectations answered?

Mrs. Sullen — No.

Foigard — Arra, honeys, a clear caase, a clear caase!

Sir Charles — What are the bars to your mutual contentment?

Mrs. Sullen — In the first place, I can't drink ale with him.

Squire Sullen — Nor can I drink tea with her.

Mrs. Sullen — I can't hunt with you.

Squire Sullen — Nor can I dance with you.

Mrs. Sullen — I hate cocking and racing.

Squire Sullen — I abhor ombre and picquet.

Mrs. Sullen — Your silence is intolerable.

Squire Sullen — Your prating is worse.

Mrs. Sullen — Have we not been a perpetual offense to each other — a gnawing vulture at the heart!

Squire Sullen — A frightful goblin to the sight.

Mrs. Sullen — A porcupine to the feeling.

Squire Sullen — Perpetual wormwood to the taste.

Mrs. Sullen — Is there on earth a thing we can agree in?

Squire Sullen — Yes — to part.

Mrs. Sullen — With all my heart.

Squire Sullen — Your hand.

Mrs. Sullen — Here.

Squire Sullen — These hands joined us, these shall part us — Away —

Mrs. Sullen — East.

Squire Sullen — West.

Mrs. Sullen — North.

Squire Sullen — South; far as the poles asunder.

BICKERSTAFF ON PARTRIDGE.

By JONATHAN SWIFT.

[JONATHAN SWIFT: the greatest English prose satirist; born in Dublin, November 30, 1667; died October 19, 1745. He was graduated from Trinity College, Dublin; was for many years secretary to Sir William Temple in England, and in 1695 became a priest, being made dean of St. Patrick's in 1713. From the beginning of his literary career his brilliant and iconoclastic satires attracted attention in the literary world, his writings, though often coarse and usually brutal, being always powerful and artistic. His more famous works include: "Battle of the Books" (1697), "Tale of a Tub" (1704), "Argument to prove the Inconvenience of abolishing Christianity" (1708), "Project for the Advancement of Religion" (1708), "Sentiments of a Church of England Man" (1708), "Conduct of the Allies" (1711), "Advice to the October Club" (1712), "Remarks on the Barrier Treaty" (1712), "Cadenus and Vanessa" (1713), "Public Spirit of the Whigs" (1714), "Drapier's Letters" (1724), "Gulliver's Travels" (1726), and "A Modest Proposal" (1729).]

[PARTRIDGE was a slender-witted fortune-teller and "astrologer," whom Swift, Yalden, and that group were perpetually "guying." The pamphlet below was ostensibly issued by "Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., Astrologer."]

PREDICTIONS FOR THE YEAR 1708.

I HAVE considered the gross abuse of astrology in this kingdom, and upon debating the matter with myself, I could not possibly lay the fault upon the art, but upon those gross impostors who set up to be the artists. I know several learned men have contended that the whole is a cheat; that it is absurd and ridiculous to imagine the stars can have any influence at all upon human actions, thoughts, or inclinations; and whoever has not bent his studies that way may be excused for thinking so, when he sees in how wretched a manner that noble art is treated by a few mean, illiterate traders between us and the stars; who import a yearly stock of nonsense, lies, folly, and impertinence, which they offer to the world as genuine from the planets, though they descend from no greater a height than their own brains.

I intend in a short time to publish a large and rational defense of this art, and therefore shall say no more in its justification at present, than that it hath been in all ages defended by many learned men, and among the rest by Socrates himself, whom I look upon as undoubtedly the wisest of uninspired mortals: to which if we add that those who have condemned

this art, though otherwise learned, having been such as either did not apply their studies this way, or at least did not succeed in their applications; their testimony will not be of much weight to its disadvantage, since they are liable to the common objection of condemning what they did not understand.

Nor am I at all offended, or think it an injury to the art, when I see the common dealers in it, the *Students in astrology*, the *Philomaths*, and the rest of that tribe, treated by wise men with the utmost scorn and contempt; but rather wonder, when I observe gentlemen in the country, rich enough to serve the nation in Parliament, poring in Partridge's Almanack, to find out the events of the year, at home and abroad; not daring to propose a hunting match, till Gadbury or he have fixed the weather.

I will allow either of the two I have mentioned, or any other of the fraternity, to be not only astrologers, but conjurers too, if I do not produce an hundred instances in all their almanacks to convince any reasonable man that they do not so much as understand common grammar and syntax; that they are not able to spell any word out of the usual road, nor, even in their prefaces, to write common sense, or intelligible English. Then, for their observations and predictions, they are such as will equally suit any age or country in the world. "This month a certain great person will be threatened with death or sickness." This the newspaper will tell them, for there we find, at the end of the year, that no month passes without the death of some person of note; and it would be hard if it should be otherwise, when there are at least two thousand persons of note in this kingdom, many of them old, and the almanack-maker has the liberty of choosing the sickliest season of the year, where he may fix his prediction. Again, "this month an eminent clergyman will be preferred;" of which there may be many hundreds, half of them with one foot in the grave. Then, "Such a planet in such a house shows great machinations, plots, and conspiracies, that may in time be brought to light;" after which, if we hear of discovery, the astrologer gets the honor; if not, his prediction still stands good. And at last, "God preserve King William from all his open and secret enemies. Amen." When, if the king should happen to have died, the astrologer plainly foretold it; otherwise it passes but for the pious ejaculation of a loyal subject: though it unluckily happened in some of their almanacks, that poor King William

was prayed for many months after he was dead, because it fell out that he died about the beginning of the year.

Having long observed and lamented these and an hundred other abuses of this art too tedious to repeat, I resolved to proceed in a new way, which I doubt not will be to the general satisfaction of the kingdom: I can this year produce but a specimen of what I design for the future; having employed most part of my time in adjusting and correcting the calculations I made for some years past, because I would offer nothing to the world of which I am not as fully satisfied as that I am now alive. For these two last years I have not failed in above one or two particulars, and those of no very great moment. I exactly foretold the miscarriage at Toulon, with all its particulars; and the loss of Admiral Shovel, although I was mistaken as to the day, placing that accident about thirty-six hours sooner than it happened; but upon reviewing my schemes, I quickly found the cause of that error. I likewise foretold the battle of Almanza to the very day and hour, with the loss on both sides, and the consequences thereof. All which I showed to some friends many months before they happened; that is, I gave them papers sealed up, to open at such a time, after which they were at liberty to read them; and there they found my predictions true in every article, except one or two very minute.

As for the few following predictions I now offer the world, I forbore to publish them till I had perused the several almanacks for the year we are now entered on. I found them all in the usual strain, and I beg the reader will compare their manner with mine: and here I make bold to tell the world that I lay the whole credit of my art upon the truth of these predictions; and I will be content that Partridge and the rest of his clan may hoot me for a cheat and impostor, if I fail in any single particular of moment. I believe any man who reads this paper, will look upon me to be at least a person of as much honesty and understanding as a common maker of almanacks. I do not lurk in the dark; I am not wholly unknown in the world; I have set my name at length to be a mark of infamy to mankind, if they shall find I deceive them. . . .

But now it is time to proceed to my predictions, which I have begun to calculate from the time that the sun enters into Aries. And this I take to be properly the beginning of the natural year. I pursue them to the time that he enters Libra,

or somewhat more, which is the busy period of the year. The remainder I have not yet adjusted, upon account of several impediments needless here to mention: besides, I must remind the reader again that this is but a specimen of what I design in succeeding years to treat more at large, if I may have liberty and encouragement.

My first prediction is but a trifle, yet I will mention it, to show how ignorant those sottish pretenders to astrology are in their own concerns: it relates to Partridge the almanack-maker; I have consulted the star of his nativity by my own rules, and find he will infallibly die upon the 29th of March next, about eleven at night, of a raging fever; therefore I advise him to consider of it, and settle his affairs in time.

The month of April will be observable for the death of many great persons. On the 4th will die the Cardinal de Noailles, Archbishop of Paris: on the 11th, the young Prince of Asturias, son to the Duke of Anjou: on the 14th, a great peer of this realm will die at his country-house: on the 19th, an old layman of great fame for learning: and on the 23d, an eminent goldsmith in Lombard Street. I could mention others, both at home and abroad, if I did not consider such events of very little use or instruction to the reader, or to the world.

[Many other "predictions" follow.]

The Accomplishment of the First of Mr. Bickerstaff's Predictions.

My Lord,

In obedience to your Lordship's commands, as well as to satisfy my own curiosity, I have some days past inquired constantly after Partridge the almanack-maker, of whom it was foretold in Mr. Bickerstaff's Predictions, published about a month ago, that he should die the 29th instant, about eleven at night, of a raging fever. I had some sort of knowledge of him, when I was employed in the revenue, because he used every year to present me with his almanack, as he did other gentlemen, upon the score of some little gratuity we gave him. I saw him accidentally once or twice, about ten days before he died, and observed he began very much to droop and languish, though, I hear, his friends did not seem to apprehend him in any danger. About two or three

days ago he grew ill, was confined first to his chamber, and in a few hours after to his bed; where Dr. Case and Mrs. Kirleus were sent for to visit and to prescribe to him. Upon this intelligence I sent thrice every day one servant or other to inquire after his health; and yesterday, about four in the afternoon, word was brought me that he was past hopes. Upon which I prevailed with myself to go and see him, partly out of commiseration, and, I confess, partly out of curiosity. He knew me very well, seemed surprised at my condescension, and made me compliments upon it, as well as he could in the condition he was. The people about him said he had been for some time delirious; but when I saw him he had his understanding as well as ever I knew, and spoke strong and hearty, without any seeming uneasiness or constraint. After I had told him I was sorry to see him in those melancholy circumstances, and said some other civilities suitable to the occasion, I desired him to tell me freely and ingenuously, whether the predictions Mr. Bickerstaff had published relating to his death had not too much affected and worked on his imagination. He confessed he had often had it in his head, but never with much apprehension till about a fortnight before; since which time it had the perpetual possession of his mind and thoughts, and he did verily believe was the true natural cause of his present distemper: for, said he, "I am thoroughly persuaded, and I think I have very good reasons, that Mr. Bickerstaff spoke altogether by guess, and knew no more what will happen this year than I did myself." I told him, his discourse surprised me; and I would be glad he were in a state of health to be able to tell me what reason he had to be convinced of Mr. Bickerstaff's ignorance. He replied, "I am a poor, ignorant fellow, bred to a mean trade, yet I have sense enough to know that all pretenses of foretelling by astrology are deceits, for this manifest reason: because the wise and the learned, who can only judge whether there be any truth in this science, do all unanimously agree to laugh at and despise it; and none but the poor, ignorant vulgar give it any credit, and that only upon the word of such silly wretches as I and my fellows who can hardly write or read." I then asked him, why he had not calculated his own nativity, to see whether it agreed with Bickerstaff's prediction? At which he shook his head, and said, "Oh! sir, this is no time for jesting, but for repenting

those fooleries, as I do now from the very bottom of my heart." — "By what I can gather from you," said I, "the observations and predictions you printed with your almanacks, were mere impositions on the people." He replied: "If it were otherwise, I should have the less to answer for. We have a common form for all those things: as to foretelling the weather, we never meddle with that, but leave it to the printer, who takes it out of any old almanack, as he thinks fit: the rest was my own invention, to make my almanack sell, having a wife to maintain, and no other way to get my bread; for mending old shoes is a poor livelihood; and" (added he, sighing) "I wish I may not have done more mischief by my physic, than my astrology; though I had some good receipts from my grandmother, and my own compositions were such as I thought could at least do no hurt."

I had some other discourse with him, which I now cannot call to mind; and I fear have already tried your lordship. I shall only add one circumstance, that on his death-bed he declared himself a nonconformist, and had a fanatic preacher to be his spiritual guide. After half an hour's conversation I took my leave, being almost stifled with the closeness of the room. I imagined he could not hold out long, and therefore withdrew to a little coffee-house hard by, leaving a servant at the house with orders to come immediately and tell me, as near as he could, the minute when Partridge should expire, which was not above two hours after; when looking upon my watch, I found it to be above five minutes after seven: by which it is clear that Mr. Bickerstaff was mistaken almost four hours in his calculation. In the other circumstances he was exact enough. But whether he hath not been the cause of this poor man's death, as well as the predictor, may be very reasonably disputed. However, it must be confessed, the matter is odd enough, whether we should endeavor to account for it by chance, or the effect of imagination: for my own part, though I believe no man hath less faith in these matters, yet I shall wait with some impatience, and not without some expectation, the fulfilling of Mr. Bickerstaff's second prediction, that the Cardinal de Noailles is to die upon the fourth of April; and if that should be verified as exactly as this of poor Partridge, I must own I should be wholly surprised, and at a loss, and infallibly expect the accomplishment of all the rest.

A Vindication of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.

Mr. Partridge hath been lately pleased to treat me after a very rough manner, in that which is called his almanack for the present year: such usage is very indecent from one gentleman to another, and does not at all contribute to the discovery of truth, which ought to be the great end in all disputes of the learned. To call a man fool, and villain, and impudent fellow, only for differing from him in a point merely speculative, is, in my humble opinion, a very improper style for a person of his education. I appeal to the learned world, whether, in my last year's predictions, I gave him the least provocation for such unworthy treatment. Philosophers have differed in all ages, but the discreetest among them have always differed as became philosophers. Scurrility and passion, in a controversy among scholars, is just so much of nothing to the purpose; and at best a tacit confession of a weak cause: my concern is not so much for my own reputation, as that of the republic of letters, which Mr. Partridge hath endeavored to wound through my sides. If men of public spirit must be superciliously treated for their ingenious attempts, how will true useful knowledge be ever advanced? I wish Mr. Partridge knew the thoughts which foreign universities have conceived of his ungenerous proceeding with me; but I am too tender of his reputation to publish them to the world. That spirit of envy and pride, which blasts so many rising geniuses in our nation, is yet unknown among professors abroad: the necessity of justifying myself will excuse my vanity, when I tell the reader, that I have received near a hundred honorary letters from several parts of Europe (some as far as Muscovy) in praise of my performance. Beside several others, which, as I have been credibly informed, were opened in the post office, and never sent me. It is true, the Inquisition in Portugal was pleased to burn my predictions, and condemn the author and the readers of them: but I hope at the same time, it will be considered, in how deplorable a state learning lies at present in that kingdom; and with the profoundest veneration for crowned heads, I will presume to add, that it a little concerned his Majesty of Portugal to interpose his authority in behalf of a scholar and a gentleman, the subject of a nation with which he is now in so strict an alliance. But the other kingdoms and states of Europe have treated me with more candor and generosity. If I had leave to print the

Latin letters transmitted to me from foreign parts, they would fill a volume, and be a full defense against all that Mr. Partridge or his accomplices of the Portugal Inquisition will be ever able to object; who, by the way, are the only enemies my predictions have ever met with at home or abroad. But I hope I know better what is due to the honor of a learned correspondence, in so tender a point. Yet some of those illustrious persons will perhaps excuse me for transcribing a passage or two in my vindication. The most learned Monsieur Leibnitz thus addresses to me his third letter: "*Illustrissimo Bickerstaffio astrologiæ instauratori*," etc. Monsieur Le Clerc, quoting my predictions in a treatise he published last year, is pleased to say, "*Ita nuperrime Bickerstaffius, magnum illud Angliæ sidus.*" Another great professor, writing of me, has these words: "*Bickerstaffius, nobilis Anglus, astrologorum hujusce sæculi facile princeps.*" Signior Magliabecchi, the Great Duke's famous library-keeper, spends almost his whole letter in compliments and praises. 'Tis true the renowned professor of astronomy at Utrecht seems to differ from me in one article; but it is after the modest manner that becomes a philosopher; as "*pace tanti viri dixerim:*" and, page 55, he seems to lay the error upon the printer (as indeed it ought), and says, "*vel forsan, error typographi, cum alioquin Bickerstaffius vir doctissimus,*" *&c.*

If Mr. Partridge had followed this example in the controversy between us, he might have spared me the trouble of justifying myself in so public a manner. I believe few men are readier to own their errors than I, or more thankful to those who will please to inform him of them. But, it seems, this gentleman, instead of encouraging the progress of his own art, is pleased to look upon all attempts of that kind as an invasion of his province. He has been indeed so wise as to make no objection against the truth of my predictions, except in one single point relating to himself: and to demonstrate how much men are blinded by their own partiality, I do solemnly assure the reader, that he is the only person from whom I ever heard that objection offered; which consideration alone, I think, will take off all its weight.

With my utmost endeavors I have not been able to trace above two objections ever made against the truth of my last year's prophecies: the first was, of a Frenchman, who was pleased to publish to the world, "that the Cardinal de Noailles was still alive, notwithstanding the pretended prophecy of

Monsieur Biquerstaffe" ; but how far a Frenchman, a Papist, and an enemy, is to be believed in his own case, against an English Protestant, who is true to the government, I shall leave to the candid and impartial reader.

The other objection is the unhappy occasion of this discourse, and relates to an article in my predictions, which foretold the death of Mr. Partridge to happen on March 29, 1708. This he is pleased to contradict absolutely in the almanack he has published for the present year, and in that ungentlemanly manner (pardon the expression) as I have above related. In that work he very roundly asserts, that he "is not only now alive, but was likewise alive on that very 29th of March, when I had foretold he should die." This is the subject of the present controversy between us ; which I design to handle with all brevity, perspicuity, and calmness : in this dispute, I am sensible the eyes, not only of England, but of all Europe, will be upon us; and the learned in every country will, I doubt not, take part on that side where they find most appearance of reason and truth.

Without entering into criticisms of chronology about the hour of his death, I shall only prove that Mr. Partridge is not alive. And my first argument is thus : above a thousand gentlemen having bought his almanacks for this year, merely to find what he said against me, at every line they read, they would lift up their eyes, and cry out, betwixt rage and laughter, "they were sure no man alive ever writ such damned stuff as this." Neither did I ever hear that opinion disputed ; so that Mr. Partridge lies under a dilemma, either of disowning his almanack, or allowing himself to be no man alive. Secondly, Death is defined by all philosophers, a separation of the body and soul. Now it is certain, that the poor woman who has best reason to know, has gone about for some time to every alley in the neighborhood, and sworn to the gossips, that her husband had neither life nor soul in him. Therefore, if an uninformed carcass walks still about, and is pleased to call itself Partridge, Mr. Bickerstaff does not think himself anyway answerable for that. Neither had the said carcass any right to beat the poor boy, who happened to pass by it in the street, crying, "A full and true account of Dr. Partridge's death," etc.

Thirdly, Mr. Partridge pretends to tell fortunes, and recover stolen goods ; which all the parish says he must do by conversing with the devil, and other evil spirits : and no wise man will ever allow he could converse personally with either till after he was dead.

Fourthly, I will plainly prove him to be dead, out of his own almanack for this year, and from the very passage which he produces to make us think him alive. He there says, "he is not only now alive, but was also alive upon that very 29th of March, which I foretold he should die on:" by this, he declares his opinion, that a man may be alive now who was not alive a twelvemonth ago. And indeed, there lies the sophistry of his argument. He dares not assert he was alive ever since that 29th of March, but that he "is now alive, and was so on that day": I grant the latter; for he did not die till night, as appears by the printed account of his death, in a letter to a lord; and whether he be since revived, I leave the world to judge. This indeed is perfect caviling, and I am ashamed to dwell any longer upon it.

Fifthly, I will appeal to Mr. Partridge himself, whether it be probable I could have been so indiscreet, to begin my predictions with the only falsehood that ever was pretended to be in them? and this in an affair at home, where I had so many opportunities to be exact, and must have given such advantages against me to a person of Mr. Partridge's wit and learning, who, if he could possibly have raised one single objection more against the truth of my prophecies, would hardly have spared me.

And here I must take occasion to reprove the abovementioned writer of the relation of Mr. Partridge's death, in a letter to a lord; who was pleased to tax me with a mistake of four whole hours in my calculation of that event. I must confess, this censure, pronounced with an air of certainty, in a matter that so nearly concerned me, and by a grave, judicious author, moved me not a little. But though I was at that time out of town, yet several of my friends, whose curiosity had led them to be exactly informed (for as to my own part, having no doubt at all in the matter, I never once thought of it), assured me, I computed to something under half an hour; which (I speak my private opinion) is an error of no very great magnitude, that men should raise a clamor about it. I shall only say, it would not be amiss, if that author would henceforth be more tender of other men's reputation, as well as his own. It is well there were no more mistakes of that kind; if there had, I presume he would have told me of them with as little ceremony.

There is one objection against Mr. Partridge's death, which I have sometimes met with, though, indeed, very slightly

offered: that he still continues to write almanacks. But this is no more than what is common to all of that profession; Gadbury, Poor Robin, Dove, Wing, and several others, do yearly publish their almanacks, though several of them have been dead since before the Revolution. Now, the natural reason of this I take to be, that, whereas it is the privilege of authors to live after their death, almanack-makers are alone excluded; because their dissertations, treating only upon the minutes as they pass, become useless as those go off. In consideration of which, Time, whose registers they are, gives them a lease in reversion, to continue their works after death. Or, perhaps, a name can *make* an almanack as well as it can *sell* one. And to strengthen this conjecture, I have heard the booksellers affirm, that they have desired Mr. Partridge to spare himself further trouble, and only lend them his name, which could make almanacks much better than himself.

I should not have given the public, or myself, the trouble of this vindication, if my name had not been made use of by several persons to whom I never lent it; one of which, a few days ago, was pleased to father on me a new set of predictions. But I think these are things too serious to be trifled with. It grieved me to the heart, when I saw my labors, which had cost me so much thought and watching, bawled about by the common hawkers of Grub Street, which I only intended for the weighty consideration of the gravest persons. This prejudiced the world so much at first, that several of my friends had the assurance to ask me whether I were in jest? to which I only answered coldly, "that the event would show." But it is the talent of our age and nation, to turn things of the greatest importance into ridicule. When the end of the year had verified all my predictions, out comes Mr. Partridge's Almanack, disputing the point of his death; so that I am employed like the general who was forced to kill his enemies twice over, whom a necromancer had raised to life. If Mr. Partridge has practiced the same experiment upon himself, and be again alive, long may he continue so; that does not the least contradict my veracity; but I think I have clearly proved, by invincible demonstration, that he died, at farthest, within half an hour of the time I foretold (and not four hours sooner, as the above-mentioned author in his letter to a lord, has maliciously suggested, with a design to blast my credit, by charging me with so gross a mistake).

THE GOOD-HUMORED CLUB.

By Sir RICHARD STEELE.

[Sir Richard Steele, Irish essayist, dramatist, and politician, was a native of Dublin, where his father, an English barrister, was secretary to the Duke of Ormond. He was born March, 1672, and attended Merton College, Oxford, where he became the firm friend of Addison. Leaving college without taking a degree, he entered the Horse Guards, and subsequently rose to the rank of captain. He was a gazetteer (1707–1710); a member of Parliament, from which he was expelled for seditious language in "The Crisis," a political pamphlet; and was knighted by George I. He founded and edited the *Tatler*, under the name of "Isaac Bickerstaff," and next to Addison was chief contributor to the *Spectator* and the *Guardian*. The last years of his life were spent in retirement in Wales, and his death occurred at Carmarthen, September 1, 1729. Besides the treatise "The Christian Hero," and several pamphlets, Steele wrote the comedies: "The Funeral," "The Lying Lover," "The Tender Husband," and "The Conscious Lovers."]

I am gone beyond what I designed, and had almost forgot what I chiefly proposed, which was barely to tell you how hardly we, who pass most of our time in town, dispense with a long vacation in the country; how uneasy we grow to ourselves and to one another when our conversation is confined; insomuch that, by Michaelmas, it is odds but we come to downright squabbling, and make as free with one another to our faces as we do with the rest of the world behind their backs.

After these plain observations, give me leave to give you a hint of what a set of company of my acquaintance, who are now gone into the country and have the use of an absent nobleman's seat, have settled among themselves to avoid the inconveniences above mentioned. They are a collection of ten or twelve, of the same good inclination towards each other, but of very different talents and inclinations: from hence they hope that the variety of their tempers will only create variety of pleasures. But as there always will arise, among the same people, either for want of diversity of objects, or the like causes, a certain satiety, which may grow into ill humor or discontent, there is a large wing of the house which they design to employ in the nature of an infirmary. Whoever says a peevish thing, or acts anything which betrays a sourness or indisposition to company, is immediately to be conveyed to his chambers in the infirmary; from whence he is not to be relieved till, by his manner of submission and the sentiments

expressed in his petition for that purpose, he appears to the majority of the company to be again fit for society. You are to understand that all ill-natured words or uneasy gestures are sufficient cause for banishment; speaking impatiently to servants, making a man repeat what he says, or anything that betrays inattention or dishumor, are also criminal without reprieve. But it is provided that whoever observes the ill-natured fit coming upon himself, and voluntarily retires, shall be received at his return from the infirmary with the highest marks of esteem. By these and other wholesome methods it is expected that, if they cannot cure one another, yet at least they have taken care that the ill humor of one shall not be troublesome to the rest of the company. There are many other rules which the society have established for the preservation of their ease and tranquillity.

On Monday the assembly was in very good humor, having received some recruits of French claret that morning; when, unluckily, towards the middle of the dinner, one of the company swore at his servant in a very rough manner for having put too much water in his wine. Upon which the president of the day, who is always the mouth of the company, after having convinced him of the impertinence of his passion and the insult it had made upon the company, ordered his man to take him from the table and convey him to the infirmary. There was but one more sent away that day: this was a gentleman who is reckoned by some persons one of the greatest wits, and by others one of the greatest boobies, about town. This you will say is a strange character; but, what makes it stranger yet, it is a very true one, for he is perpetually the reverse of himself, being always merry or dull to excess. We brought him here to divert us, which he did very well upon the road, having lavished away as much wit and laughter upon the hackney coachman as might have served him during his whole stay here, had 't been duly managed. He had been lumpish for two or three days, but was so far connived at, in hopes of recovery, that we dispatched one of the briskest fellows among the brotherhood into the infirmary for having told him at table he was not merry. But our president, observing that he indulged himself in this long fit of stupidity, and construing it as a contempt of the college, ordered him to retire into the place prepared for such companions. He was no sooner got into it, but his wit and mirth returned upon him in so violent a manner

that he shook the whole infirmary with the noise of it, and had so good an effect upon the rest of the patients that he brought them all out to dinner with him the next day.

On Tuesday we had no sooner sat down, but one of the company complained that his head ached; upon which another asked him, in an insolent manner, what he did there, then. This insensibly grew into some warm words; so that the president, in order to keep the peace, gave directions to take them both from the table and lodge them in the infirmary. Not long after, another of the company telling us he knew, by a pain in his shoulder, that we should have some rain, the president ordered him to be removed, and placed as a weather glass in the apartment above mentioned.

On Wednesday a gentleman, having received a letter written in a woman's hand, and changing color twice or thrice as he read it, desired leave to retire into the infirmary. The president consented, but denied him the use of pen, ink, and paper till such time as he had slept upon it. One of the company being seated at the lower end of the table, and discovering his secret discontent by finding fault with every dish that was served up and refusing to laugh at anything that was said, the president told him that he found he was in an uneasy seat, and desired him to accommodate himself better in the infirmary. After dinner, a very honest fellow chancing to let a pun fall from him, his neighbor cried out, "To the infirmary!" at the same time pretending to be sick at it, having the same natural antipathy to a pun which some have to a cat. This produced a long debate. Upon the whole, the punster was acquitted, and his neighbor sent off.

On Thursday there was but one delinquent. This was a gentleman of strong voice, but weak understanding. He had unluckily engaged himself in a dispute with a man of excellent sense, but of a modest elocution. The man of heat replied to every answer of his antagonist with a louder note than ordinary, and only raised his voice when he should have enforced his argument. Finding himself driven to an absurdity, he still reasoned in a more clamorous and confused manner, and concluded with a loud thump upon the table. The president immediately ordered him to be carried off, and dieted with water gruel till he should be sufficiently weakened for conversation.

On Friday there passed but little remarkable, saving only that several petitions were read of the persons in custody,

desiring to be released from their confinement, and vouching for one another's good behavior for the future.

On Saturday we received many excuses from persons who had found themselves in an unsociable temper and had voluntarily shut themselves up. The infirmary was, indeed, never so full as on this day, which I was at some loss to account for, till, upon my going abroad, I observed that it was an easterly wind. The retirement of most of my friends has given me opportunity and leisure of writing you this letter.

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH.

By ADDISON.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

APOLOGUES OF ADDISON.

[Joseph Addison, English essayist, was born at Milston, Wiltshire, May 1, 1672, and was educated at Magdalen and Queen's College, Oxford, where he acquired a high reputation as a writer of Latin verse. Through the Earl of Halifax he obtained, in 1699, a pension of three hundred pounds and proceeded to qualify himself for the diplomatic service of the government by travel and study on the Continent (1699–1703). In 1704 his poem "The Campaign," written in commemoration of the victory of Blenheim, secured for him the commissionership of excise. He was also undersecretary of state; secretary to the lord lieutenant of Ireland (Wharton); commissioner for trade and the colonies; and shortly after his marriage to the Countess of Warwick received the appointment of secretary of state. He contributed most of his famous essays to the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* from their commencement, and wrote 274 numbers for the latter. His tragedy of "Cato," produced at Drury Lane in 1713, had an uninterrupted run of thirty-five nights, and obtained more celebrity among his contemporaries than any other of his works. Addison died at Holland House, London, June 17, 1719, and was interred in Westminster Abbey.]

The Vision of Mirza.

When I was at Grand Cairo I picked up several oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled, "The Visions of Mirzah," which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows: —

"On the fifth day of the moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers I always kept holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, surely, said I, man is but a shadow and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to

the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of their last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

"I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, Mirzah, said he, I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placed me on the top of it. Cast thy eyes eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge valley and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou seest, said he, is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reason, said I, that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other? What thou seest, says he, is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now, said he, this sea that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a bridge, said I, standing in the midst of the tide. The bridge thou seest, said he, is human life; consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. But tell me, further,

said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it, and upon further examination perceived there were innumerable trapdoors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

"There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

"I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of baubles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them, but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimeters in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons upon trapdoors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped, had they not been thus forced upon them.

"The genius, seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: take thine eyes off the bridge, said he, and tell me if thou seest anything thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, what mean, said I, those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. These, said the

genius, are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infect human life.

"I here fetched a deep sigh; alas, said I, man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! The genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. Look no more, said he, on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of the fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. The islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the seashore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them: every island is a paradise, accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirzah, habitations worth contending

for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him. I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant. The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it."

Endeavors of Mankind to get rid of their Burdens.

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further; he says that the hardships or misfortunes which we lie under are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating upon these two remarks, and seated in my elbow chair, I insensibly fell asleep, when on a sudden, I thought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for the purpose. I took my stand in the center of it, and saw, with a great deal of pleasure, the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and specters, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her

garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was FANCY. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me, to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be Poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were numbers of lovers saddled with very whimsical burdens composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under their bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap, when they came up to it; but after a few faint efforts, shook their heads, and marched away as heavy laden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greater part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing towards the heap, with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found, upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miseries. There were, likewise, distempers of all sorts; though I could not but observe that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people; this was called the Spleen. But what most of all surprised me, was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who,

I did not question, came loaded with his crimes; but upon searching into his bundle, I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on the occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what had passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, than I was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humor with my own countenance, upon which, I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which it seems was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a shameful length. I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both an opportunity of mending ourselves, and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person.

I saw with unspeakable pleasure the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows; though, at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarcely a mortal in this vast multitude who did not discover what he thought pleasures of life; and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a secret proclamation that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation, with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this, FANCY began again to bestir herself, and parceled out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommending to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time were not to be expressed. Some observations which I made upon this occasion, I shall communicate to the public. A venerable gray-headed man, who had laid down the Rheumatism, and who I found wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son, that had been

thrown into the heap by an angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains out; so that meeting the true father, who came towards him with a fit of vertigo, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his Rheumatism; but they were incapable, either of them, to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their stead, but made such wry faces that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features: one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle; and another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders; and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation: but on all these occasions, there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity, which every one in the assembly brought upon himself, in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils which befall us are in some measure united and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I could not from my heart forbear pitying the poor hump-backed gentleman who went off a very well shaped person, but suffering from some terrible malady; nor the fine gentleman who had struck up this bargain with him, that limped through a whole assembly of ladies, who used to admire him, with a pair of shoulders peeping over his head.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with the long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made so grotesque a figure that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule that I found he was ashamed of what he had done: on the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead I missed the place, and clasped my finger upon my upper

lip. Besides, as my nose was exceedingly prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish exchange between a couple of thick bandy legs, and two long trap sticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air, above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it; while the other made such awkward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarcely knew how to move forward upon his new supporters. Observing him to be a pleasant kind of fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine, that he did not march up to it, on a line that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter, at length, having compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure; after which, the phantom who had led them into such gross delusions was commanded to disappear. There was seen in her place a goddess of a quite different figure: her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She, every now and then, cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter: her name was PATIENCE. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of Sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree that it did not appear a third part as big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and, teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice, as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learned from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, nor to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbor's sufferings; for which reason also, I have determined never to

think lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

By ADDISON.

The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behavior, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humor creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho Square. It is said, he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffeehouse, for calling him youngster. But, being ill used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humors, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behavior, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company; when he comes into a house, he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way upstairs to a visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger is

a justice of the *quorum;* that he fills the chair at a quarter session with great abilities, and three months ago gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the game act.

Sir Roger and Will. Wimble.

As I was yesterday morning walking with Sir Roger before his house, a country fellow brought him a huge fish, which, he told him, Mr. William Wimble had caught that very morning, and that he presented it with his service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time he delivered a letter, which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him.

Sir Roger, — I desire you to accept of a Jack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with you a week, and see how the Perch bite in the Black river. I observed with some concern, the last time I saw you upon the Bowling Green, that your whip wanted a lash to it; I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having been at Eton with Sir John's eldest son. He takes to his learning hugely.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

Will. Wimble.

This extraordinary letter, and message that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the character and quality of the gentleman who sent them; which I found to be as follows. Will. Wimble is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He is now between forty and fifty; but being bred to no business, and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man: he makes a May fly to a miracle, and furnishes the whole country with angle rods. As he is a good-natured, officious fellow, and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the

opposite sides of the county. Will. is a particular favorite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has weaved, or a setting dog that he has *made* himself; he now and then presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters; and raises a great deal of mirth among them by inquiring, as often as he meets them, "how they wear?" These gentlemanlike manufactures, and obliging little humors, make Will. the darling of the country.

Sir Roger was proceeding in the character of him, when he saw him make up to us with two or three hazel twigs in his hand, that he had cut in Sir Roger's woods, as he came through them in his way to the house. I was very much pleased to observe on one side the hearty and sincere welcome with which Sir Roger received him, and on the other, the secret joy which his guest discovered at sight of the good old knight. After the first salutes were over, Will. desired Sir Roger to lend him one of his servants to carry a set of shuttlecocks he had with him in a little box, to a lady that lived about a mile off, to whom it seems he had promised such a present for above this half-year. Sir Roger's back was no sooner turned but honest Will. began to tell me of a large cock pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighboring woods, with two or three other adventures of the same nature. Odd and uncommon characters are the game that I look for and most delight in; for which reason I was as much pleased with the novelty of the person that talked to me, as he could be for his life with the springing of a pheasant, and therefore listened to him with more than ordinary attention.

In the midst of his discourse the bell rung to dinner, where the gentleman I have been speaking of had the pleasure of seeing the huge Jack he had caught served up for the first dish in a most sumptuous manner. Upon our sitting down to it, he gave us a long account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the bank, with several other particulars, that lasted all the first course. A dish of wild fowl, that came afterwards, furnished conversation for the rest of the dinner, which concluded with a late invention of Will.'s for improving the quail pipe.

Upon withdrawing into my room after dinner, I was secretly touched with compassion towards the honest gentleman that had dined with us, and could not but consider, with a great deal of concern, how so good an heart, and such busy hands,

were wholly employed in trifles, that so much humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much industry so little advantageous to himself. The same temper of mind, and application to affairs, might have recommended him to the public esteem, and have raised his fortune in another station of life. What good to his country, or himself, might not a trader or merchant have done with such useful, though ordinary, qualifications?

Will. Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother of a great family, who had rather see their children starve like gentlemen than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. This humor fills several parts of Europe with pride and beggary. It is the happiness of a trading nation, like ours, that the younger sons, though incapable of any liberal art or profession, may be placed in such a way of life as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their family: accordingly, we find several citizens that were launched into the world with narrow fortunes, rising by an honest industry to greater estates than those of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but Will. was formerly tried at divinity, law, or physic; and that finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents gave him up at length to his own inventions. But certainly, however improper he might have been for studies of a higher nature, he was perfectly well turned for the occupations of trade and commerce.

Sir Roger at the Assizes.

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world: if the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public: a man is more sure of his conduct when the verdict which he passes upon his own behavior is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and good will which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighborhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that

general respect which is shown to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will. Wimble and myself with him to the country assizes: as we were upon the road, Will. Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some time; during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

The first of them, says he, that hath a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about a hundred pounds a year, an honest man: he is just within the game act, and qualified to kill an hare or a pheasant: he knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbor if he did not destroy so many partridges: in short, he is a very sensible man; shoots flying; and has been several times foreman of the petty jury.

The other that rides with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for taking the law of everybody. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments: he plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it inclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution. His father left him fourscore pounds a year; but he has cast and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow tree.

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will. Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will. told him that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will., it seems, had been giving his fellow-travelers an account of his angling one day in such a hole; when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr. Such-an-one, if he pleased, might take the law of him for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both, upon a round trot, and after having paused some time, told them, with an air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that much might be said on both sides. They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it: upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was sat before Sir Roger came, but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who, for his reputation in the country, took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit. I was listening to the proceedings of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance of solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws, when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed, to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger was up. The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident, which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knights family, and to do honor to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that The Knight's Head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew anything of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment: and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added, with a more decisive look,

that it was too great an honor for any man under a duke, but told him at the same time that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter by the knight's directions to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into the Saracen's Head. I should not have known this story, had not the innkeeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing that his Honor's head was brought back last night, with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related the particulars above mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in the most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied "that much might be said on both sides."

These several adventures, with the knight's behavior in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

Sir Roger at the Play.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy with me, assuring me at the same time that he had not been at a play these twenty years. The last I saw, said Sir Roger, was the Committee, which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told beforehand that it was a good Church of England comedy. He then proceeded to inquire of me who this Distressed Mother was; and upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a schoolboy he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks should be abroad. "I assure you, (says he,) I thought I had fallen into their hands

last night; for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me halfway up Fleet Street, and mended their pace behind me, in proportion as I put on to go away from them. You must know, (continued the knight with a smile,) I fancied they had a mind to hunt me: for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighborhood, who was served such a trick in King Charles the Second's time; for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport, had this been their design; for as I am an old fox hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before." Sir Roger added that if these gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well in it; "for I threw them out, (says he,) at the end of Norfolk Street, where I doubled the corner, and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However, (says the knight,) if Captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call on me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the fore wheels mended."

The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he had made use of at the battle of Steenkirk. Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants, to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we convoyed him in safety to the playhouse; where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about him with that pleasure which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself, at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper center to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the knight told me that he did not believe the King of France himself had a better strut. I was, indeed, very attentive to my old friend's

remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism, and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned about Andromache; and a little while after as much for Hermione: and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, you cannot imagine, sir, what it is to have to do with a widow. Upon Pyrrhus his threatening afterwards to leave her, the knight shook his head, and muttered to himself, Ay, do if you can. This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered in my ear, "These widows, sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray, (says he,) you that are a critic, is this play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of."

The fourth act very luckily begun before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer; "Well, (says the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction,) I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost." He then renewed his attention, and, from time to time, fell a praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom, at his first entering, he took for Astyanax; but he quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, "who," says he, "must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him." Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap; to which Sir Roger added, "On my word, a notable young baggage!"

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of the intervals between the acts to express their opinion of the players, and of their respective parts. Sir Roger, hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and told them that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man; as they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus,

Sir Roger put in a second time, "And let me tell you, (says he,) though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them." Captain Sentry, seeing two or three wags who sat near us lean with an attentive ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke the knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear, that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus his death, and at the conclusion of it told me it was such a bloody piece of work that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding that "Orestes, in his madness, looked as if he saw something."

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the justling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodgings in the same manner that we brought him to the playhouse; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the good old man.

Death of Sir Roger.

We last night received a piece of ill news at our club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley is dead. He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks' sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the country sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a Whig justice of peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the chaplain and Captain Sentry, which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honor of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the knight's house. As my

friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution.

Honored Sir, — Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last country sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman, and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighboring gentleman; for you know, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin, which was served up according to custom: and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great hopes of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life; but this only proved a lightning before his death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother: he has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning, to every man in the parish, a great frieze coat, and to every woman a black riding hood. It was a most moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown gray-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the parish that he has left money to build a steeple to the church: for he was heard to say some time ago that if he lived two years longer, Coverley church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells everybody that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverlies, on the left hand of his father Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the quorum: the whole parish

followed the corpse with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits; the men in frieze, and the women in riding hoods. Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the hall house, and the whole estate. When my old master saw him, a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make a good use of it, and to pay the several legacies, and the gifts of charity, which he told him he had left as quitrents upon the estate. The captain truly seems a courteous man, though says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shows great kindness to the old house dog, that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never joyed himself since; no more has any of us. It was the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This being all from,

Honored sir, your most sorrowful servant,

Edward Biscuit.

P.S. My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book which comes up to you by the carrier, should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport in his name.

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that, upon the reading of it, there was not a dry eye in the club. Sir Andrew, opening the book, found it to be a collection of acts of parliament. There was, in particular, the act of uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points which he had disputed with Sir Roger the last time he appeared at the club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's handwriting, burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain Sentry informs me that the knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the club.

THE WINDSOR PROPHECY.

By SWIFT.

[For biographical sketch, see p. 36.]

[This famous lampoon cost Swift dear, as it ought: the Duchess of Somerset never forgave the shocking (and false) charge of being privy to her husband's murder.]

About three months ago, at Windsor, a poor knight's widow was buried in the cloisters. In digging the grave the sexton struck against a small leaden coffer, about half a foot long and four inches wide. The poor man, expecting he had discovered a treasure, opened it with some difficulty, but found only a small parchment, rolled up very fast, put into a leather case; which case was tied at the top and sealed with a St. George, the impression on black wax, very rude and Gothic. The parchment was carried to a gentleman of learning, who found in it the following lines, written in a black Old English letter, and in the orthography of the age, which seems to be about two hundred years ago. . . .

The lines seem to be a sort of prophecy, and written in verse, as old prophecies usually are, but in a very hobbling kind of measure. Their meaning is very dark, if it be any at all; of which the learned reader can judge better than I.

When a *holy black Swede,* the *Son of Bob,*
With a *saint* at his chin and a *seal* at his fob,[1]
Shall not see *one new-year's day* in that year,[2]
Then let old Englond make good cheer:
Windsor and *Bristow* then shall be
Joined together in the *Low-Countree.*[3]
Then shall the *tall black Daventry Bird*[4]
Speak against peace[5] right many a word;
And some shall admire his conying wit,
For many good groats his tongue shall slit.
But spite of the *Harpy* that crawls on all four,[6]
There shall be peace, pardie, and war no more.
But Englond must cry alack and well-a-day
If the *stick*[7] be taken from the *dead sea.*[8]
And, dear Englond, if aught I understond,
Beware of *Carrots* from *Northumberlond.*[9]

[1] John Robinson, simultaneously bishop of Bristol, dean of Windsor, and Lord Privy Seal. [2] New Style had not yet been adopted in England.
[3] Robinson went to Utrecht as peace commissioner.
[4] Earl of Nottingham. [5] Of Utrecht.
[6] Marlborough, his wife, and his sons-in-law Sunderland and Godolphin.
[7] White staff, the Lord Treasurer's badge of office.
[8] Harley, Earl of Oxford, second title Lord *Mortimer* (dead sea).
[9] The red-haired Duchess of Somerset, a Percy, daughter of the Earl of Northumberland.

Carrots sown *thynne*[1] a deep root may get
If so be they are in *Somer set:*
Their *Conyngs mark*[2] thou; for I have been told
They *assassine* when young, and poison when old.
Root out those *Carrots,* O THOU, whose name
Is *backwards* and *forwards* always the same;[3]
And keep close too thee always that name
Which *backwards* and *forwards* is almost the same;[4]
And, Englond, wouldst thou be happy still,
Bury those *Carrots* under a *Hill.*[5]

THE HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.

By JOHN ARBUTHNOT.

[JOHN ARBUTHNOT, Scotch physician and wit, was born at Arbuthnot, Scotland, in 1667. He was physician to Queen Anne from 1705 until her death in 1714, and enjoyed the friendship of Pope, Swift, Lord Bolingbroke, and other distinguished literary men. He contributed to the "Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus," first published among Swift's works, and wrote the witty political allegory, "The History of John Bull" (1712). He died at London in 1735.]

THE OCCASION OF THE LAWSUIT.

I NEED not tell you of the great quarrels that happened in our neighborhood since the death of the late Lord Strutt [Charles II. of Spain]; how the parson [Cardinal Portocarrero] and a cunning attorney [Marshal Harcourt] got him to settle his estate [Spain] upon his cousin Philip Baboon [Philip of Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV.], to the great disappointment of his cousin Esquire South [Archduke of Austria]. Some stick not to say that the parson and the attorney forged a will, for which they were well paid by the family of the Baboons: let that be as it will, it is a matter of fact, that the honor and estate have continued ever since in the person of Philip Baboon.

You know that the Lord Strutts have for many years been possessed of a very great landed estate, well conditioned, wooded, watered, with coal, salt, tin, copper, iron, etc., all within themselves; that it has been the misfortune of that family to be the property of their stewards, tradesmen, and inferior servants,

[1] Her second husband.
[2] Count Koningsmark, who hired braves to murder Thynne, hoping to gain his wife. [3] Anna. [4] Masham. [5] Lady Masham was Abigail Hill.

which has brought great incumbrances upon them; at the same time, their not abating of their expensive way of living has forced them to mortgage their best manors. It is credibly reported that the butcher's and baker's bill of a Lord Strutt, that lived two hundred years ago, are not yet paid.

When Philip Baboon came first to the possession of the Lord Strutt's estate, his tradesmen, as is usual upon such occasions, waited upon him to wish him joy and bespeak his custom. The two chief were John Bull [the English], the clothier, and Nic. Frog [the Dutch], the linen draper: they told him that the Bulls and Frogs had served the Lord Strutts with drapery ware for many years; that they were honest and fair dealers; that their bills had never been questioned; that the Lord Strutts lived generously, and never used to dirty their fingers with pen, ink, and counters; that his lordship might depend upon their honesty; that they would use them as kindly as they had done his predecessors. The young lord seemed to take all in good part and dismissed them with a deal of seeming content, assuring them he did not intend to change any of the honorable maxims of his predecessors.

How Bull and Frog grew Jealous that the Lord Strutt intended to give All his Custom to his Grandfather, Lewis Baboon [Louis XIV.].

It happened unfortunately for the peace of our neighborhood that this young lord had an old cunning rogue, or (as the Scots call it) a false loon, of a grandfather, that one might justly call a Jack of all trades: sometimes you would see him behind his counter selling broadcloth, sometimes measuring linen; next day he would be dealing in mercery ware; high heads, ribbons, gloves, fans, and lace he understood to a nicety; Charles Mather [a famous toy man] could not bubble a young beau better with a toy; nay, he would descend even to the selling of tape, garters, and shoe buckles; when shop was shut up, he would go about his neighborhood, and earn half a crown by teaching the young men and maidens to dance. By these methods he had acquired immense riches, which he used to squander away at backsword, quarterstaff, and cudgel play, in which he took great pleasure, and challenged all the country. You will say it is no wonder if Bull and Frog should be jealous of this fellow. "It is impossible," says Frog to Bull, "but this

old rogue will take the management of the young lord's business into his hands ; besides, the rascal has good ware, and will serve him as cheap as anybody. In that case, I leave you to judge what must become of us and our families ; we must starve, or turn journeymen to old Lewis Baboon : therefore, neighbor, I hold it advisable that we write to young Lord Strutt to know the bottom of this matter."

A Copy of Bull and Frog's Letter to Lord Strutt.

My Lord, — I suppose your lordship knows that the Bulls and the Frogs have served the Lord Strutts with all sorts of drapery ware time out of mind ; and whereas we are jealous, not without reason, that your lordship intends henceforth to buy of your grandsire, old Lewis Baboon, this is to inform your lordship that this proceeding does not suit with the circumstances of our families, who have lived and made a good figure in the world by the generosity of the Lord Strutts. Therefore we think fit to acquaint your lordship that you must find sufficient security to us, our heirs and assigns, that you will not employ Lewis Baboon ; or else we will take our remedy at law, clap an action upon you of £20,000 for old debts, seize and distrain your goods and chattels, which, considering your lordship's circumstances, will plunge you into difficulties, from which it will not be easy to extricate yourself ; therefore we hope, when your lordship has better considered on it, you will comply with the desire of

Your loving friends,

John Bull,
Nic. Frog.

Some of Bull's friends advised him to take gentler methods with the young lord ; but John naturally loved rough play. It is impossible to express the surprise of the Lord Strutt upon the receipt of this letter ; he was not flush in ready, either to go to law, or clear old debts, neither could he find good bail : he offered to bring matters to a friendly accommodation ; and promised upon his sword of honor that he would not change his drapers : but all to no purpose, for Bull and Frog saw clearly that old Lewis would have the cheating of him.

How Bull and Frog went to Law with Lord Strutt about the Premises, and were joined by the Rest of the Tradesmen.

All endeavors of accommodation between Lord Strutt and his drapers proved vain ; jealousies increased, and indeed it was

rumored abroad that Lord Strutt had bespoke his new liveries of old Lewis Baboon. This coming to Mrs. Bull's ears, when John Bull came home, he found all his family in an uproar. Mrs. Bull, you must know, was very apt to be choleric. "You sot," says she, "you loiter about alehouses and taverns, spend your time at billiards, ninepins, or puppet shows, or flaunt about the streets in your new gilt chariot, never minding me nor your numerous family. Don't you hear how Lord Strutt has bespoke his liveries at Lewis Baboon's shop? Don't you see how that old fox steals away your customers, and turns you out of your business every day, and you sit like an idle drone with your hands in your pockets? Fie upon it! up man, rouse thyself! I'll sell to my shift, before I'll be so used by that knave." You must think Mrs. Bull had been pretty well tuned up by Frog, who chimed in with her learned harangue. No further delay now, but to counsel learned in the law they go, who unanimously assured them both of the justice and infallible success of their lawsuit.

I told you before that old Lewis Baboon was a sort of Jack of all trades, which made the rest of the tradesmen jealous, as well as Bull and Frog; they hearing of the quarrel were glad of an opportunity of joining against old Lewis Baboon, provided that Bull and Frog would bear the charges of the suit; even lying Ned, the chimney sweeper of Savoy [the Duke], and Tom, the Portugal dustman [the King], put in their claims; and the cause [the war of the Spanish Succession] was put into the hands of Humphry Hocus, the attorney [Duke of Marlborough].

A declaration was drawn up to show "that Bull and Frog had undoubted right by prescription to be drapers to the Lord Strutts; that there were several old contracts to that purpose; that Lewis Baboon had taken up the trade of clothier and draper without serving his time or purchasing his freedom; that he sold goods that were not marketable, without the stamp; that he himself was more fit for a bully than a tradesman, and went about through all the country fairs challenging people to fight prizes, wrestling, and cudgel play;" and abundance more to this purpose.

The True Character of John Bull, Nic. Frog, and Hocus.

For the better understanding the following history, the reader ought to know that Bull, in the main, was an honest,

plain-dealing fellow, choleric, bold, and of a very unconstant temper; he dreaded not old Lewis either at backsword, single falchion, or cudgel play; but then he was very apt to quarrel with his best friends, especially if they pretended to govern him: if you flattered him, you might lead him like a child. John's temper depended very much upon the air; his spirits rose and fell with the weather glass. John was quick, and understood his business very well; but no man alive was more careless in looking into his accounts, or more cheated by partners, apprentices, and servants. This was occasioned by his being a boon companion, loving his bottle and his diversion; for, to say truth, no man kept a better house than John, nor spent his money more generously. By plain and fair dealing John had acquired some plums, and might have kept them, had it not been for his unhappy lawsuit.

Nic. Frog was a cunning, sly whoreson, quite the reverse of John in many particulars; covetous, frugal; minded domestic affairs; would pinch his belly to save his pocket; never lost a farthing by careless servants, or bad debtors. He did not care much for any sort of diversions, except tricks of high German artists, and legerdemain: no man exceeded Nic. in these; yet it must be owned that Nic. was a fair dealer, and in that way acquired immense riches.

Hocus was an old cunning attorney; and, though this was the first considerable suit that ever he was engaged in, he showed himself superior in address to most of his profession; he kept always good clerks, he loved money, was smooth-tongued, gave good words, and seldom lost his temper; he was not worse than an infidel, for he provided plentifully for his family; but he loved himself better than them all. The neighbors reported that he was hen-pecked, which was impossible by such a mild-spirited woman as his wife was.

Of the Various Success of the Lawsuit.

Law is a bottomless pit; it is a cormorant, a harpy that devours everything. John Bull was flattered by the lawyers, that his suit would not last above a year or two at most; that before that time he would be in quiet possession of his business: yet ten long years did Hocus steer his cause through all the meanders of the law, and all the courts. No skill, no address, was wanting; and, to say truth, John did not starve

his cause; there wanted not yellow boys [gold pieces] to fee counsel, hire witnesses, and bribe juries: Lord Strutt was generally cast, never had one verdict in his favor [won no battles]; and John was promised that the next, and the next, would be the final determination; but, alas! That final determination and happy conclusion was like an enchanted island, the nearer John came to it, the further it went from him: new trials upon new points still arose; new doubts, new matters to be cleared [fresh securities exacted from France]; in short, lawyers seldom part with so good a cause till they have got the oyster, and their clients the shell. John's ready money, book debts, bonds, mortgages, all went into the lawyer's pockets; then John began to borrow money upon Bank stock and East India bonds; now and then a farm went to pot; at last it was thought a good expedient to set up Esquire South's title, to prove the will forged, and dispossess Philip Lord Strutt at once. Here again was a new field for the lawyers, and the cause grew more intricate than ever. John grew madder and madder; wherever he met any of Lord Strutt's servants, he tore off their clothes; now and then you would see them come home naked, without shoes, stockings, and linen. As for old Lewis Baboon, he was reduced to his last shirt, though he had as many as any other; his children were reduced from rich silks to Doily stuffs, his servants in rags, and barefooted; instead of good victuals, they now lived upon neck beef, and bullock's liver; in short, nobody got much by the matter but the men of law.

How John Bull was so mightily pleased with his Success that he was going to leave off his Trade and turn Lawyer.

It is wisely observed by a great philosopher that habit is a second nature; this was verified in the case of John Bull, who, from an honest and plain tradesman, had got such a haunt about the courts of justice, and such a jargon of law words, that he concluded himself as able a lawyer as any that pleaded at the bar, or sat on the bench. He was overheard one day talking to himself after this manner: "How capriciously does fate or chance dispose of mankind! How seldom is that business allotted to a man, for which he is fitted by nature! It is

plain I was intended for a man of law; how did my guardians mistake my genius in placing me, like a mean slave, behind a counter! Bless me, what immense estates these fellows raise by the law! Besides, it is the profession of a gentleman. What a pleasure it is to be victorious in a cause, to swagger at the bar! What a fool am I to drudge any more in this woolen trade, for a lawyer I was born and a lawyer I will be; one is never too old to learn." All this while John had conned over such a catalogue of hard words, as were enough to conjure up the devil; these he used to battle indifferently in all companies, especially at coffeehouses; so that his neighbor tradesmen began to shun his company as a man that was cracked. Instead of the affairs at Blackwell Hall [woolen-goods market], and price of broadcloth, wool, and baizes, he talks of nothing but actions upon the case, returns, capias, alias capias, demurrers, venire facias, replevins, supersedeases, certioraris, writs of error, actions of trover and conversion, trespasses, precipes, and dedimus. This was matter of jest to the learned in law; however, Hocus and the rest of the tribe encouraged John in his fancy, assuring him that he had a great genius for law; that they questioned not but in time he might raise money enough by it to reimburse him all his charges; that, if he studied, he would undoubtedly arrive to the dignity of a lord chief justice [hold the balance of power]: as for the advice of honest friends and neighbors, John despised it; he looked upon them as fellows of a low genius, poor groveling mechanics; John reckoned it more honor to have got one favorable verdict than to have sold a bale of broadcloth. As for Nic. Frog, to say the truth, he was more prudent; for, though he followed his lawsuit closely, he neglected not his ordinary business, but was both in court and in his shop at the proper hours.

The Character of John Bull's Mother [the Church of England].

John had a mother, whom he loved and honored extremely, a discreet, grave, sober, good-conditioned, cleanly old gentlewoman as ever lived; she was none of your cross-grained, termagant, scolding jades, that one had as good be hanged as live in the house with, such as are always censuring the conduct and telling scandalous stories of their neighbors, extolling their own good qualities, and undervaluing those of others. On the

contrary, she was of a meek spirit, and, as she was strictly virtuous herself, so she always put the best construction upon the words and actions of her neighbors, except where they were irreconcilable to the rules of honesty and decency. She was neither one of your precise prudes, nor one of your fantastical old belles, that dress themselves like girls of fifteen; as she neither wore a ruff, forehead cloth, nor high-crowned hat, so she had laid aside feathers, flowers, and crimpt ribbons in her headdress, furbelow scarfs, and hooped petticoats. She scorned to patch and paint, yet she loved to keep her hands and her face clean. Though she wore no flaunting laced ruffles, she would not keep herself in a constant sweat with greasy flannel; though her hair was not stuck with jewels, she was not ashamed of a diamond cross; she was not, like some ladies, hung about with toys and trinkets, tweezer cases, pocket glasses, and essence bottles; she used only a gold watch and an almanac, to mark the hours and the holy days.

Her furniture was neat and genteel, well-fancied, with a *bon goût*. As she affected not the grandeur of a state with a canopy, she thought there was no offense in an elbow chair; she had laid aside your carving, gilding, and japan work, as being too apt to gather dirt; but she never could be prevailed upon to part with plain wainscot and clean hangings. There are some ladies that affect to smell a stink in everything; they are always highly perfumed, and continually burning frankincense in their rooms; she was above such affectation, yet she never would lay aside the use of brooms, and scrubbing brushes, and scrupled not to lay her linen in fresh lavender.

She was no less genteel in her behavior, well-bred, without affectation, in the due mean between one of your affected courtesying pieces of formality, and your romps that have no regard to the common rules of civility. There are some ladies that affect a mighty regard for their relations: "We must not eat to-day, for my uncle Tom, or my cousin Betty, died this time ten years: let's have a ball to-night, it is my neighbor such a one's birthday;" she looked upon all this as grimace; yet she constantly observed her husband's birthday, her wedding day, and some few more.

Though she was a truly good woman, and had a sincere motherly love for her son John, yet there wanted not those who endeavored to create a misunderstanding between them, and

they had so far prevailed with him once that he turned her out of doors [the Civil War]; to his great sorrow, as he found afterwards, for his affairs went on at sixes and sevens.

She was no less judicious in the turn of her conversation and choice of her studies, in which she far exceeded all her sex: our rakes that hate the company of all sober, grave gentlewomen, would bear hers, and she would, by her handsome manner of proceeding, sooner reclaim them than some that were more sour and reserved. She was a zealous preacher of chastity and conjugal fidelity in wives [passive obedience], and by no means a friend to the new-fangled doctrine of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom [right of rebellion]. Though she advanced her opinions with a becoming assurance, yet she never ushered them in, as some positive creatures will do, with dogmatical assertions, "This is infallible; I cannot be mistaken; none but a rogue can deny it." It has been observed that such people are oftener in the wrong than anybody.

Though she had a thousand good qualities, she was not without her faults, amongst which one might perhaps reckon too great lenity to her servants, to whom she always gave good counsel, but often too gentle correction. I thought I could not say less of John Bull's mother, because she bears a part in the following transactions.

The Character of John Bull's Sister Peg [Scotland], with the Quarrels that happened between Master and Miss in their Childhood.

John had a sister, a poor girl that had been starved at nurse; anybody would have guessed Miss to have been bred up under the influence of a cruel stepdame, and John to be the fondling of a tender mother. John looked ruddy and plump, with a pair of cheeks like a trumpeter; Miss looked pale and wan, as if she had the green sickness; and no wonder, for John was the darling, he had all the good bits, was crammed with good pullet, chicken, pig, goose, and capon, while Miss had only a little oatmeal and water, or a dry crust without butter. John had his golden pippins, peaches, and nectarines; poor Miss a crab apple, sloe, or a blackberry. Master lay in the best apartment, with his bedchamber towards the south sun. Miss lodged in a garret, exposed to the north wind, which shriveled her countenance; however, this usage, though it stunted the girl in her growth, gave her a hardy constitution; she had life and

countenance; however, this usage, though it stunted the girl in her growth, gave her a hardy constitution; she had life and spirit in abundance, and knew when she was ill used: now and then she would seize upon John's commons, snatch a leg of a pullet, or a bit of good beef, for which they were sure to go to fisticuffs. Master was indeed too strong for her; but Miss would not yield in the least point, but, even when Master had got her down, she would scratch and bite like a tiger; when he gave her a cuff on the ear, she would prick him with her knitting needle. John brought a great chain one day to tie her to the bedpost [attempt of Henry VIII. to unite the crowns by marriage], for which affront Miss aimed a penknife at his heart [war].

In short, these quarrels grew up to rooted aversions; they gave one another nicknames: she called him gundy-guts, and he called her lousy Peg, though the girl was a tight, clever wench as any was, and through her pale looks you might discern spirit and vivacity, which made her not, indeed, a perfect beauty, but something that was agreeable. It was barbarous in parents not to take notice of these early quarrels, and make them live better together, such domestic feuds proving afterwards the occasion of misfortunes to them both.

Peg had, indeed, some odd humors and comical antipathies, for which John would jeer her. "What think you of my sister Peg," says he, "that faints at the sound of an organ, and yet will dance and frisk at the noise of a bagpipe?" "What's that to you?" quoth Peg: "everybody's to choose their own music." Then Peg had taken a fancy not to say her Paternoster, which made people imagine strange things of her. Of the three brothers that have made such a clutter in the world,[1] Lord Peter [Roman Church], Martin [Luther], and Jack [Calvin], Jack had of late her inclinations: Lord Peter she detested, nor did Martin stand much better in her good graces, but Jack had found the way to her heart. I have often admired [wondered] what charms she discovered in that awkward booby, till I talked with a person that was acquainted with the intrigue.

[1] In Swift's "Tale of a Tub."

A DIALOGUE ON THE UNREALITY OF MATTER.

By BISHOP BERKELEY.

[George Berkeley, English ecclesiastic and metaphysician, was born 1685 in Ireland, son of an English official. Of precociously powerful and independent analytic mind, educated at the famous Kilkenny School, entering Trinity College (Dublin) at fifteen, and there saturated with Locke, Descartes, and Newton, and the new Calculus, he began in 1703 his "Commonplace Book," expounding his principles of the unreality of everything but mind and its ideas. In 1707 he published two tracts on mathematics; in 1709, his "New Theory of Vision"; in 1710, "Principles of Human Knowledge," a complete exposition of his doctrine; in 1713, "Three Dialogues"; in 1720, "De Motu,"—all these on the same lines. His personal life to 1721 was of traveling tutor and chaplain; 1722–1724 he held deaneries, and Swift's "Vanessa" left him half her property; 1724–1728 he was enthusiastically trying to found a Pan-American college in Bermuda (see his poem following), and resigning a rich living, spent 1728–1731 in Rhode Island, waiting for a promised government grant that never came. Returning, he published in 1733 "Alciphron, or the Minute Philosopher"; in 1734 was made bishop of Cloyne, and published "The Analyst," assailing the higher mathematics as leading to skepticism; 1735–1737, "The Querist"; 1744, "Siris," a eulogy of tar water, widening out into the deepest metaphysical discussion. He died in 1753.]

Hylas — I am glad to find there is nothing in the accounts I heard of you.

Philonous — Pray, what were those?

Hylas — You were represented in last night's conversation as one who maintained the most extravagant opinions that ever entered into the mind of man; to wit, that there is no such thing as *material substance* in the world.

Philonous — That there is no such thing as what philosophers call *material substance* I am seriously persuaded; but if I were made to see anything absurd or skeptical in this, I should then have the same reason to renounce this that I imagine I have now to reject the contrary opinion.

Hylas — What! can anything be more fantastical, more repugnant to common-sense, or a more manifest piece of scepticism, than to believe there is no such thing as *matter?*

Philonous — Softly, good Hylas. What if it should prove that you, who hold there is, are by virtue of that opinion a greater skeptic, and maintain more paradoxes and repugnances to common-sense, than I who believe no such thing?

Hylas — You may as soon persuade me the part is greater than the whole, as that in order to avoid absurdity and scepticism I should ever be obliged to give up my opinion in this point.

Philonous — Well, then, are you content to admit that opinion for true which upon examination shall appear most agreeable to common-sense and remote from skepticism?

Hylas — With all my heart; since you are for raising disputes about the plainest things in nature, I am content for once to hear what you have to say.

Philonous — Pray, Hylas, what do you mean by a *skeptic?*

Hylas — I mean what all men mean — one that doubts of everything.

Philonous — He, then, who entertains no doubt concerning some particular point, with regard to that point cannot be thought a skeptic.

Hylas — I agree with you.

Philonous — Whether doth doubting consist, in embracing the affirmative or negative side of a question?

Hylas — In neither; for whoever understands English cannot but know that *doubting* signifies a suspense between both.

Philonous — He, then, that denieth any point can no more be said to doubt of it than he who affirmeth it with the same degree of assurance.

Hylas — True.

Philonous — And consequently, for such his denial is no more to be esteemed a skeptic than the other.

Hylas — I acknowledge it.

Philonous — How cometh it to pass, then, Hylas, that you pronounce me a *skeptic* because I deny what you affirm; to wit, the existence of matter? since, for aught you can tell, I am as peremptory in my denial as you are in your affirmation.

Hylas — Hold, Philonous, I have been a little out in my definition; but every false step a man makes in discourse is not to be insisted on. I said, indeed, that a *skeptic* was one who doubted of everything, but I should have added, or who denies the reality and truth of things.

Philonous — What things? Do you mean the principles and theorems of sciences? But these, you know, are universal intellectual notions, and consequently independent of matter; the denial, therefore, of this doth not imply the denying them.

Hylas — I grant it; but are there no other things? What think you of distrusting the senses, of denying the real existence of sensible things, or pretending to know nothing of them? Is not this sufficient to denominate a man a *skeptic?*

Philonous — Shall we therefore examine which of us it is that denies the reality of sensible things, or professes the greatest ignorance of them, since, if I take you rightly, he is to be esteemed the greatest *skeptic?*

Hylas — That is what I desire.

Philonous — What mean you by sensible things?

Hylas — Those things which are perceived by the senses. Can you imagine that I mean anything else?

Philonous — Pardon me, Hylas, if I am desirous clearly to apprehend your notions, since this may much shorten our inquiry. Suffer me, then, to ask you this further question: Are those things only perceived by the senses which are perceived immediately, or may those things properly be said to be *sensible* which are perceived immediately or not without the intervention of others?

Hylas — I do not sufficiently understand you.

Philonous — In reading a book, what I immediately perceive are the letters, but mediately, or by means of these, are suggested to my mind the notions of God, virtue, truth, etc. Now, that the letters are truly sensible things, or perceived by sense, there is no doubt; but I would know whether you take the things suggested by them to be so too.

Hylas — No, certainly; it were absurd to think *God* or *virtue* sensible things, though they may be signified and suggested to the mind by sensible marks, with which they have an arbitrary connection.

Philonous — It seems, then, that by *sensible things* you mean those only which can be perceived immediately by sense?

Hylas — Right.

Philonous — Doth it not follow from this, that though I see one part of the sky red and another blue, and that my reason doth thence evidently conclude there must be some cause of that diversity of colors, yet that cause cannot be said to be a sensible thing, or perceived by the sense of seeing?

Hylas — It doth.

Philonous — In like manner, though I hear variety of sounds, yet I cannot be said to hear the causes of those sounds?

Hylas — You cannot.

Philonous — And when by my touch I perceive a thing to be hot and heavy, I cannot say with any truth or propriety that I feel the cause of its heat and weight?

Hylas — To prevent any more questions of this kind, I tell you once for all that by *sensible things* I mean those only which are perceived by the sense, and that in truth the senses perceive nothing which they do not perceive immediately; for they make no inferences. The deducing therefore of causes or occasions from effects and appearances which alone are perceived by sense, entirely relates to reason.

Philonous — This point, then, is agreed between us: that *sensible things are those only which are immediately perceived by sense.* You will further inform me whether we immediately perceive by sight anything beside light, and colors, and figures; or by hearing, anything but sounds; by the palate, anything beside tastes; by the smell, beside odors; or by the touch, more than tangible qualities?

Hylas — We do not.

Philonous — It seems, therefore, that if you take away all sensible qualities there remains nothing sensible?

Hylas — I grant it.

Philonous — Sensible things, therefore, are nothing else but so many sensible qualities, or combinations of sensible qualities?

Hylas — Nothing else.

Philonous — Heat, then, is a sensible thing?

Hylas — Certainly.

Philonous — Doth the reality of sensible things consist in being perceived? or, is it something distinct from their being perceived, and that bears no relation to the mind?

Hylas — To *exist* is one thing, and to be *perceived* is another.

Philonous — I speak with regard to sensible things only; and of these I ask, whether by their real existence you mean a subsistence exterior to the mind, and distinct from their being perceived?

Hylas — I mean a real absolute being, distinct from, and without any relation to, their being perceived.

Philonous — Heat, therefore, if it be allowed a real being, must exist without the mind?

Hylas — It must.

Philonous — Tell me, Hylas, is this real existence equally compatible to all degrees of heat which we perceive: or is there any reason why we should attribute it to some, and deny it others? and if there be, pray let me know that reason.

Hylas — Whatever degree of heat we perceive by sense, we may be sure the same exists in the object that occasions it.

Philonous — What! the greatest as well as the least?

Hylas — I tell you, the reason is plainly the same in respect of both; they are both perceived by sense; nay, the greater degree of heat is more sensibly perceived; and consequently, if there is any difference, we are more certain of its real existence than we can be of the reality of a lesser degree.

Philonous — But is not the most vehement and intense degree of heat a very great pain?

Hylas — No one can deny it.

Philonous — And is any unperceiving thing capable of pain or pleasure?

Hylas — No, certainly.

Philonous — Is your material substance a senseless being, or a being endowed with sense and perception?

Hylas — It is senseless, without doubt.

Philonous — It cannot therefore be the subject of pain?

Hylas — By no means.

Philonous — Nor consequently of the greatest heat perceived by sense, since you acknowledge this to be no small pain.

Hylas — I grant it.

Philonous — What shall we say, then, of your external object; is it a material substance, or no?

Hylas — It is a material substance with the sensible qualities inhering in it.

Philonous — How, then, can a great heat exist in it, since you own it cannot in a material substance? I desire you would clear this point.

Hylas — Hold, Philonous, I fear I was out in yielding intense heat to be a pain. It should seem, rather, that pain is something distinct from heat, and the consequence or effect of it.

Philonous — Upon putting your hand near the fire, do you perceive one simple uniform sensation, or two distinct sensations?

Hylas — But one simple sensation.

Philonous — Is not the heat immediately perceived?

Hylas — It is.

Philonous — And the pain?

Hylas — True.

Philonous — Seeing, therefore, they are both immediately perceived at the same time, and the fire affects you only with one simple or uncompounded idea, it follows that this same simple idea is both the intense heat immediately perceived, and

the pain; and consequently, that the intense heat immediately perceived, is nothing distinct from a particular sort of pain.

Hylas — It seems so.

Philonous — Again, try in your thoughts, Hylas, if you can conceive a vehement sensation to be without pain or pleasure.

Hylas — I cannot.

Philonous — Or can you frame to yourself an idea of sensible pain or pleasure, in general, abstracted from every particular idea of heat, cold, tastes, smells, etc.?

Hylas — I do not find that I can.

Philonous — Doth it not therefore follow, that sensible pain is nothing distinct from those sensations or ideas, in an intense degree?

Hylas — It is undeniable; and to speak the truth, I begin to suspect a very great heat cannot exist but in a mind perceiving it.

Philonous — What! are you then in that *skeptical* state of suspense, between affirming and denying?

Hylas — I think I may be positive in the point. A very violent and painful heat cannot exist without the mind.

Philonous — It hath not, therefore, according to you, any real being.

Hylas — I own it.

Philonous — Is it therefore certain, that there is no body in nature really hot?

Hylas — I have not denied there is any real heat in bodies. I only say, there is no such thing as an intense real heat.

Philonous — But did you not say before, that all degrees of heat were equally real: or if there was any difference, that the greater were more undoubtedly real than the lesser?

Hylas — True; but it was because I did not then consider the ground there is for distinguishing between them, which I now plainly see. And it is this: because intense heat is nothing else but a particular kind of painful sensation; and pain cannot exist but in a perceiving being; it follows that no intense heat can really exist in an unperceiving corporeal substance. But this is no reason why we should deny heat in an inferior degree to exist in such a substance.

Philonous — But how shall we be able to discern those degrees of heat which exist only in the mind, from those which exist without it?

Hylas — That is no difficult matter. You know, the least pain cannot exist unperceived; whatever, therefore, degree of heat is a pain, exists only in the mind. But as for all other degrees of heat, nothing obliges us to think the same of them.

Philonous — I think you granted before, that no unperceiving being was capable of pleasure, any more than of pain.

Hylas — I did.

Philonous — And is not warmth, or a more gentle degree of heat than what causes uneasiness, a pleasure?

Hylas — What then?

Philonous — Consequently it cannot exist without the mind in any unperceiving substance, or body.

Hylas — So it seems.

Philonous — Since, therefore, as well those degrees of heat that are not painful, as those that are, can exist only in a thinking substance; may we not conclude that external bodies are absolutely incapable of any degree of heat whatsoever?

Hylas — On second thoughts, I do not think it so evident that warmth is a pleasure, as that a great degree of heat is a pain.

Philonous — I do not pretend that warmth is as great a pleasure as heat is a pain. But if you grant it to be even a small pleasure, it serves to make good my conclusion.

Hylas — I could rather call it an *indolence*. It seems to be nothing more than a privation of both pain and pleasure. And that such a quality or state as this may agree to an unthinking substance, I hope you will not deny.

Philonous — If you are resolved to maintain that warmth, or a gentle degree of heat, is no pleasure, I know not how to convince you otherwise than by appealing to your own sense. But what think you of cold?

Hylas — The same that I do of heat. An intense degree of cold is a pain; for to feel a very great cold, is to perceive a great uneasiness: it cannot therefore exist without the mind; but a lesser degree of cold may, as well as a lesser degree of heat.

Philonous — Those bodies, therefore, upon whose application to our own, we perceive a moderate degree of heat, must be concluded to have a moderate degree of heat or warmth in them: and those, upon whose application we feel a like degree of cold, must be thought to have cold in them.

Hylas — They must.

Philonous — Can any doctrine be true that necessarily leads a man into an absurdity?

Hylas — Without doubt it cannot.

Philonous — Is it not an absurdity to think that the same thing should be at the same time both cold and warm?

Hylas — It is.

Philonous — Suppose now one of your hands hot, and the other cold, and that they are at once put into the same vessel of water, in an intermediate state: will not the water seem cold to one hand, and warm to the other?

Hylas — It will.

Philonous — Ought we not, therefore, by your principles, to conclude it is really both cold and warm at the same time, — that is, according to your own concession, to believe an absurdity?

Hylas — I confess it seems so.

Philonous — Consequently, the principles themselves are false, since you have granted that no true principle leads to an absurdity.

Hylas — But after all, can anything be more absurd than to say, *there is no heat in the fire?*

Philonous — To make the point still clearer; tell me, whether in two cases exactly alike, we ought not to make the same judgment?

Hylas — We ought.

Philonous — When a pin pricks your finger, doth it not rend and divide the fibers of your flesh?

Hylas — It doth.

Philonous — And when a coal burns your finger, doth it any more?

Hylas — It doth not.

Philonous — Since, therefore, you neither judge the sensation itself occasioned by the pin, nor anything like it, to be in the pin; you should not, conformably to what you have now granted, judge the sensation occasioned by the fire, or anything like it, to be in the fire.

Hylas — Well, since it must be so, I am content to yield this point, and acknowledge that heat and cold are only sensations existing in our minds; but there still remain qualities enough to secure the reality of external things.

Philonous — But what will you say, Hylas, if it shall appear that the case is the same with regard to all other sensible qualities, and that they can no more be supposed to exist without the mind, than heat and cold?

Hylas — Then, indeed, you will have done something to the purpose; but that is what I despair of seeing proved.

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Hylas — I frankly own, Philonous, that it is in vain to stand out any longer. Colors, sounds, tastes, in a word, all those termed *secondary qualities*, have certainly no existence without the mind. But by this acknowledgment I must not be supposed to derogate anything from the reality of matter or external objects, seeing it is no more than several philosophers maintain, who, nevertheless, are the farthest imaginable from denying matter. For the clearer understanding of this, you must know sensible qualities are by philosophers divided into *primary* and *secondary*. The former are extension, figure, solidity, gravity, motion, and rest. And these they hold exist really in bodies. The latter are those above enumerated; or briefly, all sensible qualities beside the primary, which they assert are only so many sensations or ideas existing nowhere but in the mind. But all this, I doubt not, you are already apprised of. For my part, I have been a long time sensible there was such an opinion current among philosophers, but was never thoroughly convinced of its truth till now.

Philonous — You are still, then, of opinion, that extension and figures are inherent in external unthinking substances?

Hylas — I am.

Philonous — But what if the same arguments which are brought against secondary qualities, will hold proof against these also?

Hylas — Why, then I shall be obliged to think they too exist only in the mind.

Philonous — Is it your opinion, the very figure and extension which you perceive by sense exist in the outward object or material substance?

Hylas — It is.

Philonous — Have all other animals as good grounds to think the same of the figure and extension which they see and feel?

Hylas — Without doubt, if they have any thought at all.

Philonous — Answer me, Hylas. Think you the senses were bestowed upon all animals for their preservation and well being in life? or were they given to men alone for this end?

Hylas — I make no question but they have the same use in all other animals.

Philonous — If so, is it not necessary they should be enabled by them to perceive their own limbs, and those bodies which are capable of harming them?

Hylas — Certainly.

Philonous — A mite, therefore, must be supposed to see his own foot, and things equal or even less than it, as bodies of some considerable dimension; though at the same time they appear to you scarce discernible, or at best as so many visible points?

Hylas — I cannot deny it.

Philonous — And to creatures less than the mite they will seem yet larger.

Hylas — They will.

Philonous — Insomuch that what you can hardly discern, will to another extremely minute animal appear as some huge mountain.

Hylas — All this I grant.

Philonous — Can one and the same thing be at the same time in itself of different dimensions?

Hylas — That were absurd to imagine.

Philonous — But from what you have laid down it follows, that both the extension by you perceived, and that perceived by the mite itself, as likewise all those perceived by lesser animals, are each of them the true extension of the mite's foot; that is to say, by your own principles you are led into an absurdity.

Hylas — There seems to be some difficulty in the point.

Philonous — Again, have you not acknowledged that no real inherent property of any object can be changed, without some change in the thing itself?

Hylas — I have.

Philonous — But as we approach to or recede from an object, the visible extension varies, being at one distance ten or a hundred times greater than at another. Doth it not therefore follow from hence, likewise, that it is not really inherent in the object?

Hylas — I own I am at a loss what to think.

Philonous — Your judgment will soon be determined, if you will venture to think as freely concerning this quality as you have done concerning the rest. Was it not admitted as a good argument, that neither heat nor cold was in the water, because it seemed warm to one hand and cold to the other?

Hylas — It was.

Philonous — Is it not the very same reasoning to conclude there is no extension or figure in an object because to one eye it seems little, smooth, and round, when at the same time it appears to the other, great, uneven, and angular?

Hylas — The very same. But does this latter fact ever happen?

Philonous — You may at any time make the experiment, by looking with one eye bare, and with the other through a microscope.

Hylas — I know not how to maintain it, and yet I am loath to give up *extension*, I see so many odd consequences following upon such a concession.

Philonous — Odd, say you? After the concessions already made, I hope you will stick at nothing for its oddness. But on the other hand, should it not seem very odd if the general reasoning which includes all other sensible qualities did not also include extension? If it be allowed that no idea nor anything like an idea can exist in an unperceiving substance, then surely it follows, that no figure or mode of extension, which we can either perceive or imagine, or have any idea of, can be really inherent in matter; not to mention the peculiar difficulty there must be in conceiving a material substance, prior to and distinct from extension, to be the *substratum* of extension. Be the sensible quality what it will, figure, or sound, or color; it seems alike impossible it should subsist in that which doth not perceive it.

Hylas — I give up the point for the present, reserving still a right to retract my opinion, in case I shall hereafter discover any false step in my progress to it.

Philonous — That is a right you cannot be denied. Figures and extension being dispatched, we proceed next to *motion*. Can a real motion in any external body be at the same time both very swift and very slow?

Hylas — It cannot.

Philonous — Is not the motion of a body swift in a recipro-

cal proportion to the time it takes up in describing any given space? Thus a body that describes a mile in an hour, moves three times faster than it would in case it described only a mile in three hours.

Hylas — I agree with you.

Philonous — And is not time measured by the succession of ideas in our minds?

Hylas — It is.

Philonous — And is it not possible ideas should succeed one another twice as fast in your mind as they do in mine, or in that of some spirit of another kind?

Hylas — I own it.

Philonous — Consequently the same body may to another seem to perform its motion over any space in half the time that it doth to you. And the same reasoning will hold as to any other proportion; that is to say, according to your principles (since the motions perceived are both really in the object) it is possible one and the same body shall be really moved the same way at once, both very swift and very slow. How is this consistent either with common-sense or with what you just now granted?

Hylas — I have nothing to say to it.

Philonous — Then as for *solidity;* either you do not mean any sensible quality by that word, and so it is beside our inquiry; or if you do, it must be either hardness or resistance. But both the one and the other are plainly relative to our senses: it being evident that what seems hard to one animal, may appear soft to another who hath greater force and firmness of limbs. Nor is it less plain that the resistance I feel is not in the body.

Hylas — I own the very sensation of resistance, which is all you immediately perceive, is not in the *body*, but the cause of that sensation is.

Philonous — But the causes of our sensations are not things immediately perceived, and therefore not sensible. This point I thought had been already determined.

Hylas — I own it was; but you will pardon me if I seem a little embarrassed: I know not how to quit my old notions.

Philonous — To help you out, do but consider that if extension be once acknowledged to have no existence without the mind, the same must necessarily be granted of motion, solidity,

and gravity, since they all evidently suppose extension. It is, therefore, superfluous to inquire particularly concerning each of them. In denying extension you have denied them all to have any real existence.

ON THE PROSPECT OF PLANTING ARTS AND LEARNING IN AMERICA.

By BISHOP BERKELEY.

The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame;

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone
And fancied beauties by the true;

In happy climes the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose, for truth and sense,
The pedantry of courts and schools,

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great uprising epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The first four acts already past,
The fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

MAZEPPA'S RIDE.

By LORD BYRON.

[Lord George Noel Gordon Byron: A famous English poet; born in London, January 22, 1788. At the age of ten he succeeded to the estate and title of his granduncle William, fifth Lord Byron. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, and in 1807 published his first volume of poems, "Hours of Idleness." After a tour through eastern Europe he brought out two cantos of "Childe Harold," which met with instantaneous success, and soon after he married the heiress Miss Millbanke. The union proving unfortunate, Byron left England, and passed several years in Italy. In 1823 he joined the Greek insurgents in Cephalonia, and later at Missolonghi, where he died of a fever April 19, 1824. His chief poetical works are: "Childe Harold," "Don Juan," "Manfred," "Cain," "Marino Faliero," "Sardanapalus," "The Giaour," "Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," "Lara," and "Mazeppa."]

"Bring forth the horse!" — the horse was brought
In truth he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
Who looked as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs; but he was wild,
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
With spur and bridle undefiled —
'Twas but a day he had been caught;
And snorting, with erected mane,
And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
In the full foam of wrath and dread
To me the desert-born was led:
They bound me on, that menial throng,
Upon his back with many a thong;
Then loosed him with a sudden lash —
Away! — away! — and on we dash! —
Torrents less rapid and less rash.

Away! — away! — My breath was gone —
I saw not where he hurried on:
'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,
And on he foamed — away! — away! —
The last of human sounds which rose,
As I was darted from my foes,
Was the wild shout of savage laughter,
Which on the wind came roaring after
A moment from that rabble rout:
With sudden wrath I wrenched my head,
And snapped the cord, which to the mane
Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,

And writhing half my form about,
Howled back my curse; but 'midst the tread,
The thunder of my courser's speed,
Perchance they did not hear nor heed:
It vexes me — for I would fain
Have paid their insult back again.
I paid it well in after days:
There is not of that castle gate,
Its drawbridge and portcullis' weight,
Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left;
Nor of its fields a blade of grass,
Save what grows on a ridge of wall,
Where stood the hearthstone of the hall;
And many a time ye there might pass,
Nor dream that e'er that fortress was:
I saw its turrets in a blaze,
Their crackling battlements all cleft,
And the hot lead pour down like rain
From off the scorched and blackening roof,
Whose thickness was not vengeance-proof.
They little thought that day of pain,
When launched, as on the lightning's flash,
They bade me to destruction dash,
That one day I should come again,
With twice five thousand horse, to thank
The Count for his uncourteous ride.
They played me then a bitter prank,
When, with the wild horse for my guide,
They bound me to his foaming flank:
At length I played them one as frank —
For time at last sets all things even —
And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind,
All human dwellings left behind;
We sped like meteors through the sky,
When with its crackling sound the night
Is checkered with the northern light:
Town — village — none were on our track,
But a wild plain of far extent,
And bounded by a forest black. . . .

The sky was dull, and dim, and gray,
And a low breeze crept moaning by —
I could have answered with a sigh —
But fast we fled, away, away —
And I could neither sigh nor pray;
And my cold sweat drops fell like rain
Upon the courser's bristling mane;
But, snorting still with rage and fear,
He flew upon his far career:
At times I almost thought, indeed,
He must have slackened in his speed;
But no — my bound and slender frame
Was nothing to his angry might,
And merely like a spur became:
Each motion which I made to free
My swoln limbs from their agony
Increased his fury and affright:
I tried my voice, — 'twas faint and low,
But yet he swerved as from a blow;
And, starting to each accent, sprang
As from a sudden trumpet's clang:
Meantime my cords were wet with gore,
Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er;
And in my tongue the thirst became
A something fierier far than flame.

We neared the wild wood — 'twas so wide,
I saw no bounds on either side;
'Twas studded with old sturdy trees,
That bent not to the roughest breeze
Which howls down from Siberia's waste,
And strips the forest in its haste, —
But these were few, and far between
Set thick with shrubs more young and green,
Luxuriant with their annual leaves,
Ere strewn by those autumnal eves
That nip the forest's foliage dead,
Discolored with a lifeless red,
Which stands thereon like stiffened gore
Upon the slain when battle's o'er,
And some long winter's night hath shed
Its frost o'er every tombless head,
So cold and stark the raven's beak
May peck unpierced each frozen cheek:
'Twas a wild waste of underwood,
And here and there a chestnut stood,

The strong oak and the hardy pine;
  But far apart — and well it were,
Or else a different lot were mine —
  The boughs gave way, and did not tear
My limbs; and I found strength to bear
My wounds, already scarred with cold —
My bonds forbade to loose my hold.
We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind;
By night I heard them on the track,
Their troop came hard upon our back,
With their long gallop, which can tire
The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire:
Where'er we flew they followed on,
Nor left us with the morning sun;
Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,
At daybreak winding through the wood,
And through the night had heard their feet
Their stealing, rustling step repeat.
Oh! how I wished for spear or sword,
At least to die amidst the horde,
And perish — if it must be so —
At bay, destroying many a foe.
When my first courser's race begun,
I wished the goal already won;
But now I doubted strength and speed.
Vain doubt! his swift and savage breed
Had nerved him like the mountain roe;
Nor faster falls the blinding snow
Which whelms the peasant near the door
Whose threshold he shall cross no more,
Bewildered with the dazzling blast,
Than through the forest paths he past —
Untired, untamed, and worse than wild;
All furious as a favored child
Balked of its wish; or fiercer still —
A woman piqued — who has her will.

The wood was past; 'twas more than noon,
But chill the air, although in June;
Or it might be my veins ran cold —
Prolonged endurance tames the bold;
And I was then not what I seem,
But headlong as a wintry stream,
And wore my feelings out before

I well could count their causes o'er:
And what with fury, fear, and wrath,
The tortures which beset my path,
Cold, hunger, sorrow, shame, distress,
Thus bound in nature's nakedness;
Sprung from a race whose rising blood
When stirred beyond its calmer mood,
And trodden hard upon, is like
The rattlesnake's, in act to strike,
What marvel if this worn-out trunk
Beneath its woes a moment sunk?
The earth gave way, the skies rolled round,
I seemed to sink upon the ground;
But erred, for I was fastly bound.
My heart turned sick, my brain grew sore,
And throbbed awhile, then beat no more:
The skies spun like a mighty wheel;
I saw the trees like drunkards reel,
And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,
Which saw no farther: he who dies
Can die no more than then I died.
O'ertortured by that ghastly ride,
I felt the blackness come and go,
  And strove to wake; but could not make
My senses climb up from below:
I felt as on a plank at sea,
When all the waves that dash o'er thee,
At the same time upheave and whelm,
And hurl thee towards a desert realm.
My undulating life was as
The fancied lights that flitting pass
Our shut eyes in deep midnight, when
Fever begins upon the brain;
But soon it passed, with little pain,
  But a confusion worse than such:
  I own that I should deem it much,
Dying, to feel the same again;
And yet I do suppose we must
Feel far more ere we turn to dust:
No matter; I have bared my brow
Full in Death's face — before — and now.

My thoughts came back; where was I? Cold,
  And numb, and giddy: pulse by pulse
Life reassumed its lingering hold,

And throb by throb: till grown a pang
  Which for a moment would convulse,
  My blood reflowed, though thick and chill;
My ear with uncouth noises rang,
  My heart began once more to thrill;
My sight returned, though dim; alas!
And thickened, as it were, with glass.
Methought the dash of waves was nigh;
There was a gleam too of the sky,
Studded with stars;—it is no dream;
The wild horse swims the wilder stream!
The bright broad river's gushing tide
Sweeps, winding onward, far and wide,
And we are halfway, struggling o'er
To yon unknown and silent shore.
The waters broke my hollow trance,
And with a temporary strength
  My stiffened limbs were rebaptized.
My courser's broad breast proudly braves,
And dashes off the ascending waves,
And onward we advance!
We reach the slippery shore at length,
  A haven I but little prized,
For all behind was dark and drear
And all before was night and fear.
How many hours of night or day
In those suspended pangs I lay,
I could not tell; I scarcely knew
If this were human breath I drew.

With glossy skin, and dripping mane,
  And reeling limbs, and reeking flank,
The wild steed's sinewy nerves still strain
  Up the repelling bank.
We gain the top: a boundless plain
Spreads through the shadow of the night,
  And onward, onward, onward, seems,
  Like precipices in our dreams,
To stretch beyond the sight;
And here and there a speck of white,
  Or scattered spot of dusky green,
In masses broke into the light,
As rose the moon upon my right.
  But naught distinctly seen
In the dim waste would indicate

The omen of a cottage gate;
No twinkling taper from afar
Stood like a hospitable star;
Not even an ignis fatuus rose
To make him merry with my woes:
  That very cheat had cheered me then!
Although detected, welcome still,
Reminding me through every ill,
  Of the abodes of men.

Onward we went — but slack and slow;
  His savage force at length o'erspent,
The drooping courser, faint and low,
  All feebly foaming went.
A sickly infant had had power
To guide him forward in that hour;
  But useless all to me.
His newborn tameness naught availed —
My limbs were bound; my force had failed,
  Perchance, had they been free.
With feeble effort still I tried
To rend the bonds so starkly tied —
  But still it was in vain;
My limbs were only wrung the more,
And soon the idle strife gave o'er,
  Which but prolonged their pain:
The dizzy race seemed almost done,
Although no goal was nearly won:
Some streaks announced the coming sun —
  How slow, alas! he came!
Methought that mist of dawning gray
Would never dapple into day;
How heavily it rolled away —
  Before the eastern flame
Rose crimson, and deposed the stars,
And called the radiance from their cars,
And filled the earth, from his deep throne,
With lonely luster, all his own.

Up rose the sun; the mists were curled
Back from the solitary world
Which lay around — behind — before;
What booted it to traverse o'er
Plain, forest, river? Man nor brute,
Nor dint of hoof, nor print of foot,

Lay in the wild luxuriant soil;
No sign of travel — none of toil;
The very air was mute;
And not an insect's shrill small horn,
Nor matin bird's new voice was borne
From herb nor thicket. Many a werst,
Panting as if his heart would burst,
The weary brute still staggered on;
And still we were — or seemed — alone:
At length, while reeling on our way,
Methought I heard a courser neigh,
From out yon tuft of blackening firs.
Is it the wind those branches stirs?
No, no! from out the forest prance
A trampling troop; I see them come!
In one vast squadron they advance!
I strove to cry — my lips were dumb.
The steeds rush on in plunging pride;
But where are they the reins to guide?
A thousand horse — and none to ride!
With flowing tail, and flying mane,
Wide nostrils — never stretched by pain,
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
And feet that iron never shod,
And flanks unscarred by spur or rod,
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,
Came thickly thundering on,
As if our faint approach to meet;
The sight renerved my courser's feet,
A moment staggering, feebly fleet,
A moment, with a faint low neigh,
He answered, and then fell;
With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,
And reeking limbs immovable,
His first and last career is done!
On came the troop — they saw him stoop,
They saw me strangely bound along
His back with many a bloody thong:
They stop — they start — they snuff the air,
Gallop a moment here and there,
Approach, retire, wheel round and round,
Then plunging back with sudden bound,
Headed by one black mighty steed,
Who seemed the patriarch of his breed,

Without a single speck or hair
Of white upon his shaggy hide;
They snort — they foam — neigh — swerve aside,
And backward to the forest fly,
By instinct, from a human eye. —
They left me there to my despair,
Linked to the dead and stiffening wretch,
Whose lifeless limbs beneath me stretch,
Relieved from that unwonted weight,
From whence I could not extricate
Nor him nor me — and there we lay
The dying on the dead!

CHARLES XII. AT BENDER.

By VOLTAIRE.

[François Marie Arouet, who assumed the name Voltaire, was born in Paris, November 21, 1694, and died there, May 30, 1778. He was educated in the Jesuit college Louis-le-Grand, and though intended by his parents for a lawyer he determined to become a writer. From the beginning of his career he was keen and fearless, and by his indiscreet but undeniably witty writing incurred the displeasure of the Duke of Orleans, regent of France, by whom he was imprisoned in the Bastille, 1717–1718. His life was full of action and vicissitude, and though his denunciations of wrong or tyranny from any quarter frequently brought upon him persecution from those in authority, he was acknowledged by the world the greatest writer in Europe. His writings are far too numerous for individual mention, some editions of his collected works containing as many as ninety-two volumes. They include poetry, dramas, and prose. Among his more famous works are: "Œdipus" (1718), "History of Charles XII., King of Sweden" (1730), "Philosophical Letters" (1732), "Century of Louis XIV." (1751), "History of Russia under Peter I." (1759), "Republican Ideas" (1762), "The Bible at Last Explained" (1766), and the "Essay on Manners."]

The king of Sweden was continually soliciting the Porte to send him back through Poland with a numerous army. The divan, in fact, resolved to send him back with a simple guard of seven or eight thousand men, not as a king whom they wished to assist, but as a guest whom they wanted to get rid of. For this purpose, the Sultan Achmet wrote to him in these terms: —

Most powerful among the kings, adorer of Jesus, redresser of wrongs and injuries, and protector of justice in the ports and republics of the South and North; shining in majesty, friend of honor and glory, and of our Sublime Porte, Charles King of Sweden, whose enterprises God crown with success!

As soon as the most illustrious Achmet, formerly Chiaux-Pachi, shall have the honor to present you with this letter, adorned with our imperial seal, be persuaded and convinced of the truth of our intentions therein contained, to wit, that though we did propose, once more, to march our ever victorious army against the czar, yet that prince, to avoid the just resentment which we had conceived at his delaying to execute the treaty concluded on the banks of the Pruth, and afterwards renewed at our Sublime Porte, having surrendered into our hands the castle and city of Azoph, and endeavored, through the mediation of the ambassadors of England and Holland, our ancient allies, to cultivate a lasting peace with us, we have granted his request, and given to his plenipotentiaries, who remain with us as hostages, our imperial ratification, after having received his from their hands.

We have given to the most honorable and valiant Delvet Gherai, kam of Budziack, Crim Tartary, Nagay, and Circassia, and to our most sage counselor and generous seraskier of Bender, Ismael (may God perpetuate and augment their magnificence and wisdom), our inviolable and salutary order for your return through Poland, according to your first desire, which hath been renewed to us in your name. You must, therefore, prepare to depart under the auspices of Providence, and with an honorable guard, before the approaching winter, in order to return to your own territories, taking care to pass as a friend through those of Poland.

Whatever shall be necessary for your journey shall be furnished you by my Sublime Porte, as well in money, as in men, horses, and wagons. We above all things exhort and recommend to you, to give the most positive and precise orders to all the Swedes and other persons in your retinue, to commit no outrage, nor be guilty of any action that may tend directly or indirectly to violate this peace and alliance.

You will by these means preserve our good will, of which we shall endeavor to give you as great and as frequent marks as occasion shall offer. Our troops destined to accompany you shall receive orders conformable to our imperial intentions.

Given at our Sublime Porte of Constantinople, the fourteenth of the moon Rebyul Eurech, 1214, which answers to the nineteenth of April, 1712.

This letter did not yet deprive the king of Sweden of his hopes: he wrote to the sultan, that he should ever retain a grateful remembrance of the favors his highness had bestowed on him, but that he believed the sultan too just to send him back with the simple guard of a flying camp into a country still

overrun by the czar's troops. In effect, the emperor of Russia, notwithstanding the first article of the peace of Pruth, by which he engaged himself to withdraw all his troops from Poland, had sent fresh ones into that kingdom; and what appears surprising, the grand seignior knew nothing of the matter.

The bad policy of the Porte in having always, through vanity, ambassadors from the Christian princes at Constantinople, and not maintaining a single agent at the Christian courts, is the cause that these discover and sometimes conduct the most secret resolutions of the sultan, and that the divan is always in profound ignorance of what is publicly going on in the Christian world.

The sultan, shut up in his seraglio among his women and eunuchs, can see only with the eyes of the grand vizier: that minister, as inaccessible as his master, wholly engrossed with the intrigues of the seraglio, and having no foreign correspondence, is commonly deceived himself, or else deceives the sultan, who deposes or orders him to be strangled for the first fault, in order to choose another minister as ignorant or as perfidious, who behaves like his predecessor, and soon shares the same fate.

Such, for the most part, is the inactivity and the profound security of this court, that were the Christian princes to league themselves against it, their fleets might be at the Dardanelles, and their land forces at the gates of Adrianople, before the Turks would dream of defending themselves; but the different interests which will ever divide the Christian world will preserve the Turks from a fate to which, by their want of policy, and by their ignorance of the art of war, both by sea and land, they seem at present exposed.

Achmet was so little informed of what passed in Poland, that he sent an aga to see whether it was true that the czar's troops were still in that country; the king of Sweden's two secretaries, who understood the Turkish language, accompanied the aga, and were to serve as witnesses against him, in case he should make a false report.

This aga saw the truth of the king's assertion with his own eyes, and informed the sultan of every particular. Achmet, fired with indignation, was going to strangle the grand vizier; but the favorite, who protected him, and who thought he should have occasion for him, obtained his pardon, and supported him some time longer in the ministry.

The Russians were now openly espoused by the vizier, and secretly by Ali Coumourgi, who had changed sides; but the sultan was so provoked, the infraction of the treaty was so manifest, and the janizaries, who often make the ministers, the favorites, and even the sultans tremble, demanded war with such clamor that no one in the seraglio durst offer a more moderate proposal.

The grand seignior immediately committed to the seven towers the Russian ambassadors, who were now as much accustomed to go to prison as to an audience. War was declared afresh against the czar, the horsetails were displayed, and orders were given to all the pashas to assemble an army of two hundred thousand men. The sultan himself quitted Constantinople, and went to fix his court at Adrianople, that he might be nearer to the seat of war.

In the mean time, a solemn embassy sent to the grand seignior by Augustus, and the republic of Poland, was advancing on the road to Adrianople. At the head of the embassy was the palatine of Mazovia, with a retinue of above three hundred persons.

Every one that composed the embassy was seized and imprisoned in one of the suburbs of the city: never was the king of Sweden's party more sanguine than on this occasion; and yet this great preparation was rendered useless, and all their hopes were again disappointed.

If we may believe a public minister, a man of sagacity and penetration, who resided at that time at Constantinople, young Coumourgi had already other designs in his head than that of disputing a desert country with the czar by a doubtful war. He had proposed to strip the Venetians of the Peloponnesus, now called the Morea, and to make himself master of Hungary.

He waited only for the execution of his great designs till he should have attained the post of grand vizier, from which he was still excluded on account of his youth. In this view it was more for his advantage to be the ally than the enemy of the czar. It was neither his interest nor his inclination to keep the king of Sweden any longer, and still less to arm the Turkish empire in his favor. He not only desired to dismiss that prince, but he openly said that, for the future, no Christian ambassador ought to be suffered at Constantinople; that all these ministers in ordinary were but so many honorable spies, who corrupted or betrayed the viziers, and had too long

influenced the intrigues of the seraglio; and that the Franks settled at Pera, and in the straits of the Levant, were merchants, who needed a consul only, and not an ambassador. The grand vizier, who owed his post and his life to the favorite, and, what was more, stood in fear of him, complied with his intention with the more alacrity as he had sold himself to the Russians, and hoped by this means to be revenged on the king of Sweden, who had endeavored to ruin him. The mufti, a creature of Ali Coumourgi, was also the slave to his will; he had advised the war with Russia, when the favorite wished it; but the moment this young man changed his opinion, he pronounced it to be unjust: thus was the army hardly assembled before they began to listen to proposals of accommodation. The vice chancellor Schaffirof, and young Czeremetoff, hostages and plenipotentiaries of the czar at the Porte, promised, after several negotiations, that the czar should withdraw his troops from Poland. The grand vizier, who well knew that the czar would never execute this treaty, made no scruple to sign it; and the sultan, satisfied with having, in appearance, imposed laws on the Russians, remained still at Adrianople. Thus, in less than six months, was peace ratified with the czar, war declared, and peace renewed again.

The principal article of all these treaties was to oblige the king of Sweden to depart.

[Charles asked for one thousand purses (about $290,000) to pay his debts and prepare equipage; the Sultan sent twelve hundred, not to be given till he went, and commissioned a guard to attend him through Poland.]

Charles, enraged to see himself thus hunted, as it were, from the grand seignior's dominions, determined not to quit them at all.

He might have desired to return through the territories of Germany, or to take shipping on the Black Sea, in order to sail to Marseilles by the Mediterranean; but he rather chose to ask nothing, and to wait the event.

When the twelve hundred purses were arrived, his treasurer Grothusen, who had learned the Turkish language during his long stay in the country, went to wait upon the pasha without an interpreter, with the design of drawing the money from him, and then to form some new intrigue at the Porte, being continually held up by the foolish supposition that the Swedish party would at last be able to arm the Ottoman empire against the czar.

Grothusen told the pasha that the king was not able to

prepare his equipage without money. "But," said the pasha, "we shall settle all the expenses of your departure; your master has no occasion to be at any expense while he continues under the protection of mine."

Grothusen replied that there was so much difference between the equipages of the Turks and those of the Franks, that they were obliged to have recourse to the artificers of Sweden and Poland, resident at Varnitza.

He assured him that his master was disposed to depart, and that this money would facilitate and hasten his departure. The pasha, too credulous, gave the twelve hundred purses! and attended the king in a few days after, in a most respectful manner, to receive his orders for his departure.

His surprise was inconceivable, when the king told him he was not yet ready to go, and that he wanted a thousand purses more. The pasha, confounded at this answer, was some time before he could speak. He then retired to a window, where he was observed to shed some tears. At last, addressing himself to the king, "I shall lose my head," says he, "for having obliged your majesty: I have given you the twelve hundred purses against the express orders of my sovereign." Having said this, he withdrew, oppressed with grief.

As he was going, the king stopped him, and said that he would excuse him to the sultan. "Ah!" replied the Turk, as he departed, "my master knows not how to excuse faults, he knows only to punish them."

Ismael Pasha carried this piece of news to the kam, who had received the same orders with the pasha, not to suffer the twelve hundred purses to be given to the king before his departure, and yet consented to the delivery of the money; he was as apprehensive as the pasha, of the indignation of the grand seignior. They both wrote to the Porte to justify themselves, protesting that they had given the twelve hundred purses upon the solemn promises of the king's minister that he would depart without delay, and beseeching his highness not to impute the king's refusal to their disobedience.

Charles, still persisting in the idea that the kam and pasha wanted to deliver him up to his enemies, ordered M. Funk, at that time his envoy at the Ottoman court, to lay his complaints against them before the sultan, and to ask a thousand purses more. His own great generosity, and the little account he made of money, hindered him from seeing the meanness of this

proposal. He did it merely to have a refusal, and in order to have a fresh pretext for not departing. But it is to be reduced to strange extremities, to stand in need of such artifices. Savari, his interpreter, an artful and enterprising man, carried his letter to Adrianople in spite of the strictness which the grand vizier had used to guard the passes.

Funk was obliged to make this dangerous demand. All the answer he received was, to be thrown into prison. The sultan, enraged, convoked an extraordinary divan, and, what very seldom happens, spoke himself on the occasion. His speech, according to the translation then made of it, was as follows : —

"I have scarce known the king of Sweden but by his defeat at Pultowa, and by the prayer he preferred to me, to grant him an asylum in my dominions. I have not, I believe, any need of him ; nor any reason either to love or fear him : notwithstanding, without consulting any other motive than the hospitality of a Mussulman, and my own generosity, which sheds the dew of its favors upon the great as well as the small, upon strangers as well as my own subjects : I have received and succored him with all things, himself, his ministers, officers, and soldiers, and have not ceased for these three years and a half to load him with presents.

"I have granted him a considerable guard to conduct him into his own kingdom. He asked a thousand purses to defray some expenses, though I pay all. Instead of a thousand, I granted him twelve hundred. After having got these out of the hands of the seraskier of Bender, he asks a thousand purses more, and refuses to depart, under a pretense that the guard is too small, whereas it is but too large to pass through the country of a friend.

"I ask, then, whether it be to violate the laws of hospitality, to send back this prince ; and whether foreign powers ought to accuse me of violence and injustice, in case I should be obliged to compel him by force to depart."

All the divan answered that the grand seignior acted with justice. The mufti declared that hospitality from Mussulmans toward infidels was not commanded, and much less toward the ungrateful ; and he gave his fetfa, a kind of mandate, which generally accompanies the important orders of the grand seignior. These fetfas are revered as oracles, though the very persons by whom they are given are as much slaves to the sultan as any others.

The order and fetfa were carried to Bender by the Boyouk Imraour, grand master of the horse, and a chiaou pasha, first usher. The pasha of Bender received the order at the house of the kam of Tartary, from whence he immediately repaired to Varnitza, to ask the king whether he would depart as a friend, or reduce him to the necessity of putting the orders of the sultan in execution.

Charles, thus menaced, was not master of his passion. "Obey your master if you dare," said he, "and leave my presence." The pasha, fired with indignation, returned at full gallop, contrary to the usual custom of the Turks; and chancing to meet Fabricius in his way, he cried out to him, without checking his horse, "The king will not hear reason; you will see strange things presently." The same day he discontinued the supply of the king's provisions, and removed his guard of janizaries. He caused intimation to be given to all the Poles and Cossacks at Varnitza, that if they wished to have any provisions, they must quit the camp of the king of Sweden, and repair to Bender, and put themselves under the protection of the Porte. They all obeyed, and left the king without any other attendant than the officers of his household, and three hundred Swedish soldiers to make head against twenty thousand Tartars, and six thousand Turks.

There was now no provision in the camp, either for the men or their horses. The king ordered twenty of the fine Arabian horses which had been sent him by the grand seignior, to be shot without the camp, saying, "I will have none of their provisions nor their horses." This was an excellent regale to the Tartars, who, as is well known, think horseflesh delicious food. In the mean time, the Turks and Tartars invested the king's little camp on every side.

The king, without the least discomposure, made a regular intrenchment with his three hundred Swedes, in which work he himself assisted, — his chancellor, his treasurer, his secretaries, his valets de chambre, and all his domestics giving likewise their assistance. Some barricaded the windows, and others fastened beams behind the doors, in the form of buttresses.

As soon as the house was sufficiently barricaded, and the king had gone round his pretended fortifications, he sat down to chess with his favorite Grothusen with as much tranquillity as if everything was in the greatest security. Happily M. Fabricius, the envoy of Holstein, did not lodge at Varnitza,

but at a small village between Varnitza and Bender, where Mr. Jeffreys, the English envoy to the king of Sweden, likewise resided. These two ministers, seeing the storm ready to burst, took upon themselves the office of mediators between the Turks and the king. The kam, and especially the pasha of Bender, who had no mind to offer violence to the Swedish monarch, received with eagerness the offers of these two ministers. They had two conferences at Bender, in which they were assisted by the usher of the seraglio, and the grand master of the horse, who had brought the sultan's order, and the mufti's fetfa.

M. Fabricius declared to them that his Swedish majesty had many cogent reasons to believe that they meant to deliver him up to his enemies in Poland. The kam, the pasha, and all the rest swore by their heads, and called God to witness, that they detested so horrible a perfidy, and that they would shed the last drop of their blood rather than suffer such disrespect to be shown to the king in Poland; adding that they had in their hands the Russian and Polish ambassadors, who would answer with their lives for the least affront that should be offered to the king of Sweden. In fine, they complained bitterly that the king should conceive such injurious suspicions against people who had received him so politely, and treated him with so much humanity. Though oaths are frequently the language of perfidy, Fabricius suffered himself to be persuaded by the Turks: he thought he could discern in their protestations that air of truth which falsehood can, at best, but imitate imperfectly. He knew perfectly well there had been a secret correspondence between the kam of Tartary and King Augustus; but he was at last persuaded that the only end of their negotiation was to oblige Charles XII. to quit the dominions of the grand seignior. Whether Fabricius deceived himself or not, he assured them that he would represent to the king the injustice of his suspicions. "But," adds he, "do you intend to compel him to depart?" "Yes," says the pasha, "such is the order of our master." He then entreated them to consider seriously whether that order implied that they should shed the blood of a crowned head. "Yes," replies the kam, in a passion, "if that crowned head disobeys the grand seignior in his dominions."

In the mean time, everything being ready for the assault, the death of Charles XII. seemed inevitable; but the order of the sultan not expressly saying whether they were to kill him

in case of resistance, the pasha prevailed on the kam to let him dispatch an express to Adrianople, where the grand seignior then resided, to receive the last orders of his highness.

M. Jeffreys and M. Fabricius, having procured this short respite, hastened to acquaint the king with it: they arrived with all the eagerness of people who bring good news, but were received very coldly: he called them officious mediators, and still persisted in his opinion that the order of the sultan, and the fetfa of the mufti, were both forged, inasmuch as they had sent to the Porte for fresh orders.

The English minister retired, firmly resolved to interfere no more in the affairs of so inflexible a prince. M. Fabricius, beloved by the king, and more accustomed to his humor than the English minister, remained with him, to conjure him not to hazard so precious a life on such an unnecessary occasion.

The king, for answer, showed him his fortifications, and begged he would employ his mediation only to procure him some provisions. The Turks were easily prevailed upon to allow provisions to be conveyed to the king's camp until the return of the courier from Adrianople. The kam himself had strictly enjoined his Tartars, who were eager for pillage, not to make any attempt against the Swedes till the arrival of fresh orders; so that Charles went sometimes out of his camp with forty horse, and rode through the midst of the Tartars; who, with great respect, left him a free passage; he would even ride up in front of their lines, which they opened rather than resist him.

At last the order of the grand seignior being come, to put to the sword all the Swedes who should make the least resistance, and not even to spare the life of the king, the pasha had the complaisance to show the order to M. Fabricius, to the end that he might make his last effort to turn the obstinacy of Charles. Fabricius went immediately to acquaint him with these sad tidings. "Have you seen the order you speak of?" said the king. "Yes," replied Fabricius. "Well, then, go tell them, in my name, that this second order is another forgery, and that I will not depart." Fabricius threw himself at his feet, fell into a passion, and reproached him with his obstinacy, but all to no purpose. "Return to your Turks," said the king to him, smiling; "if they attack me, I shall know how to defend myself."

The king's chaplains likewise threw themselves on their

knees before him, conjuring him not to expose to certain death the unhappy remains of Pultowa, and especially his own sacred person; assuring him that resistance in such a case was altogether unjustifiable; and that it was a direct violation of all the laws of hospitality, to resolve to continue against their will with strangers who had so long and so generously supported him. The king, though he had not been angry with Fabricius, fell into a passion with his priests, and told them that he had taken them to pray for him, and not to give him advice.

The Generals Hord and Dardoff, whose sentiments had always been against hazarding a battle which could not fail of proving unsuccessful, showed the king their breasts covered with wounds which they had received in his service, and assured him that they were ready to lay down their lives for him; but begged that it might be, at least, upon a more necessary occasion. "I know, by your wounds and my own," says Charles to them, "that we have fought valiantly together. You have done your duty hitherto; do it to-day likewise." Nothing now remained but to obey. Every one was ashamed not to court death with their king. This prince, being now prepared for the assault, flattered himself in secret that he should have the honor of sustaining, with three hundred Swedes, the efforts of a whole army. He assigned to every man his post: his chancellor, Mullern, and the secretary, Empreus, and his clerks, were to defend the chancery house; Baron Fief, at the head of the officers of the kitchen, were stationed at another post; the grooms of the stable and the cooks had another place to guard; for with him every one was a soldier: he then rode from the intrenchments to his house, promising rewards to every one, creating officers, and assuring them that he would make captains of the very meanest of his servants who should fight with courage.

It was not long before they beheld the army of the Turks and Tartars advancing to attack this little intrenchment with ten pieces of cannon and two mortars. The horses' tails waved in the air; the clarions sounded; the cries of "Alla, Alla," were heard on every side. Baron Grothusen remarked that the Turks did not mix in their cries any injurious reflections against the king, but that they only called him, "Demirbash" (head of iron). He, therefore, instantly resolved to go out of the camp alone and unarmed, and accordingly advanced to the lines of the janizaries, most of whom had

received money from him. "What, my friends," says he to them in their own language, "are you come to massacre three hundred Swedes who are defenseless? You, brave janizaries, who have pardoned fifty thousand Russians upon their crying *amman* (pardon), have you forgot the many favors you have received from us? and would you assassinate this great king of Sweden whom you love, and whose liberality you have so often experienced? My friends, he desires but three days, and the orders of the sultan are not so strict as you are taught to believe."

These words produced an effect which Grothusen himself could not have expected. The janizaries swore by their beards that they would not attack the king, but would give him the three days he demanded. In vain the signal for assault was given; the janizaries, so far from obeying, threatened to fall upon their commander, if the three days were not granted to the king of Sweden. They then went to the pasha of Bender's tent, crying out that the sultan's orders were forged.

To this unexpected sedition, the pasha had nothing to oppose but patience. He affected a satisfaction at the generous resolution of the janizaries, and ordered them to return to Bender. The kam of Tartary, being an impetuous man, would have given the assault immediately with his own troops; but the pasha, who was not willing that the Tartars should have all the honor of taking the king, while he himself, perhaps, might be punished for the disobedience of the janizaries, persuaded the kam to wait till the next day.

The pasha, on his return to Bender, assembled all the officers of the janizaries, and the oldest soldiers, to whom he read, and also showed them, the positive order of the sultan, together with the mufti's fetfa. Sixty of the oldest, with venerable white beards, who had received a thousand presents from the hands of the king of Sweden, proposed to go to him in person, to intreat him to put himself into their hands, and to permit them to serve him as guards.

The pasha agreed to it, as there was no expedient he would not have adopted rather than have been reduced to the necessity of killing this prince. These sixty old veterans accordingly repaired the next norning to Varnitza, having nothing in their hands but long white rods, the only arms of the janizaries when they are not at war; for the Turks regard as a barbarous custom the Christian manner of wearing swords in time of

peace, and going armed into the houses of their friends, and the churches.

They addressed themselves to Baron Grothusen and Chancellor Mullern : they told them that they came to serve faithful guards to the king ; and that if he pleased, they would conduct him to Adrianople, where he might himself speak to the grand seignior. At the time they were making this proposal, the king was reading letters which were brought from Constantinople, and which Fabricius, who could no longer attend him in person, had sent him secretly by a janizary. They were from Count Poniatowsky, who could neither serve him at Bender nor Adrianople, being detained at Constantinople by order of the Porte, from the time of his making the imprudent demand of the thousand purses. He informed the king, "that the orders of the sultan to seize or massacre his royal person, in case of resistance, were but too true ; that indeed the sultan was deceived by his ministers ; but that the more he was imposed upon, he would for that very reason be the more faithfully obeyed ; that he must submit to the times, and yield to necessity ; that he took the liberty to advise him to try every expedient with the ministers by way of negotiations ; not to be inflexible in a matter which required the gentlest management; and to expect from time and good policy a remedy for that evil which, by violent measures, would be only rendered incurable."

But neither the proposals of the old janizaries, nor the letters of Poniatowsky, could give the king even an idea that he could yield without incurring dishonor. He chose rather to perish by the hands of the Turks than to be in any respect their prisoner ; he therefore dismissed the janizaries without deigning to see them, and sent them word that if they did not immediately depart, he would cut off their beards, — which, in the eastern countries, is esteemed the most outrageous of all affronts.

The old men, filled with the most lively indignation, returned home, crying out as they went, "Ah, this head of iron ! since he will perish, let him perish." They went and gave the pasha an account of their commission, and informed their comrades at Bender of the strange reception they had met with. Every one then swore to obey the pasha's orders without delay, and were as impatient to begin the assault as they had been backward the day before.

The word of command was immediately given; the Turks marched up to the intrenchments; the Tartars were already waiting for them, and the cannon began to play. The janizaries on the one side, and the Tartars on the other, in an instant forced the little camp: hardly twenty Swedes drew their swords; the whole three hundred were surrounded and made prisoners without resistance. The king was then on horseback, between his house and his camp, with the Generals Hord, Dardoff, and Sparre; and seeing that all his soldiers were taken prisoners before his eyes, he said, with great composure, to these three officers, "Come, let us go and defend the house. We will fight," adds he, with a smile, "*pro aris et focis.*"

Accordingly, he galloped with them up to the house, in which he had placed about forty domestics as sentinels, and which he had fortified in the best manner he was able.

These generals, accustomed as they were to the dauntless intrepidity of their master, were surprised to see him resolve in cold blood, and even with an air of pleasantry, to defend himself against ten pieces of cannon and a whole army; they followed him with some guards and domestics, making in all about twenty persons.

When they came to the door, they found it besieged by the janizaries; two hundred Turks and Tartars had already entered by a window, and had made themselves masters of all the apartments, except a large hall, into which the king's domestics had retired. This hall was happily near the door at which the king designed to enter with his little troop of twenty persons; he threw himself off his horse with pistol and sword in hand, and his followers did the same.

The janizaries fell upon him on all sides: they were animated by the promise which the pasha had made, of eight ducats of gold to every one who should only touch his clothes in case they could take him. He wounded and killed whoever approached his person. A janizary whom he had wounded clapped his carbine to his face, and had not his arm been pushed aside by the motion of the crowd, which moved backwards and forwards like a wave, the king had certainly been killed. The ball grazed upon his nose, and carried away with it the tip of his ear, and then broke the arm of General Hord, whose destiny it was to be always wounded by the side of his master.

The king plunged his sword in the janizary's breast; at

the same time his domestics, who were shut up in the great hall, opened the door; the king entered like an arrow, followed by his little troop; they instantly shut the door, and barricaded it with whatever they could find. In this manner was Charles XII. shut up in a hall with all his attendants, consisting of about sixty men, officers, guards, secretaries, valets de chambre, and domestics of every kind.

The janizaries and Tartars pillaged the rest of the house, and filled the apartments. "Come," says the king, "let us go and drive these barbarians out of my house:" and putting himself at the head of his men, he, with his own hands, opened the door of the hall that led to his bedchamber, rushed into the room, and fired upon those who were plundering.

The Turks, loaded with spoils, and terrified at the sudden appearance of the king, whom they had been accustomed to respect, threw down their arms, leaped out of the window, or retired to the cellars: the king taking advantage of their confusion, and his own men being animated with success, they pursued the Turks from chamber to chamber, killing or wounding those who had not made their escape, and in a quarter of an hour cleared the house of their enemies.

In the heat of the fight, the king perceived two janizaries who had hid themselves under his bed: one of them he killed with his sword; the other asked for mercy, by crying "amman." "I give thee thy life," said the king to him, "on condition that you go and give to the pasha a faithful account of what you have seen." The Turk readily promised to do this, and was allowed to leap out at the window like the rest.

The Swedes being at last masters of the house, again shut and barricaded the windows. They were not in want of arms, a ground room full of muskets and powder having escaped the tumultuary search of the janizaries. These they employed to good service; they fired through the windows almost close upon the Turks, of whom, in less than half a quarter of an hour, they killed two hundred.

The cannon still played upon the house; yet, as the stones were very soft, they only made some holes, but demolished nothing.

The kam of Tartary and the pasha, who were desirous of taking the king alive, and being ashamed to lose so many men, and to employ a whole army against sixty persons, thought it advisable to set fire to the house, in order to oblige the king to

surrender. They caused some arrows, twisted about with lighted matches, to be shot upon the roof, and against the doors and windows, and the house was in flames in a moment. The roof all on fire, was ready to tumble upon the Swedes. The king, with great calmness, gave orders to extinguish the fire: finding a little barrel of liquor, he took it up himself, and, assisted by two Swedes, threw it upon the place where the fire was most violent. It happened that the barrel was filled with brandy; but the hurry inseparable from such a scene of confusion hindered them from thinking of it in time. The fire now raged with double fury; the king's apartment was entirely consumed; the great hall where the Swedes were was filled with a terrible smoke, mixed with sheets of flame, which entered in at the doors of the neighboring apartments; one half of the roof had sunk within the house, and the other fell on the outside, cracking amidst the flames.

In this extremity, a guard called Walberg ventured to cry out that it was necessary to surrender. "There is a strange man," said the king, "to imagine that it is not more glorious to be burnt than taken prisoner!" Another sentinel, named Rosen, had the presence of mind to observe that the chancery house, which was but fifty paces distant, had a stone roof, and was proof against fire; that they ought to sally forth, take possession of that house, and then defend themselves. "There is a true Swede for you," cried the king, embracing the sentinel, and made him a colonel upon the spot. "Come on, my friends," says he, "take as much powder and ball with you as you can, and let us take possession of the chancery sword in hand."

The Turks, who all the while surrounded the house, saw with admiration, mixed with terror, the Swedes continue in the house all in flames; but their astonishment was still greater when they saw the door open, and the king and his followers rushing out upon them like so many madmen. Charles and his principal officers were armed with swords and pistols: every man fired two pistols at once, as soon as the doors were opened; and, in the twinkling of an eye, throwing away their pistols and drawing their swords, they made the Turks recoil above fifty paces. But in a moment after, this little troop was surrounded; the king, who was booted, according to his usual custom, entangled himself with his spurs, and fell; one and twenty janizaries at once sprung upon him; he immediately threw up his sword into the air, to save himself the mortifica-

tion of surrendering it. The Turks carried him to the quarters of the pasha, some taking hold of his legs, and others of his arms, in the same manner as sick persons are carried to prevent their being hurt.

The moment the king found himself taken prisoner, the violence of his temper, and the fury which such a long and desperate fight must have naturally inspired, gave place at once to a mild and gentle behavior. He dropped not a word of impatience, nor was an angry look to be seen in his face. He regarded the janizaries with a smiling countenance ; and they carried him off, crying "Alla," with an indignation mixed at the same time with respect. [This was February 12, 1713.]

[The pasha] ordered the king to be conducted back to Bender on a richly caparisoned horse. His Swedes were all either killed or taken prisoners ; his equipage, furniture, papers, and most necessary utensils, were either plundered or burnt ; and Swedish officers were to be seen on the public roads, almost naked, and chained two and two, following on foot the Tartars or janizaries. The chancellor and the general officers had no other destiny ; they were made the slaves of the soldiers to whose share they had fallen.

ADVENTURES OF COUNT GRAMMONT.

By COUNT ANTHONY HAMILTON.

[Count Anthony Hamilton was born of Scottish descent at Roscrea, Tipperary, Ireland, in 1646. After the execution of Charles I., he proceeded with his parents to France, but returned to England at the Restoration. Under James II., he was appointed governor of Limerick, and as colonel of a regiment of dragoons participated in the siege of Enniskillen and fought at the battle of the Boyne (1690). On the ruin of the royal cause, he followed James to France, and resided at St. Germain-en-Laye until his death in 1720. He wrote "Contes de Féerie" (Fairy Tales), and the well-known "Mémoires" (1713) of his brother-in-law, the Comte de Grammont, who was a prominent figure at the court of Louis XIV., and after 1662 at that of Charles II. of England.]

While these little projects were forming, the king, who always wished to oblige the Chevalier de Grammont, asked him if he would make one at the masquerade, on condition of being Miss Hamilton's partner. He did not pretend to dance sufficiently well for an occasion like the present ; yet he was far from refusing the offer · "Sire," said he, "of all the favors you

have been pleased to show me, since my arrival, I feel this more sensibly than any other; and to convince you of my gratitude, I promise you all the good offices in my power with Miss Stewart." He said this because they had just given her an apartment separate from the rest of the maids of honor, which made the courtiers begin to pay respect to her. The king was very well pleased at this pleasantry, and having thanked him for so necessary an offer: "Monsieur le Chevalier," said he, "in what style do you intend to dress yourself for the ball? I leave you the choice of all countries." "If so," said the Chevalier, "I will dress after the French manner, in order to disguise myself; for they already do me the honor to take me for an Englishman in your city of London. Had it not been for this, I should have wished to have appeared as a Roman; but for fear of embroiling myself with Prince Rupert, who so warmly espouses the interests of Alexander against Lord Thanet, who declares himself for Cæsar, I dare no longer think of assuming the hero; nevertheless, though I may dance awkwardly, yet, by observing the tune, and with a little alertness, I hope to come off pretty well; besides, Miss Hamilton will take care that too much attention shall not be paid to me. As for my dress, I shall send Termes off to-morrow morning; and if I do not show you at his return the most splendid habit you have ever seen, look upon mine as the most disgraced nation in your masquerade."

Termes set out with ample instructions on the subject of his journey; and his master, redoubling his impatience on an occasion like the present, before the courier could be landed, began to count the minutes in expectation of his return: thus was he employed until the very eve of the ball. . . .

The day being come, the court, more splendid than ever, exhibited all its magnificence at this masquerade. The company were all met except the Chevalier de Grammont: everybody was astonished that he should be one of the last at such a time, as his readiness was so remarkable on every occasion; but they were still more surprised to see him at length appear in an ordinary court dress, which he had worn before. The thing was preposterous on such an occasion, and very extraordinary with respect to him: in vain had he the finest point lace, with the largest and best-powdered peruke imaginable; his dress, magnificent enough for any other purpose, was not at all proper for this entertainment.

The king immediately took notice of it: "Chevalier," said he, "Termes is not arrived then?" "Pardon me, Sire," said he, "God be thanked!" "Why God be thanked?" said the king; "has anything happened to him on the road?" "Sire," said the Chevalier de Grammont, "this is the history of my dress, and of Termes, my messenger." At these words the ball, ready to begin, was suspended: the dancers making a circle around the Chevalier de Grammont, he continued his story in the following manner: —

"It is now two days since this fellow ought to have been here, according to my orders and his protestations: you may judge of my impatience all this day, when I found he did not come; at last, after I had heartily cursed him, about an hour ago he arrived, splashed all over from head to foot, booted up to the waist, and looking as if he had been excommunicated: 'Very well, Mr. Scoundrel,' said I, 'this is just like you; you must be waited for to the very last minute, and it is a miracle that you are arrived at all.' 'Yes, faith,' said he, 'it is a miracle. You are always grumbling: I had the finest suit in the world made for you, which the Duke de Guise himself was at the trouble of ordering.' 'Give it me, then, scoundrel,' said I. 'Sir,' said he, 'if I did not employ a dozen embroiderers upon it, who did nothing but work day and night, I am a rascal: I never left them one moment.' 'And where is it, traitor?' said I: 'do not stand here prating, while I should be dressing.' 'I had,' continued he, 'packed it up, made it tight, and folded it in such a manner that all the rain in the world could never have been able to reach it; and I rid post, day and night, knowing your impatience, and that you were not to be trifled with.' 'But where is it?' said I. 'Lost, Sir,' said he, clasping his hands. 'How! lost,' said I, in surprise. 'Yes, lost, perished, swallowed up: what can I say more?' 'What, was the packet boat cast away then?' said I. 'Oh! indeed, Sir, a great deal worse, as you shall see,' answered he: 'I was within half a league of Calais yesterday morning, and I was resolved to go by the seaside, to make greater haste; but, indeed, they say very true, that nothing is like the highway; for I got into a quicksand, where I sunk up to the chin.' 'A quicksand,' said I, 'near Calais?' 'Yes, Sir,' said he, 'and such a quicksand, that, the devil take me, if they saw anything but the top of my head when they pulled me out: as for my horse, fifteen men could scarce get him out; but the portmanteau, where I

had unfortunately put your clothes, could never be found: it must be at least a league underground.'

"This, Sire," continued the Chevalier de Grammont, "is the adventure, and the relation which this honest gentleman has given me of it. I should certainly have killed him, but I was afraid of making Miss Hamilton wait, and I was desirous of giving your Majesty immediate advice of the quicksand, that your couriers may take care to avoid it."

"How!" said the queen, bursting out a laughing, "a chaplain in your livery! he surely was not a priest?" "Pardon me, Madam," said he, "and the first priest in the world for dancing the Biscayan jig." "Chevalier," said the king, "pray tell us the history of your chaplain Poussatin."

"Sir," said the Chevalier de Grammont, "the Prince de Condé besieged Lerida. The place in itself was nothing; but Don Gregorio Brice, who defended it, was something. He was one of those Spaniards of the old stamp, as valiant as the Cid, as proud as all the Guzmans put together, and more gallant than all the Abencerrages of Grenada: he suffered us to make our first approaches to the place, without the least molestation. The Marshal de Grammont, whose maxim it was, that a governor who at first makes a great blustering, and burns his suburbs in order to make a noble defense, generally makes a very bad one, looked upon Gregorio de Brice's politeness as no good omen for us; but the prince, covered with glory, and elated with the campaigns of Rocroy, Norlinguen, and Fribourg, to insult both the place and the governor, ordered the trenches to be mounted at noonday by his own regiment, at the head of which marched four and twenty fiddlers, as if it had been to a wedding.

"Night approaching, we were all in high spirits: our violins were playing soft airs, and we were comfortably regaling ourselves: God knows how we were joking about the poor governor and his fortifications, both of which we promised ourselves to take in less than twenty-four hours. This was going on in the trenches, when we heard an ominous cry from the ramparts, repeated two or three times, of 'Alerte on the walls!' This cry was followed by a discharge of cannon and musketry, and this discharge by a vigorous sally, which, after having filled up the trenches, pursued us as far as our grand guard.

"The next day, Gregorio Brice sent by a trumpet a present

of ice and fruit to the Prince de Condé, humbly beseeching his highness to excuse his not returning the serenade which he was pleased to favor him with, as unfortunately he had no violins; but that, if the music of last night was not disagreeable to him, he would endeavor to continue it as long as he did him the honor to remain before the place. The Spaniard was as good as his word; and as soon as we heard 'Alerte on the walls,' we were sure of a sally, that cleared our trenches, destroyed our works, and killed the best of our officers and soldiers. The prince was so piqued at it that, contrary to the opinion of the general officers, he obstinately persisted in carrying on a siege, which was like to ruin his army, and which he was at last forced to quit in a hurry.

"As our troops were retiring, Don Gregorio, far from giving himself those airs which governors generally do on such occasions, made no other sally than sending a respectful compliment to the prince. Signor Brice set out not long after for Madrid, to give an account of his conduct, and to receive the recompense he had merited. Your Majesty, perhaps, will be desirous to know what reception poor Brice met with, after having performed the most brilliant action the Spaniards could boast of in all the war — he was confined by the Inquisition."

"How!" said the queen dowager, "confined by the Inquisition for his services!" "Not altogether for his services," said the Chevalier; "but, without any regard to his services, he was treated in the manner I have mentioned, for a little affair of gallantry, which I shall relate to the king presently.

"The campaign of Catalonia being thus ended, we were returning home, not overloaded with laurels; but, as the Prince de Condé had laid up a great store on former occasions, and as he had still great projects in his head, he soon forgot this trifling misfortune: we did nothing but joke with one another during the march, and the prince was the first to ridicule the siege: we made some of those rhymes on Lerida, which were sung all over France, in order to prevent others more severe; however, we gained nothing by it, for notwithstanding we treated ourselves freely in our own ballads, others were composed in Paris, in which we were ten times more severely handled. At last we arrived at Perpignan upon a holyday: a company of Catalans, who were dancing in the middle of the street, out of respect to the prince came to dance under his windows: Monsieur Poussatin, in a little black jacket, danced

in the middle of this company as if he was really mad: I immediately recognized him for my countryman from his manner of skipping and frisking about: the prince was charmed with his humor and activity. After the dance, I sent for him, and inquired who he was. 'A poor priest, at your service, my lord,' said he: 'my name is Poussatin, and Bearn is my native country: I was going into Catalonia to serve in the infantry, for, God be praised, I can march very well on foot; but, since the war is happily concluded, if your lordship pleases to take me into your service, I would follow you everywhere, and serve you faithfully.' 'Monsieur Poussatin,' said I, 'my lordship has no great occasion for a chaplain; but since you are so well disposed towards me, I will take you into my service.'

"The Prince de Condé, who was present at this conversation, was overjoyed at my having a chaplain. As poor Poussatin was in a very tattered condition, I had no time to provide him with a proper habit at Perpignan; but giving him a spare livery of one of the Marshal de Grammont's servants, I made him get up behind the prince's coach, who was like to die with laughing every time he looked at poor Poussatin's uncanonical mien in a yellow livery.

"As soon as we arrived at Paris, the story was told to the queen, who at first expressed some surprise at it: this, however, did not prevent her from wishing to see my chaplain dance; for in Spain it is not altogether so strange to see ecclesiastics dance, as to see them in livery.

"Poussatin performed wonders before the queen and retired with a great deal of applause, and some louis d'or.

"Some time afterwards I procured a small benefice in the country for my chaplain, and I have since been informed that Poussatin preached with the same ease in his village as he danced at the wedding of his parishioners."

The king was exceedingly diverted at Poussatin's history; and the queen was not much hurt at his having been put in livery.

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The nearer the Chevalier de Grammont approached the court of France, the more did he regret his absence from that of England; not but that he expected a gracious reception at the feet of his master, whose anger no one provoked with impunity; but who likewise knew how to pardon, in such a manner as to make the favor he conferred in every respect to be felt.

Who, except Squire Feraulas, has ever been able to keep a register of all the thoughts, sighs, and exclamations of his illustrious master? For my own part, I should never have thought that the attention of the Count de Grammont, which is at present so sensible to inconveniences and dangers, would have ever permitted him to entertain amorous thoughts upon the road, if he did not himself dictate to me what I am now writing.

But let us speak of him at Abbeville. The postmaster was his old acquaintance: his hotel was the best provided of any between Calais and Paris; and the Chevalier de Grammont, alighting, told Termes he would drink a glass of wine during the time they were changing horses. It was about noon; and, since the preceding night, when they had landed at Calais, until this instant, they had not eaten a single mouthful. Termes, praising the Lord, that natural feelings had for once prevailed over the inhumanity of his usual impatience, confirmed him as much as possible in such reasonable sentiments.

Upon their entering the kitchen, where the Chevalier generally paid his first visit, they were surprised to see half a dozen spits loaded with game at the fire, and every other preparation for a magnificent entertainment. The heart of Termes leaped for joy: he gave private orders to the hostler to pull the shoes off some of the horses, that he might not be forced away from this place before he had satisfied his craving appetite.

Soon after, a number of violins and hautboys, attended by all the mob of the town, entered the court. The landlord being asked the reason of these great preparations, acquainted the Chevalier de Grammont that they were for the wedding of one of the most wealthy gentlemen in the neighborhood, with one of the handsomest girls in the whole province; that the entertainment was to be at his house; and that, if his lordship chose to stop, in a very short time he would see the new-married couple arrive from the church, since the music was already come. He was right in his conjectures; for these words were scarce out of his mouth, when three uncommonly large coaches, loaded with lackeys, as tall as Swiss, with most gaudy liveries, all covered with lace, appeared in the court, and disembarked the whole wedding company. Never was country magnificence more naturally displayed: rusty tinsel, tarnished lace, striped silks, little eyes, and full swelling breasts appeared on every side.

If the first sight of the procession surprised the Chevalier

de Grammont, faithful Termes was no less astonished at the second. The little that was to be seen of the bride's face appeared not without beauty; but no judgment could be formed of the remainder: four dozen of patches, at least, and ten ringlets of hair, on each side, most completely concealed her from all human eyes; but it was the bridegroom who most particularly attracted the Chevalier de Grammont's attention.

He was as ridiculously dressed as the rest of the company, except a coat of the greatest magnificence, and of the most exquisite taste. The Chevalier de Grammont, walking up to him to examine his dress, began to commend the embroidery of his coat. The bridegroom thought himself much honored by this examination, and told him he bought it for one hundred and fifty louis, at the time he was paying his addresses to his wife. "Then you did not get it made here?" said the Chevalier de Grammont. "No," replied the other; "I bought it of a London merchant, who had ordered it for an English lord." The Chevalier de Grammont, who now began to perceive in what manner the adventure would end, asked him if he should recollect the merchant if he saw him again. "Recollect him!" replied the other, "I surely ought; for I was obliged to sit up drinking with him all night at Calais, as I was endeavoring to beat down the price." Termes had vanished out of sight as soon as ever this coat appeared, though he little supposed that the cursed bridegroom would have any conversation concerning it with his master.

The Chevalier's thoughts were some time wavering between his inclination to laugh, and a desire of hanging Master Termes; but the long habit of suffering himself to be robbed by his domestics, together with the vigilance of the criminal, whom his master could not reproach with having slept in his service, inclined him to clemency; and yielding to the importunities of the country gentleman, in order to confound his faithful servant, he sat down to table, to make the thirty-seventh of the company.

A short time after, he desired one of the waiters to call for a gentleman whose name was Termes. He immediately appeared; and as soon as the master of the feast saw him, he rose from table, and offering him his hand, "Welcome, my friend," said he; "you see that I have taken good care of the coat which you sold me with so much reluctance, and that I have kept it for a good purpose."

Termes, having put on a face of brass, pretended not to know him, and pushed him back with some degree of rudeness. "No, no," said the other, "since I was obliged to sit up with you the whole night, in order to strike the bargain, you shall pledge me in the bride's health." The Chevalier de Grammont, who saw that Termes was disconcerted, notwithstanding his impudence, said to him with a smile, "Come, come, my good London merchant, sit down, as you are so civilly invited: we are not so crowded at table but that there will be room enough for such an honest gentleman as yourself." At these words five and thirty of the guests were in motion to receive this new visitor. The bride alone, out of an idea of decorum, remained seated; and the audacious Termes, having swallowed the first shame of this adventure, began to lay about him at such a rate, as if it had been his intention to swallow all the wine provided for the wedding, if his master had not risen from the table as they were taking off four and twenty soups, to serve up as many other dishes in their stead.

The company were not so unreasonable as to desire a man who was in such haste to remain to the end of a wedding dinner; but they all got up when he arose from table, and all that he could obtain from the bridegroom was, that the company should not attend him to the gate of the inn: as for Termes, he wished they had not quitted him till the end of their journey, so much did he dread being left alone with his master.

They had advanced some distance from Abbeville, and were proceeding on in the most profound silence, when Termes, who expected an end to it in a short time, was only solicitous in what manner it might happen, whether his master would attack him with a torrent of invectives, and certain epithets which were most justly his due, or whether, in an insulting ironical manner, he might make use of such commendations as were most likely to confound him; but finding, instead of either, that he remained in sullen silence, he thought it prudent rather to prevent the speech the Chevalier was meditating, than to suffer him to think longer about it; and, accordingly, arming himself with all his effrontery, "You seem to be very angry, Sir," said he, "and I suppose you think you have reason for being so; but the devil take me, if you are not mistaken in reality."

"How! traitor! in reality?" said the Chevalier de Gram-

mont: "it is then because I have not had thee well threshed, as thou hast for a long time merited." "Look ye, Sir," replied Termes, "you always run into a passion, instead of listening to reason! Yes, Sir, I maintain that what I did was for your benefit." "And was not the quicksand likewise for my service?" said the Chevalier de Grammont. "Have patience, if you please," pursued the other: "I know not how that simpleton of a bridegroom happened to be at the customhouse when my portmanteau was examined at Calais; but these silly cuckolds thrust in their noses everywhere. As soon as ever he saw your coat, he fell in love with it. I immediately perceived he was a fool; for he fell down upon his knees, beseeching me to sell it him. Besides being greatly rumpled in the portmanteau, it was all stained in front by the sweat of the horses; I wonder how the devil he has managed to get it cleaned; but, faith, I am the greatest scoundrel in the world, if you would ever have put it on. In a word, it cost you one hundred and forty louis d'ors, and seeing he offered me one hundred and fifty for it: 'My master,' said I, 'has no occasion for this tinseled bauble to distinguish him at the ball; and, although he was pretty full of cash when I left him, how know I in what situation he may be upon my return? there is no certainty at play.' To be brief, Sir, I got ten louis d'ors for it more than it cost you: this you see is all clear profit: I will be accountable to you for it, and you know that I am sufficiently substantial to make good such a sum. Confess now, do you think you would have appeared to greater advantage at the ball, if you had been dressed out in that damned coat, which would have made you look just like the village bridegroom to whom we sold it? and yet, how you stormed at London when you thought it lost; what fine stories you told the king about the quicksand; and how churlish you looked, when you first began to suppose that this country looby wore it at his wedding!"

What could the Chevalier reply to such uncommon impudence? If he indulged his resentment, he must either have most severely bastinadoed him, or he must have discarded him, as the easiest escape the rogue could expect; but he had occasion for him during the remainder of his journey; and, as soon as he was at Paris, he had occasion for him for his return.

PERSIAN LETTERS.

By MONTESQUIEU.

[Charles de Secondat, Baron Montesquieu, was born near Bordeaux, January 18, 1689. He was hereditary president of the Parliament of Bordeaux, and an active public-spirited magistrate; in private he made scientific researches. In 1721 he wrote the "Persian Letters," a witty analysis of French society, under the guise of a Persian traveler. He sold his office in 1726; traveled five years to study institutions; in 1734 issued "Causes of the Greatness of the Romans and of their Decline"; his most famous work, "The Spirit of Laws" in 1748; a "Defense" of it in 1750; "Lysimaque," a political dialogue, "Arsace et Ismenie," a romance, and an essay on "Taste" in the "Encyclopedia." He died February 10, 1755.]

Rica to ——.

I saw a strange thing yesterday, although it is common enough at Paris.

All the people assemble in the evening after dinner, and play at a sort of performance which I have heard called comedy. The main action takes place on a platform styled a theater. On both sides of it are seen little recesses named boxes, in which men and women play in dumb show scenes that are not unlike those to which we are accustomed in Persia.

In one place a languishing dame sighs forth her pangs; in another, a lady, with sparkling eyes and impassioned air, regards her lover with an ardor which he returns with interest. Every passion is reflected on their features, and expressed with an eloquence that is not the less fiery for being mute. The actresses, as a rule, are but half clad, though their modesty generally induces them to wear a muff, in order to hide their arms. A crowd of people stand in the lower part of the theater, who laugh at those above them, and those above them laugh in turn at them.

But the persons who take the most trouble of all are certain young men, who are selected for the purpose because the vigor natural to their time of life enables them to bear fatigue. They are obliged to be everywhere; they pass through ways known to them alone, mounting with astounding agility from story to story; they are now upstairs, now downstairs, now in this box, now in that; they dive, so to speak, are lost, reappear. Often they leave one theater, and are seen immediately in another. There are old men even who engage in the

same antics as the others, and, considering that most of them carry crutches, their miraculous activity is well calculated to excite surprise. At last, some of the parties retire to halls where private comedies are played: they begin with profound salutations, which are followed by embraces. I am told the slightest acquaintance gives a man the right to squeeze another man to death: it would seem the place inspires tenderness. Indeed it is said that the princesses who are also present are far from cruel; and, if we except two or three hours of the day when they are rather morose, it may be affirmed that the rest of the time they are tractable enough, and that their moroseness is a kind of intoxication that quits them easily.

All the incidents I have just written to you about are reproduced, in pretty much the same form, at another place called the Opera: the only difference is, that what is spoken at the one, is sung at the other.

Ubsek to Ibben

at smyrna.

The women of Persia are more beautiful than the women of France, but the latter are prettier. It is hard not to feel love in the presence of the former, and delight in that of the latter: the first are more tender and modest, the second more vivacious and spirited.

The regular life which the women of Persia lead is the potent cause of their beauty; they neither gamble nor sit up late; they drink no wine, and almost never expose themselves to the atmosphere. It must be acknowledged that life in the seraglio is more conducive to health than to pleasure; it is a calm, untroubled life; everything in it is connected with subordination and duty; even its pleasures are serious and its joys austere, and are all in themselves significant of authority and dependence.

Even the men in Persia have not the same gayety as Frenchmen; you never find amongst them that freedom of spirit and that air of contentment which is here the prerogative of all states and of all conditions.

It is still worse in Turkey; there families may be discovered that, from father to son, have never laughed since the foundation of the monarchy.

The gravity of Asiatics springs from the absence of intercourse; they never see one another except when forced by the exigencies of ceremony. Friendship, that sweet tie of the heart which sustains us in the trials of life, is to them almost unknown; they stay within their houses, where the same companions always await them, so that each family is, as it were, isolated from all the others.

One day, when I was discussing the subject with a man of this country, he said to me: "Nothing disgusts me more with your customs than the fact that you have to live with slaves whose hearts and minds are on a level with their ignoble condition. These base creatures weaken the virtuous sentiments you inherit from nature, and as they are around you from childhood, they must even destroy them.

"For just try to look at the matter with unprejudiced eyes; what sort of a training can be expected from a wretch who regards the guardianship of another man's wives as his sole title to honor, and for whom the vilest of employments is a source of pride; whose very fidelity, his solitary virtue, is utterly degrading, because its motives are envy, jealousy, and despair; who, spurned by either sex, burns to be avenged on both, and consents to be tyrannized over by the stronger, in order that he may afflict the weaker; who derives, from his imperfection, ugliness, and deformity, all the authority of his position, and is esteemed only because he is unworthy of being so?"

PARIS, the 14th of the moon of Zilhage, 1713.

USBEK TO GEMSCHID, HIS COUSIN,

DERVISH OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS MONASTERY OF TAURIS.

What is your opinion of the Christians, sublime dervish? Do you believe that at the day of judgment they will, like the unbelieving Turks, serve as asses for the Jews, and be ridden by the latter at full speed down into hell? I know well they cannot enter the abode of the prophets, and that the great Ali was not sent on a mission to them. But because they have been so unfortunate as never to find a mosque in their country, do you think they are, therefore, to be condemned to eternal tortures, and that God will punish them for not practicing a religion of which they never heard? Permit me to tell you that I have often questioned these Christians, and have asked them

what idea they had formed of the illustrious Ali, the most perfect of all men; I have discovered that they were unaware of the existence of any such person.

Consequently, they do not resemble those infidels whom our holy prophets put to the sword because they refused to believe in the miracles of heaven; their position would rather appear to be that of the unfortunates who lived in the darkness of idolatry before the divine light illuminated the countenance of our great prophet.

Besides, if their religion be closely examined, it will be found to contain imperfectly developed germs of our dogmas. I have often admired the secret operations of Providence, which would seem to have adopted this plan of preparing them for a general conversion. A work by one of their doctors, entitled "Polygamy Triumphant," has been brought to my notice, wherein the writer proves that polygamy is appointed for all Christians. Their baptism bears a likeness to our legal ablutions; and their error consists in the efficacy they attribute to the first ablution, for they believe that it renders subsequent ones unnecessary. Like us, their priests and monks pray seven times a day. They also look forward to a paradise, where, by means of the resurrection of the body, they will enjoy numberless delights. Like us, they observe regular fasts and mortifications, by which they expect to dispose the divine mercy in their favor. They worship the good angels, and fear the bad. They have a sacred confidence in the miracles wrought by God through the medium of his servants. Like us, they acknowledge the insufficiency of their merits and the need of an intercessor with God. I see Mahometanism everywhere, although I do not find Mahomet anywhere. In spite of all obstacles, truth will triumph, and always pierce the darkness that surrounds it.

Paris, the 20th of the moon of Zilhage, 1713.

Usbek to Rhedi

at venice.

Coffee is very much in use in Paris; there are a great many public resorts where it may be drunk. In some of these houses gossip is the order of the day, in others chess. There is one place where the coffee is prepared in such fashion that it renders

those who imbibe it witty; at least, every one who leaves believes that he is four times wittier than when he entered.

I confess, though, I am rather disgusted with those talented personages; for instead of making themselves useful to their country, they waste their abilities on the most childish trifles. For example, when I arrived in Paris, I found them quite excited over the most trivial question imaginable: it was that of the reputation of a Greek poet, as to the place of whose birth and the time of whose death the world has remained in ignorance for two thousand years. Both parties acknowledge that he was an excellent poet; the dispute turned solely on the degree of his excellence, and each had his own standard of measurement; but some of these dispensers of fame had a higher one, some a lower; and now you have the whole ground of the quarrel. It surely was spirited enough; the most insulting remarks were interchanged with great cordiality; some of the retorts were so acrimonious that the manner of the debate was to me as great a source of wonder as the matter. "If any one," said I to myself, "were harebrained enough to attack the reputation of some honest citizen in presence of the defenders of this Greek poet, he would meet with an unpleasant surprise; for I have no doubt that a zeal so sensitive with regard to the fame of the dead would blaze up at once in defense of the living! But however that may be," I added, "Heaven defend me from attracting in my direction the enmity of the censors of a poet who, though he has lain two thousand years in the tomb, is not safe from their implacable hatred! Their fury is now expended on the air; what would it be if animated by the presence of a living foe?"

The persons to whom I have referred dispute in the vulgar tongue, and must be distinguished from another kind of controversialists who use a barbarous language that of itself seems to increase the rage and obstinacy of the combatants. There are quarters where these people may be seen contending like a confused mass of soldiers in black regimentals engaged in some hand-to-hand encounter. Subtle distinctions are their food; obscure reasonings and false inferences their very life. Their trade, although, at first sight, one might imagine its followers would die of hunger, really brings them in some return. We have had the spectacle of an entire nation, expelled from their own country, crossing the seas in order to settle in France, and carrying with them no other means of providing for the neces-

sities of existence except a formidable talent for disputation. Adieu.

PARIS, the last day of the moon of Zilhage, 1713.

USBEK TO IBBEN

AT SMYRNA.

The King of France is old. In our history we have no example of a monarch who has reigned so long. It is said he possesses in a very high degree the talent of compelling obedience; his ability is equally displayed in the government of his family, his court, and his state. He has evidently a high opinion of Oriental policy, for he has been heard to say that of all the governments in the world that of the Turks and that of our august sultan pleased him the best.

I have studied his character, and have discovered contradictions in it which I find impossible to harmonize; for example, he has a minister who is only eighteen, and a mistress who is eighty; he loves his religion, but cannot endure those who tell him that its duties must be rigorously observed; although he flies from the uproar of cities and leads a most retired life, everything he does from morning to night is with the view of having the world speak of him; he loves trophies and victories, yet is as much alarmed at the appearance of a good general at the head of his armies as he might be expected to be if he saw him at the head of an army of his enemies.

He is, I imagine, the only example on record of a man who is at once burdened with more riches than a prince could ever hope for, and the victim of such poverty as would reduce a private individual to despair.

He loves to bestow favors on his subjects; but the obsequious diligence, or rather busy indolence, of his courtiers is rewarded with as much munificence as the laborious campaigns of his captains. He is often more inclined to advance the man who undresses him or who hands him his napkin at table, than he is to exalt the general who captures cities and wins battles. He does not believe that the greatness of a sovereign should be limited in the distribution of graces, and never considers whether the recipient of his bounty is a man of merit, because he thinks his selection of him is enough of itself to render him deserving; accordingly, he has been known to confer a small pension on an

officer who has run two leagues from the enemy, and a lucrative government on one who had run four.

He is magnificent in all things, but particularly in his buildings. There are more statues in the gardens of his palace than there are citizens in a great city. His bodyguard is as numerous as that of the sovereign before whom all other monarchs lie prostrate; his armies are as large, his resources as great, and his finances as inexhaustible.

PARIS, the 7th of the moon of Maharram, 1713.

RICA TO IBBEN

AT SMYRNA.

It is a weighty subject of discussion among men whether to leave women their freedom or to deprive them of it is the more advantageous. It seems to me that much may be said on both sides. While Europeans affirm that to render those we love miserable is anything but the indication of a generous spirit, we Asiatics reply that to renounce the supremacy which nature has given us over women is a symptom of degradation in men. If they tell us that such a superfluity of wives shut up in one house is embarrassing, we retort that ten wives who obey are less embarrassing than one who doesn't. If in turn we urge the objection that Europeans can only be happy with wives that are faithful to them, they answer that the vaunted fidelity of our wives cannot prevent the disgust ever on the watch for satiated passion; that they are too absolutely ours; that a possession so undisturbed, if it leaves nothing to be feared, leaves nothing to be desired; and that a little coquetry, like salt, arouses desire and prevents corruption. It would take, perhaps, a wiser man than me to solve the difficulty; for if the Asiatics adopt the proper means to quiet their jealousy, the Europeans may be equally judicious in not having any.

"After all," say they, "though we may be unfortunate as husbands, we can always find compensation as lovers. A man might justly complain of the infidelity of his wife, if there were only three persons in the world; but, when a fourth can be found, the balance of the account is restored."

Another topic of discussion is whether the law of nature subjects women to men: "No," said a very gallant philosopher to me the other day, "Nature never dictated such a law; the

authority we exercise over them owes its existence to tyranny; they allow us to use it, because their disposition is milder than ours, and they, consequently, have more humanity and reason. These advantages, which ought to have given them the superiority, if we had been reasonable, have deprived them of it, because we are not so.

"Now, if it is true that our power over women is purely tyrannical, it is not less true that theirs over us is natural, having its source in beauty, which nothing can resist. Our power is not the same in every country; but that of beauty is universal. Why should we be specially privileged? Because we are the stronger; such a reason would be absolutely unjust. We use every possible means to depress their courage; if they were educated as we are, their intellectual capacity would be found fully equal to ours; test them by the gifts they have been allowed to cultivate, and then tell me which sex is the stronger."

It must be confessed, although such a thing is abhorrent to our customs, that, among the most refined nations, women have always had authority over their husbands. Such authority was established by law among the Egyptians in honor of Isis, and among the Babylonians in honor of Semiramis. It was said of the Romans that they commanded all nations, but obeyed their wives. I speak not of the Sauromates, who were actually the slaves of their wives, because they were too barbarous to be quoted as an example.

You see, my dear Ibben, how I accommodate myself to the argumentative methods of this country, where the most extraordinary opinions are zealously supported, and everything reduced to a paradox. The prophet has settled the question, and regulated the prerogatives of both sexes. "Wives," says he, "should honor their husbands, husbands should honor their wives; but the former are a degree higher in the scale of creation."

PARIS, the 26th of the moon of Gemmadi 2, 1713.

USBEK TO RHEDI

AT VENICE.

I meet with people here who are constantly disputing about religion, and, at the same time, apparently contending as to who shall observe it least.

While these persons cannot be described as better Christians than others, they have no title to be called better citizens either. This latter defect has impressed me strongly; for, whatever a man's religion may be, the observance of the laws, love of mankind, and respect and affection for one's parents must be essential elements in it.

In fact, ought not the chief object of every religious man to be to please the Divine Power that has established the religion he professes? But the surest method of succeeding in this respect is undoubtedly to comply with the laws of society and fulfill our duties towards humanity. For if we are persuaded of the truth of the religion in which we live, we must be equally persuaded that God loves men, since He has established a religion for the purpose of rendering them happy. Now if He loves men, we are sure of pleasing Him, if we love them also; and this love of ours will consist in the practice of all the duties of charity and humanity towards them, and in our avoidance of every breach of the law under which they live.

We are far likelier to please God in this way than by the observance of any particular ceremony; for ceremonies in themselves have no inherent goodness; they are only relatively good, and depend for their value on the supposition that God has ordained them. This is a subject that must give rise to endless discussion and to much self-deception as well; for the ceremonies of one religion must be selected from amongst those of two thousand.

Nargum, Persian Envoy in Muscovy,

to usbek at paris.

The orders of the King of Kings have kept me for five years in this country, where I have terminated several important negotiations.

You know that the czar is the only Christian prince whose interests are connected with ours, because he is, like us, an enemy of the Turks.

His empire is more extensive than ours, for it is reckoned that the distance between Moscow and the last of his possessions on the Chinese frontiers is two thousand leagues.

He is the absolute master of the property and lives of his subjects, who are all slaves, with the exception of four families. The lieutenant of the prophets, the King of Kings, whose footstool is the heavens, does not exercise a more formidable sway.

Any one acquainted with the horrible climate of Muscovy would never imagine that to be exiled from it was a very severe penalty; still, whenever a great man is disgraced, he is banished to Siberia.

Just as the law of our prophet forbids us to drink wine, so the law of their prince forbids the Muscovites.

Their way of receiving their guests is not at all Persian. As soon as a stranger enters a house, the husband presents his wife to him; the stranger is expected to kiss her as a mark of courtesy to the husband.

Although fathers usually stipulate in the marriage contract that the husband shall not whip their daughters, yet you have no idea how fond the Muscovite women are of being beaten. They think they have lost the affection of their husband if he does not now and then give them a sound whipping; any other conduct would argue unpardonable indifference on his part. The following is a letter a woman wrote lately to her mother: —

My dear Mother, — I am the most unfortunate woman in the world. I do everything I can to win the love of my husband, but without success. On yesterday, although I had a thousand things to attend to in the house, I went outside and stayed away all day. I was sure he would give me a good thrashing on my return, but he never said a word. My sister is treated in quite a different manner: the life is nearly cudgeled out of her every day; if she looks at a man, her husband knocks her down on the spot; that tells you how fond they are of each other, and in what harmony they live.

So, naturally, she is as proud as a peacock; but she shall not look down upon me much longer; I am determined to make my husband love me, no matter what the consequences. I'll make him that mad that he'll have to show me some token of affection, whether he likes it or not. No one shall say that I am never beaten, and live in my own house without any one ever minding me. I will scream out in such a way, if he gives me the least little tap, that everybody will be sure things are as they ought to be, and if the neighbors come to my aid I will strangle them. I want you, my dear mother, to tell my husband how scandalously he is behaving to me. My father, who is a gentleman, never behaved so; in fact, I remember thinking, when I was a girl, that he loved you just a little too much. I embrace you, my dear mother.

The Muscovites are not allowed to leave their country, even to travel. Being thus separated from other nations by the laws of their own, they are the more firmly attached to all their

ancient customs, because they do not see how they can have any others.

But their present ruler [Peter the Great] has wished to change all this; he has had a lively quarrel with them on the subject of their beards; the monks and clergy, with whom he has also a dispute, have stood up for their ignorance valiantly.

He makes every effort to spread the arts among his subjects, and is trying to extend the fame of his people throughout Europe and Asia, — a people until now almost unknown to the world, and only conscious of its own existence.

Restless and excited, he wanders through his vast dominions, leaving everywhere the impress of his natural severity.

Then he abandons them, as if they were too small to contain him, and goes rambling through Europe in search of other provinces and kingdoms.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

By SWIFT.

With a whirl of thought oppressed,
I sunk from reverie to rest.
A horrid vision seized my head,
I saw the graves give up their dead!
Jove, armed with terrors, bursts the skies,
And thunder roars and lightning flies!
Amazed, confused, its fate unknown,
The world stands trembling at his throne!
While each pale sinner hung his head,
Jove, nodding, shook the heavens, and said: —
"Offending race of human kind,
By nature, reason, learning, blind;
You who through frailty stepped aside,
And you who never fell, from pride;
You who in different sects were shammed,
And come to see each other damned
(So some folk told you, but they knew
No more of Jove's designs than you); —
The world's mad business now is o'er,
And I resent these pranks no more. —
I to such blockheads set my wit!
I damn such fools! — Go, go, you're bit."

JAPANESE POEMS.

Translated by BASIL H. CHAMBERLAIN.

[Basil Hall Chamberlain: An English writer on Japanese subjects; born in England. He entered the Japanese imperial naval service, and afterward became professor of the Japanese language and philology in the Imperial University at Tokio. He published: "The Classical Poetry of the Japanese" (1880), "A Simplified Grammar of the Japanese Language" (1886), "A Romanized Japanese Reader" (1886), "The Language, Mythology, and Geographical Nomenclature of Japan, viewed in the Light of Aino Studies" (1887), "Aino Folk Tales" (1888); a series of Japanese fairy tales: "The Fisher Boy Urashima," "My Lord Bag-o'-Rice," "The Serpent with Eight Heads," and "The Silly Jellyfish" (1888); "Things Japanese" (1890); and "A Handbook for Travelers in Japan" (4th ed., 1894), with W. B. Mason.]

The Fisher Boy Urashima.

'Tis Spring, and the mist comes stealing
O'er Suminoyè's shore,
And I stand by the seaside, musing
On the days that are no more.

I muse on the old-world story,
As the boats glide to and fro,
Of the fisher boy Urashima,
Who a-fishing loved to go.

How he came not back to the village
Though seven suns had risen and set,
But rowed on past the bounds of ocean,
And the Sea God's daughter met.

How they pledged their faith to each other
And came to the Evergreen Land,
And entered the Sea God's palace
So lovingly hand in hand,—

To dwell for aye in that country,
The ocean maiden and he,—
The country where youth and beauty
Abide eternally.

But the foolish boy said: "To-morrow
I'll come back with thee to dwell;

But I have a word to my father,
A word to my mother to tell."

The maiden answered: "A casket
I give into thine hand;
And if that thou hopèst truly
To come back to the Evergreen Land,

"Then open it not, I charge thee, —
Open it not, I beseech!"
So the boy rowed home o'er the billows
To Suminoyè's beach.

But where is his native hamlet?
Strange hamlets line the strand;
Where is his mother's cottage?
Strange cots rise on either hand.

"What! in three short years since I left it,"
He cries in his wonder sore, —
"Has the home of my childhood vanished?
Is the bamboo fence no more?

"Perchance if I open the casket
Which the maiden gave to me,
My home and the dear old village
Will come back as they used to be!"

And he lifts the lid, and there rises
A fleecy, silvery cloud,
That floats off to the Evergreen Country —
And the fisher boy cries aloud;

He waves the sleeve of his tunic,
He rolls over on the ground,
He dances with fury and horror,
Running wildly round and round.

But a sudden chill comes o'er him
That bleaches his raven hair,
And furrows with hoary wrinkles
The form erst so young and fair.

His breath grows fainter and fainter,
Till at last he sinks dead on the shore.
— And I gaze on the spot where his cottage
Once stood, but now stands no more.

No Tidings.

The year has come, the year has gone again,
And still no tidings of my absent Love:
Through the long days of Spring all heaven above
And earth beneath reëcho with my pain.

In dark cocoon my mother's silkworms dwell
Like them a captive, through the livelong day
Alone I sit and sigh my soul away,
For ne'er to any I my love may tell.

Like to the pine trees I must stand and pine,
While downward slanting fall the shades of night,
Till my long sleeve of purest snowy white
With showers of tears is steeped in bitter brine.

Spring.

No man so callous but he heaves a sigh
When o'er his head the withered cherry flowers
Come fluttering down. Who knows? the Spring's soft showers
May be but tears shed by the sorrowing sky.

Summer.

In blossoms the Wistaria tree to-day
Breaks forth, that sweep the wavelets of my lake.
When will the mountain cuckoo come and make
The garden vocal with his first sweet lay?

Autumn.

Can I be dreaming? 'Twas but yesterday
We planted out each tender shoot again;
And now the Autumn breeze sighs o'er the plain,
Where fields of yellow rice confess its sway.

Winter.

When from the skies, that wintry gloom enshroud,
The blossoms fall and flutter round my head,
Methinks the Spring even now his light must shed
O'er heavenly lands that lie beyond the clouds.

THE FORTY-SEVEN RÔNINS.

By A. B. MITFORD.

(From "Tales of Old Japan.")

[Algernon Bertram Mitford, C.B., was born in 1837; became second secretary to the British legation in Japan; secretary to the Commissioner of Works, 1876–1886.]

[The word *Rônin* means, literally, a "wave-man"; one who is tossed about hither and thither, as a wave of the sea. It is used to designate persons of gentle blood, entitled to bear arms, who, having become separated from their feudal lords by their own act, or by dismissal, or by fate, wander about the country in the capacity of somewhat disreputable knights-errant, without ostensible means of living, in some cases offering themselves for hire to new masters, in others supporting themselves by pillage; or who, falling a grade in the social scale, go into trade, and become simple wardsmen. Sometimes it happens that for political reasons a man will become Rônin, in order that his lord may not be implicated in some deed of blood in which he is about to engage. Sometimes, also, men become Rônins, and leave their native place for a while, until some scrape in which they have become entangled shall have blown over; after which they return to their former allegiance. Nowadays it is not unusual for men to become Rônins for a time, and engage themselves in the service of foreigners at the open ports, even in menial capacities, in the hope that they may pick up something of the language and lore of Western folks. I know instances of men of considerable position who have adopted this course in their zeal for education. — Mitford.]

At the beginning of the eighteenth century there lived a daimio, called Asano Takumi no Kami, the Lord of the castle of Akô, in the province of Harima. Now it happened that an Imperial ambassador from the Court of the Mikado having been sent to the Shogun at Yedo, Takumi no Kami and another noble called Kamei Sama were appointed to receive and feast the envoy; and a high official, named Kira Kôtsuké no Suké, was named to teach them the proper ceremonies to be observed upon the occasion. The two nobles were accordingly forced to go daily to the castle to listen to the instructions of Kôtsuké no Suké. But this Kôtsuké no Suké was a man greedy of money; and as he deemed that the presents which the two daimios, according to time-honored custom, had brought him in return for his instruction, were mean and unworthy, he conceived a great hatred against them, and took no pains in teaching them, but on the contrary rather sought to make laughing stocks of them. Takumi no Kami, restrained by a stern sense of duty, bore his insults with patience; but Kamei Sama, who had less

control over his temper, was violently incensed, and determined to kill Kôtsuké no Suké.

One night when his duties at the castle were ended, Kamei Sama returned to his own palace, and having summoned his councilors to a secret conference, said to them: "Kôtsuké no Suké has insulted Takumi no Kami and myself during our service in attendance on the Imperial envoy. This is against all decency, and I was minded to kill him on the spot; but I bethought me that if I did such a deed within the precincts of the castle, not only would my own life be forfeit, but my family and vassals would be ruined: so I stayed my hand. Still the life of such a wretch is a sorrow to the people, and to-morrow when I go to Court I will slay him: my mind is made up, and I will listen to no remonstrance." And as he spoke his face became livid with rage.

Now one of Kamei Sama's councilors was a man of great judgment, and when he saw from his lord's manner that remonstrance would be useless, he said: "Your lordship's words are law; your servant will make all preparations accordingly; and to-morrow, when your lordship goes to Court, if this Kôtsuké no Suké should again be insolent, let him die the death." And his lord was pleased at this speech, and waited with impatience for the day to break, that he might return to Court and kill his enemy.

But the councilor went home, and was sorely troubled, and thought anxiously about what his prince had said. And as he reflected, it occurred to him that since Kôtsuké no Suké had the reputation of being a miser, he would certainly be open to a bribe, and that it was better to pay any sum, no matter how great, than that his lord and his house should be ruined. So he collected all the money he could, and, giving it to his servants to carry, rode off in the night to Kôtsuké no Suké's palace, and said to his retainers: "My master, who is now in attendance upon the Imperial envoy, owes much thanks to my Lord Kôtsuké no Suké, who has been at so great pains to teach him the proper ceremonies to be observed during the reception of the Imperial envoy. This is but a shabby present which he has sent by me, but he hopes that his lordship will condescend to accept it, and commends himself to his lordship's favor." And with these words, he produced a thousand ounces of silver for Kôtsuké no Suké, and a hundred ounces to be distributed among his retainers.

When the latter saw the money, their eyes sparkled with pleasure, and they were profuse in their thanks; and begging the councilor to wait a little, they went and told their master of the lordly present which had arrived with a polite message from Kamei Sama. Kôtsuké no Suké in eager delight sent for the councilor into an inner chamber, and, after thanking him, promised on the morrow to instruct his master carefully in all the different points of etiquette. So the councilor, seeing the miser's glee, rejoiced at the success of his plan; and having taken his leave, returned home in high spirits. But Kamei Sama, little thinking how his vassal had propitiated his enemy, lay brooding over his vengeance, and on the following morning at daybreak went to Court in solemn procession.

When Kôtsuké no Suké met him, his manner had completely changed, and nothing could exceed his courtesy. "You have come early to Court this morning, my Lord Kamei," said he. "I cannot sufficiently admire your zeal. I shall have the honor to call your attention to several points of etiquette to-day. I must beg your lordship to excuse my previous conduct, which must have seemed very rude; but I am naturally of a cross-grained disposition, so I pray you to forgive me." And as he kept on humbling himself and making fair speeches, the heart of Kamei Sama was gradually softened, and he renounced his intention of killing him. Thus by the cleverness of his councilor was Kamei Sama, with all his house, saved from ruin.

Shortly after this, Takumi no Kami, who had sent no present, arrived at the castle, and Kôtsuké no Suké turned him into ridicule even more than before, provoking him with sneers and covert insults; but Takumi no Kami affected to ignore all this, and submitted himself patiently to Kôtsuké no Suké's orders.

This conduct, so far from producing a good effect, only made Kôtsuké no Suké despise him the more, until at last he said haughtily: "Here, my Lord of Takumi, the ribbon of my sock has come untied; be so good as to tie it up for me."

Takumi no Kami, although burning with rage at the affront, still thought that as he was on duty he was bound to obey, and tied up the ribbon of the sock. Then Kôtsuké no Suké, turning from him, petulantly exclaimed: "Why, how clumsy you are! You cannot so much as tie up the ribbon of a sock properly! Any one can see that you are a boor from the country, and know nothing of the manners of Yedo." And with a scornful laugh he moved towards an inner room.

But the patience of Takumi no Kami was exhausted; this last insult was more than he could bear.

"Stop a moment, my lord," cried he.

"Well, what is it?" replied the other. And, as he turned round, Takumi no Kami drew his dirk, and aimed a blow at his head; but Kôtsuké no Suké, being protected by the Court cap which he wore, the wound was but a scratch, so he ran away; and Takumi no Kami, pursuing him, tried a second time to cut him down, but, missing his aim, struck his dirk into a pillar. At this moment an officer, named Kajikawa Yosobei, seeing the affray, rushed up, and holding back the infuriated noble, gave Kôtsuké no Suké time to make good his escape.

Then there arose a great uproar and confusion, and Takumi no Kami was arrested and disarmed, and confined in one of the apartments of the palace under the care of the censors. A council was held, and the prisoner was given over to the safe-guard of a daimio, called Tamura Ukiyô no Daibu, who kept him in close custody in his own house, to the great grief of his wife and of his retainers; and when the deliberations of the council were completed, it was decided that, as he had committed an outrage and attacked another man within the precincts of the palace, he must perform *hara kiri*, — that is, commit suicide by disembowelling; his goods must be confiscated, and his family ruined. Such was the law. So Takumi no Kami performed *hara kiri*, his castle of Akô was confiscated, and his retainers having become Rônins, some of them took service with other daimios, and others became merchants.

Now amongst these retainers was his principal councilor, a man called Oishi Kuranosuké, who, with forty-six other faithful dependants, formed a league to avenge their master's death by killing Kôtsuké no Suké. This Oishi Kuranosuké was absent at the castle of Akô at the time of the affray, which, had he been with his prince, would never have occurred; for, being a wise man, he would not have failed to propitiate Kôtsuké no Suké by sending him suitable presents; while the councilor who was in attendance on the prince at Yedo was a dullard, who neglected this precaution, and so caused the death of his master and the ruin of his house.

So Oishi Kuranosuké and his forty-six companions began to lay their plans of vengeance against Kôtsuké no Suké; but the latter was so well guarded by a body of men lent to him by a daimio called Uyésugi Sama, whose daughter he had

married, that they saw that the only way of attaining their end would be to throw their enemy off his guard. With this object they separated and disguised themselves, some as carpenters or craftsmen, others as merchants; and their chief, Kuranosuké, went to Kiôto, and built a house in the quarter called Yamashina, where he took to frequenting houses of the worst repute, and gave himself up to drunkenness and debauchery, as if nothing were further from his mind than revenge.

Kôtsuké no Suké, in the mean while, suspecting that Takumi no Kami's former retainers would be scheming against his life, secretly sent spies to Kiôto, and caused a faithful account to be kept of all that Kuranosuké did. The latter, however, determined thoroughly to delude the enemy into a false security, went on leading a dissolute life with harlots and wine-bibbers. One day, as he was returning home drunk from some low haunt, he fell down in the street and went to sleep, and all the passers-by laughed him to scorn. It happened that a Satsuma man saw this, and said: "Is not this Oishi Kuranosuké, who was a councilor of Asano Takumi no Kami, and who, not having the heart to avenge his lord, gives himself up to women and wine? See how he lies drunk in the public street! Faithless beast! Fool and craven! Unworthy the name of a Samurai!" [A man belonging to the *Buké* or military class, entitled to bear arms.]

And he trod on Kuranosuké's face as he slept, and spat upon him; but when Kôtsuké no Suké's spies reported all this at Yedo, he was greatly relieved at the news, and felt secure from danger.

One day Kuranosuké's wife, who was bitterly grieved to see her husband lead this abandoned life, went to him and said: "My lord, you told me at first that your debauchery was but a trick to make your enemy relax in watchfulness. But indeed, indeed, this has gone too far. I pray and beseech you to put some restraint upon yourself."

"Trouble me not," replied Kuranosuké, "for I will not listen to your whining. Since my way of life is displeasing to you, I will divorce you, and you may go about your business; and I will buy some pretty young girl from one of the public-houses, and marry her for my pleasure. I am sick of the sight of an old woman like you about the house, so get you gone — the sooner the better."

So saying, he flew into a violent rage, and his wife, terror-stricken, pleaded piteously for mercy.

"Oh, my lord! unsay those terrible words! I have been your faithful wife for twenty years, and have borne you three children; in sickness and in sorrow I have been with you; you cannot be so cruel as to turn me out of doors now. Have pity! have pity!"

"Cease this useless wailing. My mind is made up, and you must go; and as the children are in my way also, you are welcome to take them with you."

When she heard her husband speak thus, in her grief she sought her eldest son, Oishi Chikara, and begged him to plead for her, and pray that she might be pardoned. But nothing would turn Kuranosuké from his purpose, so his wife was sent away, with the two younger children, and went back to her native place. But Oishi Chikara remained with his father.

The spies communicated all this without fail to Kôtsuké no Suké, and he, when he heard how Kuranosuké, having turned his wife and children out of doors and bought a concubine, was groveling in a life of drunkenness and lust, began to think that he had no longer anything to fear from the retainers of Takumi no Kami, who must be cowards, without the courage to avenge their lord. So by degrees he began to keep a less strict watch, and sent back half of the guard which had been lent to him by his father-in-law, Uyésugi Sama. Little did he think how he was falling into the trap laid for him by Kuranosuké, who, in his zeal to slay his lord's enemy, thought nothing of divorcing his wife and sending away his children! Admirable and faithful man!

In this way Kuranosuké continued to throw dust in the eyes of his foe, by persisting in his apparently shameless conduct; but his associates all went to Yedo, and, having in their several capacities as workmen and peddlers contrived to gain access to Kôtsuké no Suké's house, made themselves familiar with the plan of the building and the arrangement of the different rooms, and ascertained the character of the inmates, who were brave and loyal men, and who were cowards; upon all of which matters they sent regular reports to Kuranosuké. And when at last it became evident from the letters which arrived from Yedo that Kôtsuké no Suké was thoroughly off his guard, Kuranosuké rejoiced that the day of vengeance was at hand; and, having appointed a trysting place at Yedo, he fled secretly

from Kiôto, eluding the vigilance of his enemy's spies. Then the forty-seven men, having laid all their plans, bided their time patiently.

It was now midwinter, the twelfth month of the year, and the cold was bitter. One night, during a heavy fall of snow, when the whole world was hushed, and peaceful men were stretched in sleep upon the mats, the Rônins determined that no more favorable opportunity could occur for carrying out their purpose. So they took counsel together, and, having divided their band into two parties, assigned to each man his post. One band, led by Oishi Kuranosuké, was to attack the front gate, and the other, under his son Oishi Chikara, was to attack the postern of Kôtsuké no Suké's house; but as Chikara was only sixteen years of age, Yoshida Chiuzayémon was appointed to act as his guardian. Further it was arranged that a drum, beaten at the order of Kuranosuké, should be the signal for the simultaneous attack; and that if any one slew Kôtsuké no Suké and cut off his head, he should blow a shrill whistle, as a signal to his comrades, who would hurry to the spot, and, having identified the head, carry it off to the temple called Sengakuji, and lay it as an offering before the tomb of their dead lord. Then they must report their deed to the Government, and await the sentence of death which would surely be passed upon them. To this the Rônins one and all pledged themselves. Midnight was fixed upon as the hour, and the forty-seven comrades, having made all ready for the attack, partook of a last farewell feast together, for on the morrow they must die. Then Oishi Kuranosuké addressed the band, and said: —

"To-night we shall attack our enemy in his palace; his retainers will certainly resist us, and we shall be obliged to kill them. But to slay old men and women and children is a pitiful thing; therefore, I pray you each one to take great heed lest you kill a single helpless person." His comrades all applauded this speech, and so they remained, waiting for the hour of midnight to arrive.

When the appointed hour came, the Rônins set forth. The wind howled furiously, and the driving snow beat in their faces; but little cared they for wind or snow as they hurried on their road, eager for revenge. At last they reached Kôtsuké no Suké's house, and divided themelves into two bands; and Chikara, with twenty-three men, went round to the back

gate. Then four men, by means of a ladder of ropes which they hung on to the roof of the porch, effected an entry into the courtyard; and, as they saw signs that all the inmates of the house were asleep, they went into the porter's lodge where the guard slept, and, before the latter had time to recover from their astonishment, bound them. The terrified guard prayed hard for mercy, that their lives might be spared; and to this the Rônins agreed on condition that the keys of the gate should be given up; but the others tremblingly said that the keys were kept in the house of one of the officers, and that they had no means of obtaining them. Then the Rônins lost patience, and with a hammer dashed in pieces the big wooden bolt which secured the gate, and the doors flew open to the right and to the left. At the same time Chikara and his party broke in by the back gate.

Then Oishi Kuranosuké sent a messenger to the neighboring houses, bearing the following message: "We, the Rônins who were formerly in the service of Asano Takumi no Kami, are this night about to break into the palace of Kôtsuké no Suké, to avenge our lord. As we are neither night robbers nor ruffians, no hurt will be done to the neighboring houses. We pray you to set your minds at rest." And as Kôtsuké no Suké was hated by his neighbors for his covetousness, they did not unite their forces to assist him. Another precaution was yet taken. Lest any of the people inside should run out to call the relations of the family to the rescue, and these coming in force should interfere with the plans of the Rônins, Kuranosuké stationed ten of his men armed with bows on the roof of the four sides of the courtyard, with orders to shoot any retainers who might attempt to leave the place. Having thus laid all his plans and posted his men, Kuranosuké with his own hand beat the drum and gave the signal for attack.

Ten of Kôtsuké no Suké's retainers, hearing the noise, woke up; and, drawing their swords, rushed into the front room to defend their master. At this moment the Rônins, who had burst open the door of the front hall, entered the same room. Then arose a furious fight between the two parties, in the midst of which Chikara, leading his men through the garden, broke into the back of the house; and Kôtsuké no Suké, in terror of his life, took refuge, with his wife and female servants, in a closet in the veranda; while the rest of his retainers, who slept in the barrack outside the house, made ready to go to the res-

cue. But the Rônins who had come in by the front door, and were fighting with the ten retainers, ended by overpowering and slaying the latter without losing one of their own number; after which, forcing their way bravely towards the back rooms, they were joined by Chikara and his men, and the two bands were united in one.

By this time the remainder of Kôtsuké no Suké's men had come in, and the fight became general; and Kuranosuké, sitting on a camp stool, gave his orders and directed the Rônins. Soon the inmates of the house perceived that they were no match for their enemy, so they tried to send out intelligence of their plight to Uyésugi Sama, their lord's father-in-law, begging him to come to the rescue with all the force at his command. But the messengers were shot down by the archers whom Kuranosuké had posted on the roof. So no help coming, they fought on in despair. Then Kuranosuké cried out with a loud voice, "Kôtsuké no Suké alone is our enemy; let some one go inside and bring him forth dead or alive!"

Now in front of Kôtsuké no Suké's private room stood three brave retainers with drawn swords. The first was Kobayashi Héhachi, the second was Waku Handaiyu, and the third was Shimidzu Ikkaku, all good men and true, and expert swordsmen. So stoutly did these men lay about them that for a while they kept the whole of the Rônins at bay, and at one moment even forced them back. When Oishi Kuranosuké saw this, he ground his teeth with rage, and shouted to his men: "What! did not every man of you swear to lay down his life in avenging his lord, and now are you driven back by three men? Cowards, not fit to be spoken to! to die fighting in a master's cause should be the noblest ambition of a retainer!" Then turning to his own son Chikara, he said, "Here, boy! engage those men, and if they are too strong for you, die!"

Spurred by these words, Chikara seized a spear and gave battle to Waku Handaiyu, but could not hold his ground, and backing by degrees, was driven out into the garden, where he missed his footing and slipped into a pond; but as Handaiyu, thinking to kill him, looked down into the pond, Chikara cut his enemy in the leg and caused him to fall, and then crawling out of the water dispatched him. In the mean while Kobayashi Héhachi and Shimidzu Ikkaku had been killed by the other Rônins, and of all Kôtsuké no Suké's retainers not one fighting man remained. Chikara, seeing this, went with his bloody

sword in his hand into a back room to search for Kôtsuké no Suké, but he only found the son of the latter, a young lord named Kira Sahioyé, who, carrying a halberd, attacked him, but was soon wounded and fled. Thus the whole of Kôtsuké no Suké's men having been killed, there was an end of the fighting; but as yet there was no trace of Kôtsuké no Suké to be found.

Then Kuranosuké divided his men into several parties and searched the whole house, but all in vain; women and children weeping were alone to be seen. At this the forty-seven men began to lose heart in regret, that after all their toil they had allowed their enemy to escape them, and there was a moment when in their despair they agreed to commit suicide together upon the spot; but they determined to make one more effort. So Kuranosuké went into Kôtsuké no Suké's sleeping room, and touching the quilt with his hands, exclaimed: "I have just felt the bedclothes and they are yet warm, and so methinks that our enemy is not far off. He must certainly be hidden somewhere in the house." Greatly excited by this, the Rônins renewed their search. Now in the raised part of the room, near the place of honor, there was a picture hanging; taking down this picture, they saw that there was a large hole in the plastered wall, and on thrusting a spear in they could feel nothing beyond it. So one of the Rônins, called Yazama Jiutarô, got into the hole, and found that on the other side there was a little courtyard, in which there stood an outhouse for holding charcoal and firewood. Looking into the outhouse, he spied something white at the further end, at which he struck with his spear, when two armed men sprang out upon him and tried to cut him down; but he kept them back until one of his comrades came up and killed one of the two men and engaged the other, while Jiutarô entered the outhouse and felt about with his spear. Again seeing something white, he struck it with his lance, when a cry of pain betrayed that it was a man. So he rushed up, and the man in white clothes, who had been wounded in the thigh, drew a dirk and aimed a blow at him. But Jiutarô wrested the dirk from him, and clutching him by the collar, dragged him out of the outhouse. Then the other Rônin came up, and they examined the prisoner attentively, and saw that he was a noble-looking man, some sixty years of age, dressed in a white satin sleeping robe, which was stained by the blood from the thigh wound which Jiutarô had

inflicted. The two men felt convinced that this was no other than Kôtsuké no Suké, and they asked him his name, but he gave no answer, so they gave the signal whistle, and all their comrades collected together at the call. Then Oishi Kuranosuké, bringing a lantern, scanned the old man's features, and it was indeed Kôtsuké no Suké; and if further proof were wanting, he still bore a scar on his forehead where their master, Asano Takumi no Kami, had wounded him during the affray in the castle. There being no possibility of mistake, therefore, Oishi Kuranosuké went down on his knees, and addressing the old man very respectfully, said: —

"My lord, we are the retainers of Asano Takumi no Kami. Last year your lordship and our master quarreled in the palace, and our master was sentenced to *hara kiri*, and his family was ruined. We have come to-night to avenge him, as is the duty of faithful and loyal men. I pray your lordship to acknowledge the justice of our purpose. And now, my lord, we beseech you to perform *hara kiri*. I myself shall have the honor to act as your second, and when, with all humility, I shall have received your lordship's head, it is my intention to lay it as an offering upon the grave of Asano Takumi no Kami."

Thus, in consideration of the high rank of Kôtsuké no Suké, the Rônins treated him with the greatest courtesy, and over and over again entreated him to perform *hara kiri*. But he crouched speechless and trembling. At last Kuranosuké, seeing that it was vain to urge him to die the death of a nobleman, forced him down, and cut off his head with the same dirk with which Asano Takumi no Kami had killed himself. Then the forty-seven comrades, elated at having accomplished their design, placed the head in a bucket, and prepared to depart; but before leaving the house they carefully extinguished all the lights and fires in the place, lest by any accident a fire should break out and the neighbors suffer.

As they were on their way to Takanawa, the suburb in which the temple called Sengakuji stands, the day broke; and the people flocked out to see the forty-seven men, who, with their clothes and arms all blood-stained, presented a terrible appearance; and every one praised them, wondering at their valor and faithfulness. But they expected every moment that Kôtsuké no Suké's father-in-law would attack them and carry off the head, and made ready to die bravely sword in hand. However, they reached Takanawa in safety,

for Matsudaira Aki no Kami, one of the eighteen chief daimios of Japan, of whose house Asano Takumi no Kami had been a cadet, had been highly pleased when he heard of the last night's work, and he had made ready to assist the Rônins in case they were attacked. So Kôtsuké no Suké's father-in-law dare not pursue them.

At about seven in the morning they came opposite to the palace of Matsudaira Mutsu no Kami, the Prince of Sendai, and the Prince, hearing of it, sent for one of his councilors and said: "The retainers of Takumi no Kami have slain their lord's enemy, and are passing this way; I cannot sufficiently admire their devotion, so, as they must be tired and hungry after their night's work, do you go and invite them to come in here, and set some gruel and a cup of wine before them."

So the councilor went out and said to Oishi Kuranosuké: "Sir, I am a councilor of the Prince of Sendai, and my master bids me beg you, as you must be worn out after all you have undergone, to come in and partake of such poor refreshment as we can offer you. This is my message to you from my lord."

"I thank you, sir," replied Kuranosuké. "It is very good of his lordship to trouble himself to think of us. We shall accept his kindness gratefully."

So the forty-seven Rônins went into the palace, and were feasted with gruel and wine, and all the retainers of the Prince of Sendai came and praised them.

Then Kuranosuké turned to the councilor and said, "Sir, we are truly indebted to you for this kind hospitality; but as we have still to hurry to Sengakuji, we must needs humbly take our leave." And, after returning many thanks to their hosts, they left the palace of the Prince of Sendai and hastened to Sengakuji, where they were met by the abbot of the monastery, who went to the front gate to receive them, and led them to the tomb of Takumi no Kami.

And when they came to their lord's grave, they took the head of Kôtsuké no Suké, and having washed it clean in a well hard by, laid it as an offering before the tomb. When they had done this, they engaged the priests of the temple to come and read prayers while they burnt incense; first Oishi Kuranosuké burnt incense, and then his son Oishi Chikara, and after them the other forty-five men performed the same ceremony. Then Kuranosuké, having given all the money that he had by him to the abbot, said: —

"When we forty-seven men shall have performed *hara kiri*, I beg you to bury us decently. I rely upon your kindness. This is but a trifle that I have to offer; such as it is, let it be spent in masses for our souls!"

And the abbot, marveling at the faithful courage of the men, with tears in his eyes pledged himself to fulfill their wishes. So the forty-seven Rônins, with their minds at rest, waited patiently until they should receive the orders of the Government.

At last they were summoned to the Supreme Court, where the governors of Yedo and the public censors had assembled; and the sentence passed upon them was as follows: "Whereas, neither respecting the dignity of the city nor fearing the Government, having leagued yourselves together to slay your enemy, you violently broke into the house of Kira Kôtsuké no Suké by night and murdered him, the sentence of the Court is, that, for this audacious conduct, you perform *hara kiri*." When the sentence had been read, the forty-seven Rônins were divided into four parties, and handed over to the safe-keeping of four different daimios; and sheriffs were sent to the palaces of those daimios in whose presence the Rônins were made to perform *hara kiri*. But, as from the very beginning they had all made up their minds that to this end they must come, they met their death nobly; and their corpses were carried to Sengakuji, and buried in front of the tomb of their master, Asano Takumi no Kami. And when the fame of this became noised abroad, the people flocked to pray at the graves of these faithful men.

Among those who came to pray was a Satsuma man, who, prostrating himself before the grave of Oishi Kuranosuké, said: "When I saw you lying drunk by the roadside at Yamashina, in Kiôto, I knew not that you were plotting to avenge your lord; and, thinking you to be a faithless man, I trampled on you and spat in your face as I passed. And now I have come to ask pardon and offer atonement for the insult of last year." With those words he prostrated himself again before the grave, and, drawing a dirk from his girdle, stabbed himself in the belly and died. And the chief priest of the temple, taking pity upon him, buried him by the side of the Rônins; and his tomb still remains to be seen with those of the forty-seven comrades.

This is the end of the story of the forty-seven Rônins.

ESMOND'S FRIENDS AND FOES.

By W. M. THACKERAY.

[William Makepeace Thackeray, English novelist and humorist, was born in Calcutta, India, July 19, 1811, and died December 24, 1863. He studied for an artist, but could not learn to draw, and after some years of struggle began to make a name in *Fraser's Magazine* by "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," "The Yellowplush Papers," etc. There followed "The Paris Sketch Book"; "The Book of Snobs," "Ballads of Policeman X," "Prize Novelists," etc., from *Punch*; and "The Rose and the Ring." "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Henry Esmond," and "The Newcomes," his four great masterpieces, all came in the six years 1848–1854. His lectures on "English Humorists" and "The Four Georges" followed; then "The Virginians" (sequel to "Esmond"), "Lovel the Widower," "Philip," and the unfinished "Denis Duval," contributed to the *Cornhill Magazine*, which he edited 1859–1862, and which contained also "The Roundabout Papers."]

The 29th December.

[Harry Esmond, the real heir to the title and lands of the Viscount Castlewood, but supposed to be illegitimate, has been brought up by Lord and Lady Castlewood. My Lord has been slain by the wicked Lord Mohun in a duel. Lady Castlewood suspects herself of a passion for Harry, and refuses to see him. After taking part in the Vigo Bay Expedition, Harry returns to London and meets Lady Castlewood in the Cathedral at Winchester, Harry himself being the narrator.]

There was scarce a score of persons in the Cathedral beside the Dean and some of his clergy, and the choristers, young and old, that performed the beautiful evening prayer. But Mr. Tusher was one of the officiants, and read from the eagle in an authoritative voice, and a great black periwig; and in the stalls, still in her black widow's hood, sat Esmond's dear mistress, her son by her side, very much grown, and indeed a noble-looking youth, with his mother's eyes, and his father's curling brown hair. . . .

The music ceasing, my Lord woke up, looking about him, and his eyes lighting on Mr. Esmond, who was sitting opposite him, gazing with no small tenderness and melancholy upon two persons who had so much of his heart for so many years, Lord Castlewood, with a start, pulled at his mother's sleeve (her face had scarce been lifted from her book) and said, "Look, mother!" so loud that Esmond could hear on the other side of the church, and the old Dean on his throned stall. Lady Castlewood looked for an instant as her son bade her, and held up a

warning finger to Frank; Esmond felt his whole face flush, and his heart throbbing, as that dear lady beheld him once more. The rest of the prayers were speedily over; Mr. Esmond did not hear them; nor did his mistress, very likely, whose hood went more closely over her face, and who never lifted her head again until the service was over, the blessing given, and Mr. Dean, and his procession of ecclesiastics, out of the inner chapel.

Young Castlewood came clambering over the stalls before the clergy were fairly gone, and running up to Esmond, eagerly embraced him. "My dear, dearest old Harry!" he said, "are you come back? Have you been to the wars? You'll take me with you when you go again? Why didn't you write to us? Come to mother!"

Mr. Esmond could hardly say more than a "God bless you, my boy!" for his heart was very full and grateful at all this tenderness on the lad's part: and he was as much moved at seeing Frank as he was fearful about that other interview which was now to take place: for he knew not if the widow would reject him as she had done so cruelly a year ago.

"It was kind of you to come back to us, Henry," Lady Esmond said. "I thought you might come."

"We read of the fleet coming to Portsmouth. Why did you not come from Portsmouth?" Frank asked, or my Lord Viscount, as he now must be called.

Esmond had thought of that too. He would have given one of his eyes so that he might see his dear friends again once more; but believing that his mistress had forbidden him her house, he had obeyed her, and remained at a distance.

"You had but to ask, and you knew I would be here," he said.

She gave him her hand, her little fair hand; there was only her marriage ring on it. The quarrel was all over. The year of grief and estrangement was passed. They never had been separated. His mistress had never been out of his mind all that time. No, not once. No, not in the prison; nor in the camp; nor on shore before the enemy; nor at sea under the stars of solemn midnight; nor as he watched the glorious rising of the dawn: not even at the table, where he sat carousing with friends, or at the theater yonder, where he tried to fancy that other eyes were brighter than hers. Brighter eyes there might be, and faces more beautiful, but none so dear — no voice so sweet as that of his beloved mistress, who had been sister,

mother, goddess, to him during his youth — goddess now no more, for he knew of her weaknesses; and by thought, by suffering, and that experience it brings, was older now than she; but more fondly cherished as woman perhaps than ever she had been adored as divinity. What is it? Where lies it? the secret which makes one little hand the dearest of all? Whoever can unriddle that mystery? Here she was, her son by his side, his dear boy. Here she was, weeping and happy. She took his hand in both hers; he felt her tears. It was a rapture of reconciliation.

"Here comes Squaretoes," says Frank. "Here's Tusher."

Tusher, indeed, now appeared, creaking on his great heels. Mr. Tom had divested himself of his alb or surplice, and came forward habited in his cassock and great black periwig. How had Esmond ever been for a moment jealous of this fellow?

"Give us thy hand, Tom Tusher," he said. The Chaplain made him a very low and stately bow. "I am charmed to see Captain Esmond," says he. "My Lord and I have read the *Reddas incolumem precor*, and applied it, I am sure, to you. You come back with Gaditanian laurels: when I heard you were bound thither, I wished, I am sure, I was another Septimius. My Lord Viscount, your Lordship remembers *Septimi, Gades aditure mecum?*"

"There's an angle of earth that I love better than Gades, Tusher," says Mr. Esmond. "'Tis that one where your reverence hath a parsonage, and where our youth was brought up."

"A house that has so many sacred recollections to me," says Mr. Tusher (and Harry remembered how Tom's father used to flog him there) — "a house near to that of my respected patron, my most honored patroness, must ever be a dear abode to me. But, Madam, the verger waits to close the gates on your Ladyship."

"And Harry's coming home to supper. Huzzay! huzzay!" cries my Lord. "Mother, I shall run home and bid Beatrix put her ribbons on. Beatrix is a maid of honor, Harry. Such a fine set-up minx!"

"Your heart was never in the Church, Harry," the widow said, in her sweet low tone, as they walked away together. (Now, it seemed they had never been parted, and again, as if they had been ages asunder.) "I always thought you had no vocation that way; and that 'twas a pity to shut you out from the world. You would but have pined and chafed at Castle-

wood: and 'tis better you should make a name for yourself. I often said so to my dear Lord. How he loved you! 'Twas my Lord that made you stay with us."

"I asked no better than to stay near you always," said Mr. Esmond.

"But to go was best, Harry. When the world cannot give peace, you will know where to find it; but one of your strong imagination and eager desires must try the world first before he tires of it. 'Twas not to be thought of, or if it once was, it was only by my selfishness, that you should remain as chaplain to a country gentleman and tutor to a little boy. You are of the blood of the Esmonds, kinsman; and that was always wild in youth. Look at Francis. He is but fifteen, and I scarce can keep him in my nest. His talk is all of war and pleasure, and he longs to serve in the next campaign. Perhaps he and the young Lord Churchill shall go the next. Lord Marlborough has been good to us. You know how kind they were in my misfortune. And so was your — your father's widow. No one knows how good the world is, till grief comes to try us. 'Tis through my Lady Marlborough's goodness that Beatrix hath her place at Court; and Frank is under my Lord Chamberlain. And the dowager lady, your father's widow, has promised to provide for you — has she not?"

Esmond said, "Yes. As far as present favor went, Lady Castlewood was very good to him. And should her mind change," he added gayly, "as ladies' minds will, I am strong enough to bear my own burden, and make my way somehow. Not by the sword very likely. Thousands have a better genius for that than I, but there are many ways in which a young man of good parts and education can get on in the world; and I am pretty sure, one way or other, of promotion!" Indeed, he had found patrons already in the army, and amongst persons very able to serve him too; and told his mistress of the flattering aspect of fortune. They walked as though they had never been parted, slowly, with the gray twilight closing round them.

"And now we are drawing near to home," she continued. "I knew you would come, Harry, if — if it was but to forgive me for having spoken unjustly to you after that horrid — horrid misfortune. I was half frantic with grief then when I saw you. And I know now — they have told me. That wretch, whose name I can never mention, even has said it: how you tried to avert the quarrel, and would have taken it on yourself, my poor

child: but it was God's will that I should be punished, and that my dear lord should fall."

"He gave me his blessing on his deathbed," Esmond said. "Thank God for that legacy!"

"Amen, amen! dear Henry," said the lady, pressing his arm. "I knew it. Mr. Atterbury, of St. Bride's, who was called to him, told me so. And I thanked God, too, and in my prayers ever since remembered it."

"You had spared me many a bitter night, had you told me sooner," Mr. Esmond said.

"I know it, I know it," she answered, in a tone of such sweet humility, as made Esmond repent that he should ever have dared to reproach her. "I know how wicked my heart has been; and I have suffered too, my dear. I confessed to Mr. Atterbury — I must not tell any more. He — I said I would not write to you or go to you — and it was better even that, having parted, we should part. But I knew you would come back — I own that. That is no one's fault. And to-day, Henry, in the anthem, when they sang it, 'When the Lord turned the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream,' I thought, yes, like them that dream — them that dream. And then it went, 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy; and he that goeth forth and weepeth, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him;' I looked up from the book, and saw you. I was not surprised when I saw you. I knew you would come, my dear, and saw the gold sunshine round your head."

She smiled an almost wild smile, as she looked up at him. The moon was up by this time, glittering keen in the frosty sky. He could see, for the first time now clearly, her sweet careworn face.

"Do you know what day it is?" she continued. "It is the 29th of December — it is your birthday! But last year we did not drink it — no, no. My Lord was cold, and my Harry was likely to die: and my brain was in a fever; and we had no wine. But now — now you are come again, bringing your sheaves with you, my dear." She burst into a wild flood of weeping as she spoke; she laughed and sobbed on the young man's heart, crying out wildly, "bringing your sheaves with you — your sheaves with you!"

As he had sometimes felt, gazing up from the deck at midnight into the boundless starlit depths overhead, in a rapture

of devout wonder at that endless brightness and beauty — in some such a way now, the depths of this pure devotion (which was, for the first time, revealed to him) quite smote upon him, and filled his heart with thanksgiving. Gracious God, who was he, weak and friendless creature, that such a love should be poured out upon him? Not in vain — not in vain has he lived — hard and thankless should he be to think so — that has such a treasure given him. What is ambition compared to that, but selfish vanity? To be rich, to be famous? What do these profit a year hence, when other names sound louder than yours, when you lie hidden away under the ground, along with idle titles engraven on your coffin? But only true love lives after you — follows your memory with secret blessing — or precedes you, and intercedes for you. *Non omnis moriar* — if dying, I yet live in a tender heart or two; nor am lost and hopeless living, if a sainted departed soul still loves and prays for me.

"If — if 'tis so, dear lady," Mr. Esmond said, "why should I ever leave you? If God hath given me this great boon — and near or far from me, as I know now, the heart of my dearest mistress follows me, let me have that blessing near me, nor ever part with it till death separate us. Come away — leave this Europe, this place which has so many sad recollections for you. Begin a new life in a new world. My good Lord often talked of visiting that land in Virginia which King Charles gave us — gave his ancestor. Frank will give us that. No man there will ask if there is a blot on my name, or inquire in the woods what my title is."

"And my children — and my duty — and my good father, Henry?" she broke out. "He has none but me now! for soon my sister will leave him, and the old man will be alone. He has conformed since the new Queen's reign; and here in Winchester, where they love him, they have found a church for him. When the children leave me, I will stay with him. I cannot follow them into the great world, where their way lies — it scares me. They will come and visit me; and you will, sometimes, Henry — yes, sometimes, as now, in the Holy Advent season, when I have seen and blessed you once more."

"I would leave all to follow you," said Mr. Esmond; "and can you not be as generous for me, dear lady?"

"Hush, boy!" she said, and it was with a mother's sweet plaintive tone and look that she spoke. "The world is beginning for you. For me, I have been so weak and sinful that I

must leave it, and pray out an expiation, dear Henry. Had we houses of religion as there were once, and many divines of our Church would have them again, I often think I would retire to one and pass my life in penance. But I would love you still — yes, there is no sin in such a love as mine now; and my dear lord in heaven may see my heart; and knows the tears that have washed my sin away — and now — now my duty is here, by my children, whilst they need me, and by my poor old father, and——"

"And not by me?" Henry said.

"Hush!" she said again, and raised her hand up to his lip. "I have been your nurse. You could not see me, Harry, when you were in the smallpox, and I came and sat by you. Ah! I prayed that I might die, but it would have been in sin, Henry. Oh, it is horrid to look back to that time! It is over now and past, and it has been forgiven me. When you need me again, I will come ever so far. When your heart is wounded, then come to me, my dear. Be silent! let me say all. You never loved me, dear Henry — no, you do not now, and I thank heaven for it. I used to watch you, and knew by a thousand signs that it was so. Do you remember how glad you were to go away to College? 'Twas I sent you. I told my papa that, and Mr. Atterbury too, when I spoke to him in London. And they both gave me absolution — both — and they are godly men, having authority to bind and to loose. And they forgave me, as my dear lord forgave me before he went to heaven."

"I think the angels are not all in heaven," Mr. Esmond said. And as a brother folds a sister to his heart; and as a mother cleaves to her son's breast — so for a few moments Esmond's beloved mistress came to him and blessed him.

August 1st, 1714.

[To please Beatrix Esmond, with whom he is in love, Harry Esmond has secretly brought over to Lady Castlewood's house in Kensington Square the exiled king of England, James III. The king makes love to Beatrix, who is removed to Castlewood, and when the king is needed to be produced on the death of Queen Anne and proclaimed by the Jacobites, he is missing. Harry Esmond and Beatrix' brother Frank, to whom Harry has surrendered land and titles, pursue him to Castlewood, and the following scenes occur. Historically the king was not at all the amorous and foolish prince here so brilliantly painted, nor was he in England at this date.]

"Does my mistress know of this?" Esmond asked of Frank, as they walked along.

"My mother found the letter in the book, on the toilet table. She had writ it ere she had left home," Frank said. "Mother met her on the stairs, with her hand upon the door, trying to enter, and never left her after that till she went away. He did not think of looking at it there, nor had Martin the chance of telling him. I believe the poor devil meant no harm, though I half killed him; he thought 'twas to Beatrix' brother he was bringing the letter."

Frank never said a word of reproach to me for having brought the villain amongst us. As we knocked at the door I said, "When will the horses be ready?" Frank pointed with his cane; they were turning the street that moment.

We went up and bade adieu to our mistress; she was in a dreadful state of agitation by this time, and that Bishop was with her whose company she was so fond of.

"Did you tell him, my Lord," says Esmond, "that Beatrix was at Castlewood?" The Bishop blushed and stammered: "Well," says he, "I——"

"You served the villain right," broke out Mr. Esmond, "and he has lost a crown by what you told him."

My mistress turned quite white. "Henry, Henry," says she, "do not kill him!"

"It may not be too late," says Esmond; "he may not have gone to Castlewood; pray God it is not too late." The Bishop was breaking out with some *banale* phrases about loyalty, and the sacredness of the Sovereign's person; but Esmond sternly bade him hold his tongue, burn all papers, and take care of Lady Castlewood; and in five minutes he and Frank were in the saddle, John Lockwood behind them, riding towards Castlewood at a rapid pace.

We were just got to Alton, when who should meet us but old Lockwood, the porter from Castlewood, John's father, walking by the side of the Hexton flying coach, who slept the night at Alton. Lockwood said his young mistress had arrived at home on Wednesday night, and this morning, Friday, had dispatched him with a packet for my Lady at Kensington, saying the letter was of great importance.

We took the freedom to break it, while Lockwood stared with wonder, and cried out his "Lord bless me's," and "Who'd a thought it's," at the sight of his young lord, whom he had not seen these seven years.

The packet from Beatrix contained no news of importance at

all. It was written in a jocular strain, affecting to make light of her captivity. She asked whether she might have leave to visit Mrs. Tusher, or to walk beyond the court and the garden wall. She gave news of the peacocks, and a fawn she had there. She bade her mother send her certain gowns and smocks by old Lockwood; she sent her duty to a certain Person, if certain other persons permitted her to take such a freedom; how that, as she was not able to play cards with him, she hoped he would read good books, such as Doctor Atterbury's sermons and "Eikon Basiliké": she was going to read good books; she thought her pretty mamma would like to know she was not crying her eyes out.

"Who is in the house besides you, Lockwood?" says the Colonel.

"There be the laundry maid, and the kitchenmaid, Madam Beatrix' maid, the man from London, and that be all; and he sleepeth in my lodge away from the maids," says old Lockwood.

Esmond scribbled a line with a pencil on the note, giving it to the old man, and bidding him go on to his lady. We knew why Beatrix had been so dutiful on a sudden, and why she spoke of "Eikon Basiliké." She writ this letter to put the Prince on the scent, and the porter out of the way.

"We have a fine moonlight night for riding on," says Esmond; "Frank, we may reach Castlewood in time yet." All the way along we made inquiries at the posthouses, when a tall young gentleman in a gray suit, with a light brown periwig, just the color of my Lord's, had been seen to pass. He had set off at six that morning, and we at three in the afternoon. He rode almost as quickly as we had done; he was seven hours ahead of us still when we reached the last stage.

We rode over Castlewood Downs before the breaking of dawn. We passed the very spot where the car was upset fourteen years since, and Mohun lay. The village was not up yet, nor the forge lighted, as we rode through it, passing by the elms, where the rooks were still roosting, and by the church, and over the bridge. We got off our horses at the bridge and walked up to the gate.

"If she is safe," says Frank, trembling, and his honest eyes filling with tears, "a silver statue to Our Lady!" He was going to rattle at the great iron knocker on the oak gate; but Esmond stopped his kinsman's hand. He had his own fears, his own hopes, his own despairs and griefs, too; but he spoke

not a word of these to his companion, or showed any signs of emotion.

He went and tapped at the little window at the porter's lodge, gently, but repeatedly, until the man came to the bars.

"Who's there?" says he, looking out. It was the servant from Kensington.

"My Lord Castlewood and Colonel Esmond," we said, from below. "Open the gate and let us in without any noise."

"My Lord Castlewood?" says the other; "my Lord's here, and in bed."

"Open, d—— you," says Castlewood, with a curse.

"I shall open to no one," says the man, shutting the glass window as Frank drew a pistol. He would have fired at the porter, but Esmond again held his hand.

"There are more ways than one," says he, "of entering such a great house as this." Frank grumbled that the west gate was half a mile round. "But I know of a way that's not a hundred yards off," says Mr. Esmond; and leading his kinsman close along the wall, and by the shrubs which had now grown thick on what had been an old moat about the house, they came to the buttress, at the side of which the little window was, which was Father Holt's private door. Esmond climbed up to this easily, broke a pane that had been mended, and touched the spring inside, and the two gentlemen passed in that way, treading as lightly as they could; and so going through the passage into the court, over which the dawn was now reddening, and where the fountain plashed in the silence.

They sped instantly to the porter's lodge, where the fellow had not fastened his door that led into the court; and pistol in hand came upon the terrified wretch, and bade him be silent. Then they asked him (Esmond's head reeled, and he almost fell as he spoke) when Lord Castlewood had arrived? He said on the previous evening, about eight of the clock. — "And what then?" — His Lordship supped with his sister. — "Did the man wait?" — Yes, he and my Lady's maid both waited: the other servants made the supper; and there was no wine, and they could give his Lordship but milk, at which he grumbled; and — and Madam Beatrix kept Miss Lucy always in the room with her. And there being a bed across the court in the Chaplain's room, she had arranged my Lord was to sleep there. Madam Beatrix had come downstairs laughing with the maids, and had locked herself in, and my Lord had stood for a while talking to

her through the door, and she laughing at him. And then he paced the court awhile, and she came again to the upper window; and my Lord implored her to come down and walk in the room; but she would not, and laughed at him again, and shut the window; and so my Lord, uttering what seemed curses, but in a foreign language, went to the Chaplain's room to bed.

"Was this all?" — "All," the man swore upon his honor; all, as he hoped to be saved. — "Stop, there was one thing more. My Lord, on arriving, and once or twice during supper, did kiss his sister, as was natural, and she kissed him." At this Esmond ground his teeth with rage, and well-nigh throttled the amazed miscreant who was speaking, whereas Castlewood, seizing hold of his cousin's hand, burst into a great fit of laughter.

"If it amuses thee," says Esmond in French, "that your sister should be exchanging of kisses with a stranger, I fear poor Beatrix will give thee plenty of sport." — Esmond darkly thought how Hamilton, Ashburnham, had before been masters of those roses that the young Prince's lips were now feeding on. He sickened at that notion. Her cheek was desecrated, her beauty tarnished; shame and honor stood between it and him. The love was dead within him; had she a crown to bring him with her love, he felt that both would degrade him.

But this wrath against Beatrix did not lessen the angry feelings of the Colonel against the man who had been the occasion if not the cause of the evil. Frank sat down on a stone bench in the courtyard, and fairly fell asleep, while Esmond paced up and down the court, debating what should ensue. What mattered how much or how little had passed between the Prince and the poor faithless girl? They were arrived in time perhaps to rescue her person, but not her mind: had she not instigated the young Prince to come to her; suborned servants, dismissed others, so that she might communicate with him? The treacherous heart within her had surrendered, though the place was safe; and it was to win this that he had given a life's struggle and devotion: this, that she was ready to give away for the bribe of a coronet or a wink of the Prince's eye.

When he had thought his thoughts out he shook up poor Frank from his sleep, who rose yawning, and said he had been dreaming of Clotilda. "You must back me," says Esmond,

"in what I am going to do. I have been thinking that yonder scoundrel may have been instructed to tell that story, and that the whole of it may be a lie; if it be, we shall find it out from the gentleman who is asleep yonder. See if the door leading to my Lady's rooms" (so we called the rooms at the northwest angle of the house), "see if the door is barred as he saith." We tried, it was indeed, as the lackey had said, closed within.

"It may have been opened and shut afterwards," says poor Esmond, "the foundress of our family let our ancestor in in that way."

"What will you do, Harry, if — if what that fellow saith should turn out untrue?" The young man looked scared and frightened into his kinsman's face; I dare say it wore no very pleasant expression.

"Let us first go see whether the two stories agree," says Esmond, and went in at the passage and opened the door into what had been his own chamber now for well-nigh five and twenty years. A candle was still burning, and the Prince asleep dressed on the bed — Esmond did not care for making a noise. The Prince started up in his bed, seeing two men in his chamber.

"Qui est là?" says he, and took a pistol from under his pillow.

"It is the Marquis of Esmond," says the Colonel, "come to welcome His Majesty to his house of Castlewood, and to report of what hath happened in London. Pursuant to the King's orders, I passed the night before last, after leaving His Majesty, in waiting upon the friends of the King. It is a pity that His Majesty's desire to see the country and to visit our poor house should have caused the King to quit London without notice yesterday, when the opportunity happened which in all human probability may not occur again; and had the King not chosen to ride to Castlewood, the Prince of Wales might have slept at St. James'."

"'Sdeath! gentlemen," says the Prince, starting off his bed, whereon he was lying in his clothes, "the Doctor was with me yesterday morning, and after watching by my sister all night, told me I might not hope to see the Queen."

"It would have been otherwise," says Esmond, with another bow; "as, by this time, the Queen may be dead in spite of the Doctor. The Council was met, a new Treasurer was appointed, the troops were devoted to the King's cause; and fifty loyal

gentlemen of the greatest names of this kingdom were assembled to accompany the Prince of Wales, who might have been the acknowledged heir of the throne, or the possessor of it by this time, had your Majesty not chosen to take the air. We were ready: there was only one person that failed us, your Majesty's gracious ——"

"Morbleu, Monsieur, you give me too much Majesty," said the Prince, who had now risen up and seemed to be looking to one of us to help him to his coat. But neither stirred.

"We shall take care," says Esmond, "not much oftener to offend in that particular."

"What mean you, my Lord?" says the Prince, and muttered something about a *guet-à-pens*, which Esmond caught up.

"The snare, sir," said he, "was not of our laying; it is not we that invited you. We came to avenge, and not to compass, the dishonor of our family."

"Dishonor! Morbleu, there has been no dishonor," says the Prince, turning scarlet, "only a little harmless playing."

"That was meant to end seriously."

"I swear," the Prince broke out impetuously, "upon the honor of a gentleman, my lords ——"

"That we arrived in time. No wrong hath been done, Frank," says Colonel Esmond, turning round to young Castlewood, who stood at the door as the talk was going on. "See! here is a paper whereon His Majesty hath deigned to commence some verses in honor, or dishonor, of Beatrix. Here is 'Madame' and 'Flamme,' 'Cruelle' and 'Rebelle,' and 'Amour' and 'Jour,' in the Royal writing and spelling. Had the Gracious lover been happy, he had not passed his time in sighing." In fact, and actually as he was speaking, Esmond cast his eyes down towards the table, and saw a paper on which my young Prince had been scrawling a madrigal, that was to finish his charmer on the morrow.

"Sir," says the Prince, burning with rage (he had assumed his Royal coat unassisted by this time), "did I come here to receive insults?"

"To confer them, may it please your Majesty," says the Colonel, with a very low bow, "and the gentlemen of our family are come to thank you."

"*Malédiction!*" says the young man, tears starting into his eyes with helpless rage and mortification. "What will you with me, gentlemen?"

"If your Majesty will please to enter the next apartment," says Esmond, preserving his grave tone, "I have some papers there which I would gladly submit to you, and by your permission I will lead the way;" and, taking the taper up, and backing before the Prince with very great ceremony, Mr. Esmond passed into the little Chaplain's room, through which we had just entered into the house. "Please to set a chair for His Majesty, Frank," says the Colonel to his companion, who wondered almost as much at this scene, and was as much puzzled by it, as the other actor in it. Then going to the crypt over the mantelpiece, the Colonel opened it, and drew thence the papers which so long had lain there.

"Here, may it please your Majesty," says he, "is the Patent of Marquis sent over by your Royal Father at St. Germains to Viscount Castlewood, my father: here is the witnessed certificate of my father's marriage to my mother, and of my birth and christening; I was christened of that religion of which your sainted sire gave all through life so shining an example. These are my titles, dear Frank, and this what I do with them: here go Baptism and Marriage, and here the Marquisate and the August Sign-Manual, with which your predecessor was pleased to honor our race." And as Esmond spoke he set the papers burning in the brasier. "You will please, sir, to remember," he continued, "that our family hath ruined itself by fidelity to yours: that my grandfather spent his estate, and gave his blood and his son to die for your service; that my dear Lord's grandfather (for Lord you are now, Frank, by right and title too) died for the same cause; that my poor kinswoman, my father's second wife, after giving away her honor to your wicked perjured race, sent all her wealth to the King; and got in return that precious title that lies in ashes, and this inestimable yard of blue riband. I lay this at your feet and stamp upon it: I draw this sword, and break it and deny you; and, had you completed the wrong you designed us, by Heaven I would have driven it through your heart, and no more pardoned you than your father pardoned Monmouth. Frank will do the same, won't you, Cousin?"

Frank, who had been looking on with a stupid air at the papers as they flamed in the old brasier, took out his sword and broke it, holding his head down: "I go with my cousin," says he, giving Esmond a grasp of the hand. "Marquis or not, by ——, I stand by him any day. I beg your Majesty's pardon for

swearing; that is — that is — I'm for the Elector of Hanover. It's all your Majesty's own fault. The Queen's dead most likely by this time, and you might have been King if you hadn't come dangling after Trix."

"Thus to lose a crown," says the young Prince, starting up, and speaking French in his eager way; "to lose the loveliest woman in the world; to lose the loyalty of such hearts as yours, is not this, my Lords, enough of humiliation? — Marquis, if I go on my knees, will you pardon me? — No, I can't do that, but I can offer you reparation, that of honor, that of gentlemen. Favor me by crossing the sword with mine: yours is broke — see, yonder in the armoire are two;" and the Prince took them out as eager as a boy, and held them toward Esmond: "Ah! you will? Merci! Monsieur, merci!"

Extremely touched by this immense mark of condescension and repentance for wrong done, Colonel Esmond bowed down so low as almost to kiss the gracious young hand that conferred on him such an honor, and took his guard in silence. The swords were no sooner met than Castlewood knocked up Esmond's with the blade of his own, which he had broken off short at the shell; and the Colonel falling back a step dropped his point with another very low bow, and declared himself perfectly satisfied.

"Eh bien, Vicomte!" says the young Prince, who was a boy, and a French boy, "il ne nous reste qu'une chose à faire:" he placed his sword upon the table, and the fingers of his two hands upon his breast: "We have one more thing to do," says he; "you do not divine it?" He stretched out his arms: "*Embrassons nous!*"

The talk was scarce over when Beatrix entered the room. What came she to seek there? She started and turned pale at the sight of her brother and kinsman, drawn swords, broken sword blades, and papers yet smoldering in the brasier.

"Charming Beatrix," says the Prince, with a blush which became him very well, "these lords have come a-horseback from London, where my sister lies in a despaired state, and where her successor makes himself desired. Pardon me for my escapade of last evening. I had been so long a prisoner, that I seized the occasion of a promenade on horseback, and my horse naturally bore me towards you. I found you a queen in your little court, where you deigned to entertain me. Present my homages to your maids of honor. I sighed as you slept, under

the window of your chamber, and then retired to seek rest in my own. It was there that these gentlemen agreeably roused me. Yes, milords, for that is a happy day that makes a Prince acquainted, at whatever cost to his vanity, with such a noble heart as that of the Marquis of Esmond. Mademoiselle, may we take your coach to town? I saw it in the hangar, and this poor Marquis must be dropping with sleep."

"Will it please the King to breakfast before he goes?" was all Beatrix could say. The roses had shuddered out of her cheeks; her eyes were glaring; she looked quite old. She came up to Esmond and hissed out a word or two: "If I did not love you before, Cousin," says she, "think how I love you now." If words could stab, no doubt she would have killed Esmond; she looked at him as if she could.

But her keen words gave no wound to Mr. Esmond; his heart was too hard. As he looked at her he wondered that he could ever have loved her. His love of ten years was over; it fell down dead on the spot, at the Kensington tavern, where Frank brought him the note out of "Eikōn Basiliké." The Prince blushed and bowed low, as she gazed at him, and quitted the chamber. I have never seen her from that day.

Horses were fetched and put to the chariot presently. My Lord rode outside, and as for Esmond he was so tired that he was no sooner in the carriage than he fell asleep, and never woke till night, as the coach came into Alton.

As we drove to the "Bell Inn," comes a mitered coach with our old friend Lockwood beside the coachman. My Lady Castlewood and the Bishop were inside; she gave a little scream when she saw us. The two coaches entered the inn almost together; the landlord and people coming out with lights to welcome the visitors.

We in our coach sprang out of it as soon as ever we saw the dear lady, and above all the Doctor in his cassock. What was the news? Was there yet time? Was the Queen alive? These questions were put hurriedly, as Boniface stood waiting before his noble guests to bow them up the stair.

"Is she safe?" was what Lady Castlewood whispered in a flutter to Esmond.

"All's well, thank God," says he, as the fond lady took his hand and kissed it, and called him her preserver and her dear. *She* wasn't thinking of Queens and crowns.

The Bishop's news was reassuring: at least all was not

lost; the Queen yet breathed, or was alive when they left London, six hours since. ("It was Lady Castlewood who insisted on coming," the Doctor said.) Argyle had marched up regiments from Portsmouth, and sent abroad for more; the Whigs were on the alert, a pest on them (I am not sure but the Bishop swore as he spoke), and so too were our people. And all might be saved, if only the Prince could be at London in time. We called for horses, instantly to return to London. We never went up poor crestfallen Boniface's stairs, but into our coaches again. The Prince and his Prime Minister in one, Esmond in the other, with only his dear mistress as a companion.

Castlewood galloped forwards on horseback to gather the Prince's friends and warn them of his coming. We traveled through the night — Esmond discoursing to his mistress of the events of the last twenty-four hours: of Castlewood's ride and his; of the Prince's generous behavior and their reconciliation. The night seemed short enough; and the starlit hours passed away serenely in that fond company.

So we came along the road, the Bishop's coach heading ours; and, with some delays in procuring horses, we got to Hammersmith about four o'clock on Sunday morning, the first of August, and half an hour after, it being then bright day, we rode by my Lady Warwick's house, and so down the street of Kensington.

Early as the hour was, there was a bustle in the street, and many people moving to and fro. Round the gate leading to the Palace, where the guard is, there was especially a great crowd. And the coach ahead of us stopped, and the Bishop's man got down to know what the concourse meant.

There presently came from out of the gate — Horse Guards with their trumpets, and a company of heralds with their tabards. The trumpets blew, and the herald at arms came forward and proclaimed GEORGE, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith. And the people shouted, God save the King!

ADVICE FROM FIFTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

By BISHOP BURNET.

[Gilbert Burnet, English theologian, politician, and writer, was born at Edinburgh in 1643, of an influential legal family; educated at Aberdeen, and ordained before he was eighteen; took a few months at the English universities, traveled, returned to some years of zealous pastorate, and was made professor of divinity at Glasgow; became acquainted with the Duchess of Hamilton, and wrote "Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton," which gained him also the attention of Lauderdale, who introduced him to Charles II.; wrote a "Vindication of . . . the Church and State of Scotland" (1673), and was offered a bishopric, but declined from suspicion of Charles's papistic leanings; was however favored by James, settled in London, and became a much-consulted adviser of the court and one of London's most popular preachers, besides having court livings. He published two volumes folio of a great "History of the Reformation in England" in 1681–1683 (a third was issued in 1715). The Popish Plot and the growing royal Catholic tendencies caused him to withdraw more and more from court, and decline livings and finally a bishopric, offered for advocacy of the royal cause; and he was dismissed in 1684. On James's accession he went abroad, finally settling in Holland, counseling the Prince of Orange as to the invasion of England, and writing pamphlets which gained him a prosecution for treason; whence he had himself naturalized as a Dutch citizen. He attended William as chaplain on his invasion, and was made bishop of Salisbury. He was thenceforth a man of power in the Upper House, much hated by the illiberals, favoring tolerance and church reform. In 1699 he published an "Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles." He died in 1715. His valuable "History of his own Time," here excerpted, was published posthumously.]

I have now set out the state of affairs for above half a century, with all the care and attention that I was capable of: I have inquired into all matters among us, and have observed them, during the course of my life, with a particular application and impartiality. But my intention in writing was not so much to tell a fine tale to the world, and to amuse them with a discovery of many secrets and of intrigues of state, to blast the memory of some, to exalt others, to disgrace one party and to recommend another; my chief design was better formed, and deeper laid: it was to give such a discovery of errors in government, and of the excesses and follies of parties, as may make the next age wiser, by what I may tell them of the last. And I may presume that the observations I have made, and the account that I have given, will gain me so much credit, that I may speak with a plain freedom to all sorts of persons: this not being to be published until after I am dead, when envy, jealousy, or hatred, will be buried with me in my grave; I may hope, that what I am now to offer to succeeding ages, may be

better heard, and less censured, than anything I could offer to the present: so that this is a sort of testament or dying speech, which I leave behind me, to be read and considered when I can speak no more: I do most earnestly beg of God to direct me in it, and to give it such an effect on the minds of those who read it, that I may do more good when dead, than I could ever hope to do while I was alive.

I will conclude this whole address to posterity with that which is the most important of all other things, and which alone will carry everything else along with it; which is to recommend, in the most solemn and serious manner, the study and practice of religion to all sorts of men, as that which is both the light of the world and the salt of the earth. Nothing does so open our faculties, and compose and direct the whole man, as an inward sense of God, of his authority over us, of the laws he has set us, of his eye ever upon us, of his hearing our prayers, assisting our endeavors, watching over our concerns, and of his being to judge, and to reward, or punish us in another state, according to what we do in this. Nothing will give a man such a detestation of sin, and such a sense of the goodness of God, and of our obligations to holiness, as a right understanding and a firm belief of the Christian religion: nothing can give a man so calm a peace within, and such a firm security against all fears and dangers without, as the belief of a kind and wise Providence, and of a future state. An integrity of heart gives a man a courage and a confidence that cannot be shaken: a man is sure that, by living according to the rules of religion, he becomes the wisest, the best, and happiest creature that he is capable of being: honest industry, the employing his time well, and a constant sobriety, an undefiled purity and chastity, with a quiet serenity, are the best preservers of life and health; so that, take a man as a single individual, religion is his guard, his perfection, his beauty, and his glory: this will make him the light of the world, shining brightly, and enlightening many round about him.

Then take a man as a piece of mankind, as a citizen of the world, or of any particular state, religion is indeed then the salt of the earth; for it makes every man to be to all the rest of the world, whatsoever any one can with reason wish or desire

him to be. He is true, just, honest, and faithful, in the whole commerce of life, doing to all others that which he would have others do to him: he is a lover of mankind, and of his country; he may and ought to love some more than others; but he has an extent of love to all, of pity and compassion, not only to the poorest, but to the worst; for the worse any are, they are the more to be pitied. He has a complacency and delight in all that are truly though but defectively good, and a respect and veneration for all that are eminently so: he mourns for the sins and rejoices in the virtues of all that are round about him; in every relation of life, religion makes him answer all his obligations: it will make princes just and good, faithful to their promises, and lovers of their people; it will inspire subjects with respect, submission, obedience, and zeal, for their prince; it will sanctify wedlock to be a state of Christian friendship, and mutual assistance; it will give parents the truest love to their children, with a proper care of their education; it will command the returns of gratitude and obedience from children; it will teach masters to be gentle and careful of their servants, and servants to be faithful, zealous, and diligent, in their masters' concerns; it will make friends tender and true to one another; it will make them generous, faithful, and disinterested; it will make men live in their neighborhood, as members of one common body, promoting first the general good of the whole, and then the good of every particular, as far as a man's sphere can go; it will make judges and magistrates just and patient, hating covetousness, and maintaining peace and order, without respect of persons: it will make people live in so inoffensive a manner, that it will be easy to maintain justice, whilst men are not disposed to give disturbance to those about them. This will make bishops and pastors faithful to their trust, tender to their people, and watchful over them; and it will beget in the people an esteem for their persons, and their functions.

Thus religion, if truly received and sincerely adhered to, would prove the greatest of all blessings to a nation; but by religion, I understand somewhat more than the receiving some doctrines, though ever so true, or the professing them, and engaging to support them, not without zeal and eagerness. What signify the best doctrines, if men do not live suitably to them; if they have not a due influence upon their thoughts, their principles, and their lives? Men of bad lives, with sound

opinions, are self-condemned, and lie under a highly aggravated guilt; nor will the heat of a party, arising out of interest, and managed with fury and violence, compensate for the ill lives of such false pretenders to zeal; while they are a disgrace to that which they profess and seem so hot for. By religion, I do not mean an outward compliance with form and customs, in going to church, to prayers, to sermons, and to sacraments, with an external show of devotion, or, which is more, with some inward forced good thoughts, in which many may satisfy themselves, while this has no visible effect on their lives, nor any inward force to subdue and rectify their appetites, passions, and secret designs. Those customary performances, how good and useful soever, when well understood and rightly directed, are of little value, when men rest on them, and think that, because they do them, they have, therefore, acquitted themselves of their duty, though they continue still proud, covetous, full of deceit, envy, and malice: even secret prayer, the most effectual of all other means, is designed for a higher end, which is to possess our minds with such a constant and present sense of divine truths, as may make these live in us, and govern us; and may draw down such assistances as may exalt and sanctify our natures.

So that by religion I mean, such a sense of divine truth as enters into a man, and becomes a spring of a new nature within him; reforming his thoughts and designs, purifying his heart, and sanctifying him, and governing his whole deportment, his words as well as his actions; convincing him that it is not enough, not to be scandalously vicious, or to be innocent in his conversation, but that he must be entirely, uniformly, and constantly, pure and virtuous, animating him with a zeal to be still better and better, more eminently good and exemplary, using prayers and all outward devotions, as solemn acts testifying what he is inwardly and at heart, and as methods instituted by God, to be still advancing in the use of them further and further into a more refined and spiritual sense of divine matters. This is true religion, which is the perfection of human nature, and the joy and delight of every one that feels it active and strong within him: it is true, this is not arrived at all at once; and it will have an unhappy alloy, hanging long even about a good man; but, as those ill mixtures are the perpetual grief of his soul, so it is his chief care to watch over and to mortify them; he will be in a continual progress, still gaining ground upon himself; and as he attains to a good degree of

purity, he will find a noble flame of life and joy growing upon him. Of this I write with the more concern and emotion, because I have felt this the true, and, indeed, the only joy which runs through a man's heart and life: it is that which has been for many years my greatest support; I rejoice daily in it: I feel from it the earnest of that supreme joy which I pant and long for; I am sure there is nothing else can afford any true or complete happiness. I have, considering my sphere, seen a great deal of all that is most shining and tempting in this world: the pleasures of sense I did soon nauseate; intrigues of state, and the conduct of affairs, have something in them that is more specious; and I was for some years deeply immersed in these, but still with hopes of reforming the world, and of making mankind wiser and better: but I have found that which is crooked cannot be made straight. I acquainted myself with knowledge and learning, and that in a great variety, and with more compass than depth; but though wisdom excelleth folly as much as light does darkness, yet as it is a sore travail, so it is so very defective, that what is wanting to complete it cannot be numbered. I have seen that two were better than one, and that a threefold cord is not easily loosed; and have therefore cultivated friendship with much zeal and a disinterested tenderness; but I have found this was also vanity and vexation of spirit, though it be of the best and noblest sort. So that, upon great and long experience, I could enlarge on the preacher's text, "Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity"; but I must also conclude with him: Fear God, and keep his commandments, for this is the all of man, the whole, both of his duty and of his happiness. I do, therefore, end all in the words of David, of the truth of which, upon great experience and a long observation, I am so fully assured, that I leave these as my last words to posterity: "Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord. What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good? Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile. Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it. The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open to their cry; but the face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth. The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth and delivereth them out of all their troubles. The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit."

ADVENTURES OF GIL BLAS.

By LE SAGE.

[Alain René Le Sage: French dramatist and author; born at Sarzeau in Brittany, May 8, 1668; died November 17, 1747. His fame as a dramatist may be said to rest upon "Turcaret" (1709), and as a novelist upon "Gil Blas" (4 vols., 1715, 1724, and 1735), the latter placing him in the front rank of novelists of all time. He borrowed freely from the Spanish, but his keen and striking originality cannot be questioned. His other works include: "Crispin Rival de Son Maitre," a comedy (1707), "Le Diable Boiteux," a novel (1707), "L'Histoire de Guzman d'Alfarache" (1732), Estévanille Gonzalès" (1734), "Aventures du Flibustier Beauchêne" (1732), "Le Bachelier de Salamanque" (1736), and many translations from the Spanish. Scott said of him, "His muse moved with an unpolluted step, even where the path was somewhat miry."]

Gil Blas enters into Doctor Sangrado's Service, and becomes a Famous Practitioner.

I determined to throw myself in the way of Signor Arias de Londona, and to look out for a new birth in his register; but as I was on my way to No Thoroughfare, who should come across me but Doctor Sangrado, whom I had not seen since the day of my master's death. I took the liberty of touching my hat. He kenned me in a twinkling, though I had changed my dress; and with as much warmth as his temperament would allow him: "Heyday!" said he, "the very lad I wanted to see; you have never been out of my thought. I have occasion for a clever fellow about me, and pitched upon you as the very thing, if you can read and write." "Sir," replied I, "if that is all you require, I am your man." "In that case," rejoined he, "we need look no further. Come home with me; it will be all comfort: I shall behave to you like a brother. You will have no wages, but everything will be found you. You shall eat and drink according to the true faith, and be taught to cure all diseases. In a word, you shall rather be my young Sangrado than my footman."

I closed in with the doctor's proposal, in the hope of becoming an Esculapius under so inspired a master. He carried me home on the spur of the occasion, to install me in my honorable employment, which honorable employment consisted in writing down the name and residence of the patients who sent for him in his absence. There had indeed been a register for this purpose, kept by an old domestic; but she had not the gift of

spelling accurately, and wrote a most perplexing hand. This account I was to keep. It might truly be called a bill of mortality; for my members all went from bad to worse during the short time they continued in this system. I was a sort of book-keeper for the other world, to take places in the stage, and to see that the first come were the first served. My pen was always in my hand, for Doctor Sangrado had more practice than any other physician of his time in Valladolid. He had got into reputation with the public by a certain professional slang, humored by a medical face, and some extraordinary cases, more honored by implicit faith than scrupulous investigation.

He was in no want of patients, nor consequently of property. He did not keep the best house in the world; we lived with some little attention to economy. The usual bill of fare consisted of peas, beans, boiled apples, or cheese. He considered this food as best suited to the human stomach, that is to say, as most amenable to the grinders, whence it was to encounter the process of digestion. Nevertheless, easy as was their passage, he was not for stopping the way with too much of them; and, to be sure, he was in the right. But though he cautioned the maid and me against repletion in respect of solids, it was made up by free permission to drink as much water as we liked. Far from prescribing us any limits there, he would tell us sometimes: "Drink, my children; health consists in the pliability and moisture of the parts. Drink water by pailfuls, it is an universal dissolvent; water liquefies all the salts. Is the course of the blood a little sluggish? this grand principle sets it forward; too rapid? its career is checked." Our doctor was so orthodox on this head, that he drank nothing himself but water, though advanced in years. He defined old age to be a natural consumption which dries us up and wastes us away; on this principle, he deplored the ignorance of those who call wine old men's milk. He maintained that wine wears them out and corrodes them, and pleaded with all the force of eloquence against that liquor, fatal in common both to the young and old, that friend with a serpent in its bosom, that pleasure with a dagger under its girdle.

In spite of these fine arguments, at the end of a week, a looseness ensued, with some twinges, which I was blasphemous enough to saddle on the universal dissolvent, and the new-fashioned diet. I stated my symptoms to my master, in the hope he would relax the rigor of his regimen, and qualify my meals

with a little wine, but his hostility to that liquor was inflexible. "If you have not philosophy enough," said he, "for pure water, there are innocent infusions to strengthen the stomach against the nausea of aqueous quaffings. Sage, for example, has a very pretty flavor: and if you wish to heighten it into a debauch, it is only mixing rosemary, wild poppy, and other simples, but no compounds."

In vain did he crack off his water, and teach me the secret of composing delicious messes. I was so abstemious, that, remarking my moderation, he said, "In good sooth, Gil Blas, I marvel not that you are no better than you are; you do not drink enough, my friend. Water taken in a small quantity serves only to separate the particles of bile and set them in action; but our practice is to drown them in a copious drench. Fear not, my good lad, lest a superabundance of liquid should either weaken or chill your stomach; far from thy better judgment be that silly fear of unadulterated drink. I will insure you against all consequences; and if my authority will not serve your turn, read Celsus. That oracle of the ancients makes an admirable panegyric on water; in short, he says in plain terms that those who plead an inconstant stomach in favor of wine publish a libel on their own bowels, and make their organization a pretense for their sensuality."

As it would have been ungenteel in me to have run riot on my entrance into the career of practice, I affected thorough conviction, indeed I thought there was something in it. I therefore went on drinking water on the authority of Celsus, or, to speak in scientific terms, I began to drown the bile in copious drenches of that unadulterated liquor; and though I felt myself more out of order from day to day, prejudice won the cause against experience. It is evident, therefore, that I was in the right road to the practice of physic. Yet I could not always be insensible to the qualms which increased my frame, to that degree, as to determine me on quitting Doctor Sangrado. But he invested me with a new office which changed my tone. "Hark you, my child," said he to me one day, "I am not one of those hard and ungrateful masters who leave their household to grow gray in service without a suitable reward. I am well pleased with you, I have a regard for you, and without waiting till you have served your time, I will make your fortune. Without more ado, I will initiate you in the healing art, of which I have for so many years been at the head. Other phy-

sicians make the science to consist of various unintelligible branches; but I will shorten the road for you, and dispense with the drudgery of studying natural philosophy, pharmacy, botany, and anatomy. Remember, my friend, that bleeding and drinking warm water are the two grand principles; the true secret of curing all the distempers incident to humanity. Yes, this marvelous secret which I reveal to you, and which nature, beyond the reach of my colleagues, has failed in rescuing from my pen, is comprehended in these two articles — namely, bleeding and drenching. Here you have the sum total of my philosophy; you are thoroughly bottomed in medicine, and may raise yourself to the summit of fame on the shoulders of my long experience. You may enter into partnership at once, by keeping the books in the morning, and going out to visit patients in the afternoon. While I dose the nobility and clergy, you shall labor in your vocation among the lower orders; and when you have felt your ground a little, I will get you admitted into our body. You are a philosopher, Gil Blas, though you have never graduated; the common herd of them, though they have graduated in due form and order, are likely to run out the length of their tether without knowing their right hand from their left."

I thanked the doctor for having so speedily enabled me to serve as his deputy; and, by way of acknowledging his goodness, promised to follow his system to the end of my career, with a magnanimous indifference about the aphorisms of Hippocrates. But that engagement was not to be taken to the letter. This tender attachment to water went against the grain, and I had a scheme for drinking wine every day snugly among the patients. I left off wearing my own suit a second time, to take up one of my master's, and look like an inveterate practitioner. After which I brought my medical theories into play, leaving them to look to the event whom it might concern. I began on an alguazil in a pleurisy; he was condemned to be bled with the utmost rigor of the law, at the same time that the system was to be replenished copiously with water. Next I made a lodgment in the veins of a gouty pastry cook, who roared like a lion by reason of gouty spasms. I stood on no more ceremony with his blood than with that of the alguazil, and laid no restriction on his taste for simple liquids. My prescriptions brought me in twelve rials, — an incident so auspicious in my professional career, that I only wished for the plagues of

Egypt on all the hale subjects of Valladolid. As I was coming out of the pastry cook's, whom should I meet but Fabricio, a total stranger since the death of the licentiate Sédillo! He looked at me with astonishment for some seconds; then set up a laugh with all his might, and held his sides. He had no reason to be grave, for I had a cloak trailing on the ground, with a doublet and breeches of four times my natural dimensions. I was certainly a complete original. I suffered him to make merry as long as he liked, and could scarcely help joining in the ridicule; but I kept a guard on my muscles to preserve a becoming dignity in public and the better to enact the physician, whose part in society is not that of a buffoon. If the absurdity of my appearance excited Fabricio's merriment, my affected gravity added zest to it; and when he had nearly exhausted his lungs: "By all the powers, Gil Blas," quoth he, "thou art in complete masquerade. Who the devil has dressed you up in this manner?" "Fair and softly, my friend," replied I, "fair and softly; be a little on your good behavior with a modern Hippocrates. Understand me to be the substitute of Doctor Sangrado, the most eminent physician in Valladolid. I have lived with him these three weeks. He has bottomed me thoroughly in medicine; and, as he cannot perform the obsequies of all the patients who send for him, I visit a part of them to take the burden off his conscience. He does execution in great families, I among the vulgar." "Vastly well," replied Fabricio; "that is to say, he grants you a lease on the blood of the commonalty, but keeps to himself the fee simple of the fashionable world. I wish you joy of your lot; it is a pleasanter line of practice among the populace than among great folk. Long live a snug connection in the suburbs! a man's mistakes are easily buried, and his murders elude all but God's revenge. Yes, my brave boy, your destiny is truly enviable; in the language of Alexander, were I not Fabricio, I could wish to be Gil Blas."

To show the son of Nunez, the barber, that he was not much out in his reckoning on my present happiness, I chinked the fees of the alguazil and the pastry cook; and this was followed by an adjournment to a tavern, to drink to their perfect recovery. The wine was very fair, and my impatience for the well-known smack made me think it better than it was. I took some good long draughts, and without gainsaying the Latin oracle, in proportion as I poured it into its natural reservoir, I

felt my accommodating entrails to owe me no grudge for the hard service into which I pressed them. As for Fabricio and myself, we sat some time in the tavern, making merry at the expense of our masters, as servants are too much accustomed to do. At last, seeing the night approach, we parted, after engaging to meet at the same place on the following day after dinner.

Gil Blas goes on practicing Physic with Equal Success and Ability. Adventure of the Recovered Ring.

I was no sooner at home than Doctor Sangrado came in. I talked to him about the patients I had seen, and paid into his hands eight remaining rials of the twelve I had received for my prescriptions. "Eight rials!" said he, as he counted them, "mighty little for two visits! But we must take things as we find them." In the spirit of taking things as he found them, he laid violent hands on six, giving me the other two: "Here, Gil Blas," continued he, "see what a foundation to build upon. I make over to you the fourth of all you may bring me. You will soon feather your nest, my friend; for, by the blessing of Providence, there will be a great deal of ill health this year."

I had reason to be content with my dividend; since having determined to keep back the third part of what I received in my rounds, and afterwards touching another fourth of the remainder, half of the whole, if arithmetic is anything more than a deception, would become my perquisite. This inspired me with new zeal for my profession. The next day, as soon as I had dined, I resumed my medical paraphernalia, and took the field once more. I visited several patients on the list, and treated their several complaints in one invariable routine. Hitherto things went on under the rose, and no individual, thank heaven, had risen up in rebellion against my prescriptions. But let a physician's cures be as extraordinary as they will, some quack or other is always ready to rip up his reputation. I was called in to a grocer's son in a dropsy. Whom should I find there before me but a little, black-looking physician, by name Doctor Cuchillo, introduced by a relation of the family. I bowed round most profoundly, but dipped lowest to the personage whom I took to have been invited to a consultation with me. He returned my compliment with a distant air; then, having stared me in the face for a few seconds: "Signor

Doctor," said he, "I beg pardon for being inquisitive, I thought I had been acquainted with all my brethren in Valladolid, but I confess your physiognomy is altogether new. You must have been settled but a short time in town." I avowed myself a young practitioner, acting as yet under the direction of Doctor Sangrado. "I wish you joy," replied he, politely, "you are studying under a great man. You must doubtless have seen a vast deal of sound practice, young as you appear to be." He spoke this with so easy an assurance, that I was at a loss whether he meant it seriously, or was laughing at me. While I was conning over my reply, the grocer, seizing on the opportunity, said: "Gentlemen, I am persuaded of your both being perfectly competent in your art; have the goodness without ado to take the case in hand, and devise some effectual means for the restoration of my son's health."

Thereupon the little pulse counter set himself about reviewing the patient's situation; and after having dilated to me on all the symptoms, asked me what I thought the fittest method of treatment. "I am of opinion," replied I, "that he should be bled once a day, and drink as much warm water as he can swallow." At these words, our diminutive doctor said to me with a malicious simper, "And so you think such a course will save the patient?" "Never doubt it," exclaimed I, in a confident tone; "it must produce that effect, because it is a certain method of cure for all distempers. Ask Signor Sangrado." "At that rate," retorted he, "Celsus is altogether in the wrong; for he contends that the readiest way to cure a dropsical subject is to let him almost die of hunger and thirst." "Oh! as for Celsus," interrupted I, "he is no oracle of mine, as fallible as the meanest of us; I often have occasion to bless myself for going contrary to his dogmas." "I discover by your language," said Cuchillo, "the safe and sure method of practice Doctor Sangrado instills into his pupils. Bleeding and drenching are the extent of his resources. No wonder so many worthy people are cut off under his direction. . . ." "No defamation!" interrupted I, with some acrimony; "a member of the faculty had better not begin throwing stones. Come, come, my learned doctor, patients can get to the other world without bleeding and warm water; and I question whether the most deadly of us has ever signed more passports than yourself. If you have any crow to pluck with Signor Sangrado, write against him, he will answer you, and we shall soon see who will have the best of the battle."

"By all the saints in the calendar!" swore he, in a transport of passion, "you little know whom you are talking to. I have a tongue and a fist, my friend, and am not afraid of Sangrado, who, with all his arrogance and affectation, is but a ninny." The size of the little death dealer made me hold his anger cheap. I gave him a sharp retort; he sent back as good as I brought, till at last we came to cuffs. We had pulled a few handfuls of hair from each other's heads before the grocer and his kinsman could part us. When they had brought this about, they feed me for my attendance, and retained my antagonist, whom they thought the more skillful of the two.

Another adventure succeeded close on the heels of this. I went to see a huge chanter in a fever. As soon as he heard me talk of warm water, he showed himself so averse to this specific as to fall into a fit of swearing. He abused me in all possible shapes, and threatened to throw me out at window. I was in a greater hurry to get out of his house than to get in. I did not choose to see any more patients that day, and repaired to the inn where I had agreed to meet Fabricio. He was there first. As we found ourselves in a tippling humor, we drank hard, and returned to our employers in a pretty pickle, that is to say, so so in the upper story. Signor Sangrado was not aware of my being drunk, because he took the lively gestures which accompanied the relation of my quarrel with the little doctor for an effect of the agitation not yet subsided after the battle. Besides, he came in for his share in my report; and feeling himself nettled by Cuchillo: "You have done well, Gil Blas," said he, "to defend the character of our practice against this little abortion of the faculty. So he takes upon him to set his face against watery drenches in dropsical cases? An ignorant fellow! I maintain, I do, in my own person, that the use of them may be reconciled to the best theories. Yes, water is a cure for all sorts of dropsies, just as it is good for rheumatisms and the green sickness. It is excellent, too, in those fevers where the effect is at once to parch and to chill, and even miraculous in those disorders ascribed to cold, thin, phlegmatic, and pituitous humors. This opinion may appear strange to young practitioners like Cuchillo; but it is right orthodox in the best and soundest systems: so that if persons of that description were capable of taking a philosophical view, instead of crying me down, they would become my most zealous advocates."

In his rage, he never suspected me of drinking ; for, to exasperate him still more against the little doctor, I had thrown into my recital some circumstances of my own addition. Yet, engrossed as he was by what I had told him, he could not help taking notice that I drank more water than usual that evening.

In fact, the wine had made me very thirsty. Any one but Sangrado would have distrusted my being so very dry as to swallow down glass after glass ; but as for him, he took it for granted, in the simplicity of his heart, that I began to acquire a relish for aqueous potations. "Apparently, Gil Blas," said he, with a gracious smile, "you have no longer such a dislike to water. As heaven is my judge ! you quaff it off like nectar. It is no wonder, my friend, I was certain you would take a liking to that liquor. Sir," replied I, "there is a tide in the affairs of men : with my present lights, I would give all the wine in Valladolid for a pint of water." This answer delighted the doctor, who would not lose so fine an opportunity of expatiating on the excellence of water. He undertook to ring the changes once more in its praise, not like an hireling pleader, but as an enthusiast in the cause. "A thousand times," exclaimed he, "a thousand and a thousand times of greater value, as being more innocent than our modern taverns, were those baths of ages past, whither the people went not shamefully to squander their fortunes and expose their lives, by swilling themselves with wine, but assembled there for the decent and economical amusement of drinking warm water. It is difficult enough to admire the patriotic forecast of those ancient politicians who established places of public resort where water was dealt out gratis to all comers, and who confined wine to the shops of the apothecaries, that its use might be prohibited but under the direction of physicians. What a stroke of wisdom ! It is doubtless to preserve the seeds of that antique frugality, emblematic of the golden age, that persons are found to this day, like you and me, who drink nothing but water, and are persuaded they possess a prevention or a cure for every ailment, provided our warm water has never boiled ; for I have observed that water, when it has boiled, is heavier, and sits less easily on the stomach."

While he was holding forth thus eloquently, I was in danger more than once of splitting my sides with laughing. But I contrived to keep my countenance : nay, more, to chime in with the doctor's theory. I found fault with the use of

wine, and pitied mankind for having contracted an untoward relish to so pernicious a beverage. Then, finding my thirst not sufficiently allayed, I filled a large goblet with water, and after having swilled it like a horse: "Come, sir," said I to my master, "let us drink plentifully of this beneficial liquor. Let us make those early establishments of dilution you so much regret, to live again in your house." He clapped his hands in ecstasy at these words, and preached to me for a whole hour about suffering no liquid but water to pass my lips. To confirm the habit, I promised to drink a large quantity every evening: and, to keep my word with less violence to my private inclinations, I went to bed with a determined purpose of going to the tavern every day.

The trouble I had got into at the grocer's did not discourage me from phlebotomizing and prescribing warm water in the usual course. Coming out of a house where I had been visiting a poet in a frenzy, I was accosted in the street by an old woman, who came up and asked me if I was a physician. I said "yes." "As that is the case," replied she, "I entreat you with all humility to go along with me. My niece has been ill since yesterday, and I cannot conceive what is the matter with her." I followed the old lady to her house, where I was shown into a very decent room, occupied by a female who kept her bed. I went near, to consider her case. Her features struck me from the first; and I discovered beyond the possibility of a mistake, after having looked at her some little time, the she-adventurer who had played the part of Camilla so adroitly. For her part, she did not seem to recollect me at all, whether from the oppression of her disorder, or from my dress as a physician rendering me not easy to be known again. I took her by the hand, to feel her pulse, and saw my ring upon her finger. I was all in a twitter at the discovery of a valuable on which I had a claim both in law and equity. Great was my longing to make a snatch at it; but considering that these fair ones would set up a great scream, and that Don Raphael or some other defender of injured innocence might rush in to their rescue, I laid an embargo on my privateering. I thought it best to come by my own in an honest way, and to consult Fabricio about the means. To this last course I stuck. In the mean time the old woman urged me to inform her with what disease her niece was troubled. I was not fool enough to own my ignorance; on the contrary, I took upon myself as a man of science, and after my master's

example, pronounced solemnly that the disorder accrued to the patient from the defect of natural perspiration, that consequently she must lose blood as soon as possible, because if we could not open one pore, we always opened another; and I finished my prescription with warm water, to do the thing methodically.

I shortened my visit as much as possible, and ran to the son of Nunez, whom I met just as he was going out on an errand for his master. I told him my new adventure, and asked his advice about laying an information against Camilla. "Pooh! Nonsense!" replied he; "that would not be the way to get your ring again. Those gentry think restitution double trouble. Call to mind your imprisonment at Astorga; your horse, your money, your very clothes, did not they all center in the hands of justice? We must rather set our wits to work for the recovery of your diamond. I take on myself the charge of inventing some stratagem for that purpose. I will deliberate on it in my way to the hospital, where I have to say but two words from my master to the purveyor. Do you wait for me at our house of call, and do not be on the fret: I will be with you shortly."

I had waited, however, more than three hours at the appointed place, when he arrived. I did not know him again at first. Besides that he had changed his dress and platted his hair, a pair of false whiskers covered half his face. He wore an immense sword with a hilt of at least three feet in circumference, and marched at the head of five men of as swaggering an air as himself, with bushy whiskers and long rapiers. "Good day to you, Signor Gil Blas," said he by way of salutation; "behold an alguazil upon a new construction, and marshal men of like materials in these brave fellows my companions. We have only to be shown where the woman lodges who purloined the diamond, and we will obtain restitution, take my word for it." I hugged Fabricio at this discourse, which let me into the plot, and testified loudly my approval of the expedient. I paid my respects also to the masquerading marshal men. They were three servants and two journeymen barbers of his acquaintance, whom he had engaged to act this farce. I ordered wine to be served round to the detachment, and we all went together at nightfall to Camilla's residence. The door was shut, and we knocked. The old woman, taking my companions to be on the scent of justice, and knowing they would not come into that

neighborhood for nothing, was terribly frightened. "Cheer up, again, good mother," said Fabricio; "we are only come here upon a little business which will be soon settled." At these words we made our entry, and found our way to the sick chamber, under the guidance of the old dowager, who walked before us, and by favor of a wax taper which she carried in a silver candlestick. I took the light, went to the bedside, and, making Camilla take particular notice of my features: "Traitress," said I, "call to mind the too credulous Gil Blas whom you have deceived. Ah! thou wickedness personified, at last I have caught thee. The corregidor has taken down my deposition, and ordered this alguazil to arrest you. Come, officer," said I to Fabricio, "do your duty." "There is no need," replied he, swelling his voice to inflame my severity. "The face of that wretch is not new to me: she has long been marked with red letters in my pocketbook. Get up, my princess, dress your royal person with all possible dispatch. I will be your squire, and lodge you in durance vile, if you have no objection."

At these words, Camilla, ill as she was, observing two marshal men with large whiskers ready to drag her out of bed by main force, sat up of herself, clasped her hands in an attitude of supplication, and looking at me ruefully said: "Signor Gil Blas, have compassion on me: I call as a witness to my entreaties the chaste mother whose virtues you inherit. Guilty as I am, my misfortunes are greater than my crimes. I will give you back your diamond, so do not be my ruin." Speaking to this effect, she drew my ring from her finger, and gave it me back. But I told her my diamond was not enough, and that she must refund the thousand ducats they had embezzled in the ready-furnished lodging. "Oh! as for your ducats," replied she, "ask me not about them. That false-hearted deceiver, Don Raphael, whom I have not seen from that time to this, carried them off the very same night." "O ho! my little darling," said Fabricio, in his turn, "that will not do; you had a hand in the robbery, whether you went snacks in the profit or no. You will not come off so cheaply. Your having been accessory to Don Raphael's maneuvers is enough to render you liable to an examination. Your past life is very equivocal; and you must have a good deal upon your conscience. You will have the goodness, if you please, just to step into the town jail, and there unburden yourself by a general confession. This good old lady shall keep you company; it is hard if she cannot tell

a world of curious stories, such as Mr. Corregidor will be delighted to hear."

The two women, at these words, brought every engine of pity into play to soften us. They filled the air with cries, complaints, and lamentations. While the old woman on her knees, sometimes to the alguazil and sometimes to his attendants, endeavored to melt their stubborn hearts, Camilla implored me, in the most touching terms, to save her from the hands of justice. I pretended to relent. "Officer," said I to the son of Nunez, "since I have got my diamond, I do not much care about anything else. It would be no pleasure to me to be the means of pain to that poor woman; I want not the death of a sinner." "Out upon you," answered he, "you set up for humanity! you would make a bad tipstaff. I must do my errand. My positive orders are to arrest these virgins of the sun; his honor the corregidor means to make an example of them." "Nay! for mercy's sake," replied I, "pay some little deference to my wishes, and slacken a little of your severity, on the ground of the present these ladies are on the point of offering to your acceptance." "Oh! that is another matter," rejoined he; "that is what you may call a figure of rhetoric suited to all capacities and all occasions. Well, then, let us see, what have they to give me?" "I have a pearl necklace," said Camilla, "and drop earrings of considerable value." "Yes; but," interrupted he, roughly, "if these articles are the produce of the Philippine Isles, I will have none of them." "You may take them in perfect safety," replied she; "I warrant them real." At the same time she made the old woman bring a little box, whence she took out the necklace and earrings, which she put within the grasp of this incorruptible minister. Though he was much such a judge of jewelry as myself, he had no doubt of the drops being real, as well as the pearls. "These trinkets," said he, after having looked at them minutely, "seem to be of good quality and fashion: and if the silver candlestick is thrown into the bargain, I would not answer for my own honesty." "You had better not," said I in my turn to Camilla, "for a trifle reject so moderate and fair a composition." While uttering these words, I returned the taper to the old woman, and handed the candlestick over to Fabricio, who, stopping there because perhaps he espied nothing else that was portable in the room, said to the two women: "Farewell, my dainty misses, set your hearts at

rest, I will report you to his worship the corregidor as purer than unsmutched snow. We can turn him round our finger, and never tell him the truth but when we are not paid for our lies."

Gil Blas becomes the Archbishop's Favorite, and the Channel of All His Favors.

I had been after dinner to get together my baggage, and take my horse from the inn where I had put up, and afterwards returned to supper at the archbishop's palace, where a neatly furnished room was got ready for me, and such a bed as was more likely to pamper than to mortify the flesh. The day following, his grace sent for me quite as soon as I was ready to go to him. It was to give me a homily to transcribe. He made a point of having it copied with all possible accuracy. It was done to please him; for I omitted neither accent, nor comma, nor the minutest tittle of all he had marked down. His satisfaction at observing this was heightened by its being unexpected. "Eternal Father!" exclaimed he, in a holy rapture, when he had glanced his eye over all the folios of my copy, "was ever anything seen so correct! You are too good a transcriber not to have some little smattering of the grammarian. Now tell me with the freedom of a friend: in writing it over, have you been struck with nothing that grated upon your feelings? Some little careless idiom, or some word used in an improper sense?" "Oh! may it please your grace," answered I, with a modest air, "it is not for me, with my confined education and coarse taste, to aim at making critical remarks. And though ever so well qualified, I am satisfied that your grace's works would come out pure from the essay." The successor of the apostles smiled at my answer. He made no observation on it; but it was easy to see through all his piety, that he was an arrant author at the bottom: there is something in that dye, that not heaven itself can wash out.

I seemed to have purchased the fee simple of his good graces by my flattery. Day after day did I get a step further in his esteem; and Don Ferdinand, who came to see him very often, told me my footing was so firm, that there could not be a doubt but my fortune was made. Of this my master himself gave me a proof some little time afterwards, and the occasion was as follows: One evening in his closet he rehearsed before me,

with appropriate emphasis and action, a homily which he was to deliver the next day in the cathedral. He did not content himself with asking me what I thought of it in the gross, but insisted on my telling him what passages struck me most. I had the good fortune to pick out those which were nearest to his own taste, his favorite commonplaces. Thus, as luck would have it, I passed in his estimation for a man who had a quick and natural relish of the real and less obvious beauties in a work. "This, indeed," exclaimed he, "is what you may call having discernment and feeling in perfection! Well, well, my friend! it cannot be said of you,

"Bœotum in crasso jurares aëre natum."

In a word, he was so highly pleased with me, as to add in a tone of extraordinary emotion: "Never mind, Gil Blas! henceforward take no care about hereafter: I shall make it my business to place you among the favored children of my bounty. You have my best wishes; and to prove to you that you have them, I shall take you into my inmost confidence."

These words were no sooner out of his mouth, than I fell at his grace's feet, quite overwhelmed with gratitude. I embraced his elliptical legs with almost pagan idolatry and considered myself as a man on the highroad to a very handsome fortune. "Yes, my child," resumed the archbishop, whose speech had been cut short by the rapidity of my prostration, "I mean to make you the receiver general of all my inmost ruminations. Hearken attentively to what I am going to say. I have a great pleasure in preaching. The Lord sheds a blessing on my homilies; they sink deep into the hearts of sinners; set up a glass in which vice sees its own image, and bring back many from the paths of error into the highroad of repentance. What a heavenly sight, when a miser, scared at the hideous picture drawn by my eloquence of his avarice, opens his coffers to the poor and needy, and dispenses the accumulated store with a liberal hand! The voluptuary, too, is snatched from the pleasures of the table; ambition flies at my command to the wholesome discipline of the monastic cell; while female frailty, tottering on the brink of ruin, with one ear open to the siren voice of the seducer, and the other to my saintly correctives, is restored to domestic happiness and the approving smile of heaven, by the timely warnings of the pulpit. These miraculous conversions, which

happen almost every Sunday, ought of themselves to goad me on in the career of saving souls. Nevertheless, to conceal no part of my weakness from my monitor, there is another reward on which my heart is intent, a reward which the seraphic scrupulousness of my virtue to little purpose condemns as too carnal; a literary reputation for a sublime and elegant style. The honor of being handed down to posterity as a perfect pulpit orator has its irresistible attractions. My compositions are generally thought to be equally powerful and persuasive; but I could wish of all things to steer clear of the rock on which good authors split, who are too long before the public, and to retire from professional life with my reputation in undiminished luster.

"To this end, my dear Gil Blas," continued the prelate, "there is one thing requisite from your zeal and friendship. Whenever it shall strike you that my pen begins to contract, as it were, the ossification of old age, whenever you see my genius in its climacteric, do not fail to give me a hint. There is no trusting to one's self in such a case; pride and conceit were the original sin of man. The probe of criticism must be intrusted to an impartial stander-by, of fine talents and unshaken probity. Both those requisites center in you: you are my choice, and I give myself up to your direction." "Heaven be praised, my lord," said I, "there is no need to trouble yourself with any such thoughts yet. Besides, an understanding of your grace's mold and caliber will last out double the time of a common genius; or to speak with more certainty and truth, it will never be the worse for wear, if you live to the age of Methusalem. I consider you as a second Cardinal Ximenes, whose powers, superior to decay, instead of flagging with years, seemed to derive new vigor from their approximation with the heavenly regions." "No flattery, my friend!" interrupted he. "I know myself to be in danger of failing all at once. At my age one begins to be sensible of infirmities, and those of the body communicate with the mind. I repeat it to you, Gil Blas, as soon as you shall be of opinion that my head is not so clear as usual, give me warning of it instantly. Do not be afraid of offending by frankness and sincerity; to put me in mind of my own frailty will be the strongest proof of your affection for me. Besides, your very interest is concerned in it, for if it should, by any spite of chance towards you, come to my ears that the people say in town, 'His grace's sermons produce no

longer their accustomed impression, it is time for him to abandon his pulpit to younger candidates,' I do assure you most seriously and solemnly, you will lose not only my friendship, but the provision for life that I have promised you. Such will be the result of your silly tampering with truth."

Here my patron left off to wait for my answer, which was an echo of his speech, and a promise of obeying him in all things. From that moment there were no secrets from me; I became the prime favorite. All the household, except Melchior de la Ronda, looked at me with an eye of envy. It was curious to observe the manner in which the whole establishment, from the highest to the lowest, thought it necessary to demean themselves towards his grace's confidential secretary; there was no meanness to which they would not stoop to curry favor with me; I could scarcely believe they were Spaniards. I left no stone unturned to be of service to them, without being taken in by their interested assiduities. My lord archbishop, at my entreaty, took them by the hand. He got a company for one, and fitted him out so as to make a handsome figure in the army. Another he sent to Mexico, with a considerable appointment which he procured him; and I obtained a good slice of his bounty for my friend Melchior. It was evident from these facts, that if the prelate was not particularly active in good works, at least he rarely gave a churlish refusal, when any one had the courage to importune him for his benevolence.

But what I did for a priest seems to deserve being noticed more at large. One day a certain licentiate, by name Lewis Garcias, a well-looking man still in the prime of life, was presented to me by our steward, who said: "Signor Gil Blas, in this honest ecclesiastic you behold one of my best friends. He was formerly chaplain to a nunnery. Scandal has taken a few liberties with his chastity. Malicious stories have been trumped up to hurt him in my lord archbishop's opinion, wh has suspended him, and unfortunately is so strongly prejudiced by his enemies, as to be deaf to any petition in his favor. In vain have we interested the first people in Grenada to get him reestablished; our master will not hear of it."

"These first people in Grenada," said I, "have gone the wrong way to work. It would have been much better if no interest at all had been made for the reverend licentiate. People have only done him a mischief by endeavoring to serve him. I know my lord archbishop thoroughly: entreaties and

importunate recommendations do but aggravate the ill condition of a clergyman who lies under his displeasure: it is but a very short time ago since I heard him mutter the following sentiment to himself: 'The more persons a priest, who has been guilty of any misconduct, engages to speak to me in his behalf, the more widely is the scandal of the church disseminated, and the more severe is my treatment of the offender.'" "That is very unlucky," replied the steward; "and my friend would be put to his last shifts if he did not write a good hand. But, happily, he has the pen of a ready scribe and keeps his head above water by the exercise of that talent." I was curious to see whether this boasted handwriting was so much better than my own. The licentiate, who had a specimen in his pocket, showed me a sheet which I admired very much: it had all the regularity of a writing master's copy. In looking over this model of penmanship, an idea occurred to me. I begged Garcias to leave this paper in my hands, saying that I might be able to do something with it which should turn out to his advantage; that I could not explain myself at that moment, but would tell him more the next day. The licentiate, to whom the steward had evidently talked big about my capacity to serve him, withdrew in as good spirits as if he had already been restored to his functions.

I was in earnest in my endeavor that he should be so, and lost no time in setting to work. Happening to be alone with the archbishop, I produced the specimen. My patron was delighted with it. Seizing on this favorable opportunity, "May it please your grace," said I, "since you are determined not to put your homilies to the press, I should very much like them at least to be transcribed in this masterly manner."

"I am very well satisfied with your performance," answered the prelate, "but yet I own that it would be a pleasant thing enough to have a copy of my works in that hand." "Your grace," replied I, "has only to signify your wishes. The man who copies so well is a licentiate of my acquaintance. It will give him so much the more pleasure to gratify you, as it may be the means of interesting your goodness to extricate him from the melancholy situation to which he has the misfortune at present to be reduced."

The prelate could not do otherwise than inquire the name of this licentiate. I told him it was Lewis Garcias. "He is in despair at having drawn down your censure upon him." "That

Garcias," interrupted he, "if I am not mistaken, was chaplain in a convent of nuns, and has been brought into the ecclesiastical court as a delinquent. I recollect some very heavy charges which have been sent me against him. His morals are not the most exemplary." "May it please your grace," interrupted I, in my turn, "it is not for me to justify him in all points; but I know that he has enemies. He maintains that the authors of the informations you have received are more bent on doing him an ill office than on vindicating the purity of religion." "That very possibly may be the case," replied the archbishop, "there are a great many firebrands in the world. Besides, though we should take it for granted that his conduct has not always been above suspicion, he may have repented of his sins; in short, the mercies of heaven are infinite, however heinous our transgressions. Bring that licentiate before me; I take off his suspension."

Thus it is that men of the most austere character descend from their altitudes, when interest or a favorite whim reduces them to the level of the frail. The archbishop granted, without a struggle, to the empty vanity of having his works well copied, what he had refused to the most respectable applications. I carried the news with all possible expedition to the steward, who communicated it to his friend Garcias. That licentiate, on the following day, came to return me thanks commensurate with the favor obtained. I presented him to my master, who contented himself with giving him a slight reprimand, and put the homilies into his hand, to copy them out fair. Garcias performed the task so satisfactorily, that he was reinstated in the cure of souls, and was afterwards preferred to the living of Gabia, a large market town in the neighborhood of Grenada.

The Archbishop is afflicted with a Stroke of Apoplexy. How Gil Blas gets into a Dilemma, and how he gets out.

While I was thus rendering myself a blessing first to one and then to the other, Don Ferdinand de Leyva was making his arrangements for leaving Grenada. I called on that nobleman before his departure, to thank him once more for the advantageous post he had procured me. My expressions of satisfaction were so lively, that he said, "My dear Gil Blas, I

am delighted to find you in such good humor with my uncle the archbishop." "I am absolutely in love with him," answered I. "His goodness to me has been such as I can never sufficiently acknowledge. Less than my present happiness could never have made me amends for being at so great a distance from Don Cæsar and his son." "I am persuaded," replied he, "that they are both of them equally chagrined at having lost you. But possibly you are not separated forever; fortune may some day bring you together again." I could not hear such an idea started without being moved by it. My sighs would find vent; and I felt at that moment so strong an affection for Don Alphonso, that I could willingly have turned my back on the archbishop and all the fine prospects that were opening to me, and have gone back to the castle of Leyva, had but a mortification taken place in the back of the scarecrow which had frightened me away. Don Ferdinand was not insensible to the emotions that agitated me, and felt himself so much obliged by them, that he took his leave with the assurance of the whole family always taking an anxious interest in my fate.

Two months after this worthy gentleman had left us, in the luxuriant harvest of my highest favor, a lowering storm came suddenly over the episcopal palace; the archbishop had a stroke of apoplexy. By dint of immediate applications and good nursing, in a few days there was no bodily appearance of disease remaining. But his reverend intellects did not so easily recover from their lethargy. I could not help observing it to myself in the very first discourse that he composed. Yet there was not such a wide gap between the merits of the present and the former ones, as to warrant the inference that the sun of oratory was many degrees advanced in its post-meridian course. A second homily was worth waiting for; because that would clearly determine the line of my conduct. Alas, and well a day! when that second homily came, it was a knockdown argument. Sometimes the good prelate moved forward, and sometimes he moved backwards; sometimes he mounted up into the garret, and sometimes dipped down into the cellar. It was a composition of more sound than meaning, something like a superannuated schoolmaster's theme, when he attempts to give his boys more sense than he possesses of his own, or like a capuchin's sermon, which only scatters a few artificial flowers of paltry rhetoric over a barren desert of doctrine.

I was not the only person whom the alteration struck. The

audience at large, when he delivered it, as if they too had been pledged to watch the advances of dotage, said to one another in a whisper all round the church, "Here is a sermon, with symptoms of apoplexy in every paragraph." "Come, my good Coryphæus of the public taste in homilies," said I then to myself, "prepare to do your office. You see that my lord archbishop is going very fast — you ought to warn him of it, not only as his bosom friend, on whose sincerity he relies, but lest some blunt fellow should anticipate you, and bolt out the truth in an offensive manner. In that case you know the consequence; you would be struck out of his will, where no doubt you have a more convertible bequest than the licentiate Sedillo's library."

But as reason, like Janus, looks at things with two faces, I began to consider the other side of the question; the hint seemed difficult to wrap up so as to make it palatable. Authors in general are stark mad on the subject of their own works, and such an author might be more testy than the common herd of the irritable race; but that suspicion seemed illiberal on my part, for it was impossible that my freedom should be taken amiss, when it had been forced upon me by so positive an injunction. Add to this that I reckoned upon handling the subject skillfully, and cramming discretion down his throat like a high-seasoned epicurean dish. After all my pro and con, finding that I risked more by keeping silence than by breaking it, I determined to venture on the delicate duty of speaking my mind.

Now there was but one difficulty; a difficulty indeed! how to open the business. Luckily the orator himself extricated me from that embarrassment, by asking what they said of him in the world at large, and whether people were tolerably well pleased with his last discourse. I answered that there could be but one opinion about his homilies; but that it should seem as if the last had not quite struck home to the hearts of the audience, like those which had gone before. "Do you really mean what you say, my friend?" replied he, with a sort of wriggling surprise. "Then my congregation are more in the temper of Aristarchus than of Longinus!" "No, may it please your grace," rejoined I, "quite the contrary. Performances of that order are above the reach of vulgar criticism: there is not a soul but expects to be saved by their influence. Nevertheless, since you have made it my duty to be sincere and unreserved, I shall take the liberty of just stating that your last discourse is

not written with quite the overpowering eloquence and conclusive argument of your former ones. Does not your grace feel just as I do on the subject?"

This ignorant and stupid frankness of mine completely blanched my master's cheek; but he forced a fretful smile, and said, "Then, good Master Gil Blas, that piece does not exactly hit your fancy?" "I did not mean to say that, your grace," interrupted I, looking very foolish. "It is far superior to what any one else could produce, though a little below par with respect to your own works in general." "I know what you mean," replied he. "You think I am going downhill, do not you? Out with it at once. It is your opinion that it is time for me to think of retiring?" "I should never have had the presumption," said I, "to deliver myself with so little reserve, if it had not been your grace's express command. I act in entire obedience to your grace's orders; and I most obsequiously implore your grace not to take offense at my boldness." "I were unfit to live in a Christian land!" interrupted he, with stammering impatience, "I were unfit to live in a Christian land if I liked you the less for such a Christian virtue as sincerity. A man who does not love sincerity sets his face against the distinguishing mark between a friend and a flatterer. I should have given you infinite credit for speaking what you thought, if you had thought anything that deserved to be spoken. I have been finely taken in by your outside show of cleverness, without any solid foundation of sober judgment!"

Though completely unhorsed, and at the enemy's mercy, I wanted to make terms of decent capitulation, and to go unmolested into winter quarters; but let those who think to appease an exasperated author, and especially an author whose ear has been long attuned to the music of his own praises, take warning by my fate. "Let us talk no more on the subject, my very young friend," said he. "You are as yet scarcely in the rudiments of good taste, and utterly incompetent to distinguish between gold and tinsel. You are yet to learn that I never in all my life composed a finer homily than that unfortunate one which had not the honor of your approbation. The immortal part of me, by the blessing of heaven on me and my congregation, is less weighed down by human infirmity than when the flesh was stronger. We all grow wiser as we grow older, and I shall in future select the people about me with more caution; nor submit the castigation of my works but to a much abler

critic than yourself. Get about your business!" pursued he, giving me an angry shove by the shoulders out of his closet; "go and tell my treasurer to pay you a hundred ducats, and take my priestly blessing in addition to that sum. God speed you, good Gil Blas! I heartily pray that you may do well in the world! There is nothing to stand in your way, but the want of a little better taste."

NATURE OF THE SOUL.

By LEIBNITZ.

(From the "Monadology.")

[Gottfried Wilhelm Leibnitz, one of the world's great mathematicians and metaphysicians, a universal genius, was born 1646 at Leipsic, where his father was professor of philosophy. A prodigy of precocious learning, he entered Leipsic University at fifteen; read deeply there and always in ancient and modern history and philosophy; took a year's course in jurisprudence at Jena; and Leipsic refusing an LL.D. on the ground of his youth, Altdorf gave it on the same thesis, "Perplexing Cases in Law." At Nuremberg he sought admission out of curiosity to the pretended Rosicrucian Society, by a letter of gibberish which so impressed them that they made him secretary. Going to Frankfort in 1667, he wrote a paper on legal education which attracted the notice of the Archbishop-Elector of Mainz, who employed him as a mediator to attempt the reunion of Catholics and Protestants. In 1672 he went to Paris to induce Louis XIV. to invade Egypt, a project on which he had written a book; and remained there four years, also visiting England, corresponding with noted scholars, inventing a calculating machine, and in 1676 the Differential Calculus. In 1673 the archbishop died, and after seeking diplomatic employment, Leibnitz became and remained till death librarian to the Duke of Brunswick at Hanover. In 1703 he wrote "New Essays on the Human Understanding"; in 1710 the "Theodicy"; in 1714 the "Monadology"; and minor works from time to time. He strove ardently also to found academies all over Europe. He died in 1716. His metaphysical system — of monads, preëstablished harmony, sufficient reason, and that this world is the best of *com*possible worlds, so that "whatever is, is right" — was widely influential, and led to the philosophic optimism ridiculed by Voltaire in "Candide."]

The organic body of each living being is a kind of divine machine or natural automaton, which infinitely surpasses all artificial automata. For a machine made by the skill of man is not a machine in each of its parts. For instance, the tooth of a brass wheel has parts or fragments which for us are not artificial products, and which do not have the special characteristics of the machine, for they give no indication of the use for which the wheel was intended. But the machines of nature,

namely, living bodies, are still machines in their smallest parts *ad infinitum*. It is this that constitutes the difference between nature and art, that is to say, between the divine art and ours.

And the Author of nature has been able to employ this divine and infinitely wonderful power of art, because each portion of matter is not only infinitely divisible, as the ancients observed, but is also actually subdivided without end, each part into further parts, of which each has some motion of its own; otherwise it would be impossible for each portion of matter to express the whole universe.

Whence it appears that in the smallest particle of matter there is a world of creatures, living beings, animals, entelechies, souls.

Each portion of matter may be conceived as like a garden full of plants and like a pond full of fishes. But each branch of every plant, each member of every animal, each drop of its liquid parts, is also some such garden or pond.

And though the earth and the air which are between the plants of the garden, or the water which is between the fish of the pond, be neither plant nor fish; yet they also contain plants and fishes, but mostly so minute as to be imperceptible to us.

Hence it appears that each living body has a dominant entelechy, which in an animal is the soul; but the members of this living body are full of other living beings, plants, animals, each of which has also its dominant entelechy or soul.

But it must not be imagined, as has been done by some who have misunderstood my thought, that each soul has a quantity or portion of matter belonging exclusively to itself or attached to it forever, and that it consequently owns other inferior living beings, which are devoted forever to its service. For all bodies are in a perpetual flux like rivers, and parts are entering into them and passing out of them continually.

Thus the soul changes its body only by degrees, little by little, so that it is never all at once deprived of all its organs; and there is often metamorphosis in animals, but never metempsychosis or transmigration of souls; nor are there souls entirely separate [from bodies] nor unembodied spirits. God alone is completely without body.

It also follows from this that there never is absolute birth nor complete death, in the strict sense, consisting in the separation of the soul from the body. What we call *births* are

developments and growths, while what we call *deaths* are envelopments and diminutions.

Philosophers have been much perplexed about the origin of forms, entelechies, or souls; but nowadays it has become known, through careful studies of plants, insects, and animals, that the organic bodies of nature are never products of chaos or putrefaction, but always come from seeds, in which there was undoubtedly some *preformation:* and it is held that not only the organic body was already there before conception, but also a soul in this body, and, in short, the animal itself; and that by means of conception this animal has merely been prepared for the great transformation involved in its becoming an animal of another kind. Something like this is indeed seen apart from birth, as when worms become flies and caterpillars become butterflies. . . .

These principles have given me a way of explaining naturally the union or rather the mutual agreement of the soul and the organic body. The soul follows its own laws, and the body likewise follows its own laws; and they agree with each other in virtue of the preëstablished harmony between all substances, since they are all representations of one and the same universe.

Souls act according to the laws of final causes through appetitions, ends, and means. Bodies act according to the laws of efficient causes or motions. And the two realms, that of efficient causes and that of final causes, are in harmony with one another.

According to this system bodies act as if (to suppose the impossible) there were no souls, and souls act as if there were no bodies, and both act as if each influenced the other.

As regards *minds* or rational souls, though I find that what I have just been saying is true of all living beings and animals (namely, that animals and souls come into being when the world begins and no more come to an end than the world does), yet there is this peculiarity in rational animals, that their spermatic animalcules, so long as they are only spermatic, have merely ordinary or sensuous [*sensitive*] souls; but when those which are chosen [*élus*], so to speak, attain to human nature through an actual conception, their sensuous souls are raised to the rank of reason and to the prerogative of minds.

Among other differences which exist between ordinary souls and minds [*esprits*], some of which differences I have already

noted, there is also this: that souls in general are living mirrors or images of the universe of created things, but that minds are also images of the Deity or Author of nature Himself, capable of knowing the system of the universe, and to some extent of imitating it through architectonic ensamples, each mind being like a small divinity in its own sphere.

It is this that enables spirits [or minds—*esprits*] to enter into a kind of fellowship with God, and brings it about that in relation to them He is not only what an inventor is to his machine (which is the relation of God to other created things), but also what a prince is to his subjects, and, indeed, what a father is to his children.

Whence it is easy to conclude that the totality of all spirits must compose the City of God, that is to say, the most perfect State that is possible, under the most perfect of Monarchs.

This City of God, this truly universal monarchy, is a moral world in the natural world, and is the most exalted and most divine among the works of God; and it is in it that the glory of God really consists, for He would have no glory were not His greatness and His goodness known and admired by spirits [*esprits*]. It is also in relation to this divine City that God specially has goodness, while His wisdom and His power are manifested everywhere.

As we have shown above that there is a perfect harmony between the two realms in nature, one of efficient, and the other of final causes, we should here notice also another harmony between the physical realm of nature and the moral realm of grace, that is to say, between God, considered as Architect of the mechanism [*machine*] of the universe and God considered as Monarch of the divine City of spirits.

A result of this harmony is that things lead to grace by the very ways of nature, and that this globe, for instance, must be destroyed and renewed by natural means at the very time when the government of spirits requires it, for the punishment of some and the reward of others.

It may also be said that God as Architect satisfies in all respects God as Lawgiver, and thus that sins must bear their penalty with them, through the order of nature, and even in virtue of the mechanical structure of things; and similarly that noble actions will attain their rewards by ways which, on the bodily side, are mechanical, although this cannot and ought not always to happen immediately.

Finally, under this perfect government no good action would be unrewarded and no bad one unpunished, and all should issue in the well-being of the good; that is to say, of those who are not malcontents in this great state, but who trust in Providence, after having done their duty, and who love and imitate, as is meet, the Author of all good, finding pleasure in the contemplation of His perfections, as is the way of genuine "pure love," which takes pleasure in the happiness of the beloved. This it is which leads wise and virtuous people to devote their energies to everything which appears in harmony with the presumptive or antecedent will of God, and yet makes them content with what God actually brings to pass by His secret, consequent and positive will; recognizing that if we could sufficiently understand the order of the universe, we should find that it exceeds all the desires of the wisest men, and that it is impossible to make it better than it is, not only as a whole and in general, but also for ourselves in particular, if we are attached, as we ought to be, to the Author of all, not only as to the architect and efficient cause of our being, but as to our master and to the final cause, which ought to be the whole aim of our will, and which can alone make our happiness.

THE HERMIT.

By THOMAS PARNELL.

[Thomas Parnell: English poet, born at Dublin, Ireland, in 1679. After graduating at Dublin University he took orders and was appointed archdeacon of Clogher and vicar of Finglass. After the death of his wife he became intemperate, and died at Chester in October, 1718. He wrote many hymns, translations, and other poems. His "Hermit" is his best-known composition. The subject is very ancient, and is found not only in the "Gesta Romanorum," but in a still more amusing form in Spanish folklore, according to which Peter and Christ are represented as traveling through Spain together. Christ does all these strange acts, and repeats the proverb "Blessed are the poor in spirit."]

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew,
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from men, with God he passed his days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.
A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seemed heaven itself, till one suggestion rose;

That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,—
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul was lost:
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colors glow:
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew,)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim's staff he bore,
And fixed the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern sun had warmed the day,
A youth came posting o'er the crossing way!
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair.
Then near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cried,
And "Hail, my son," the rev'rend sire replied;
Words followed words, from question answer flowed
And talk of various kind deceived the road,
'Till each with other pleased, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray:
Nature in silence bid the world repose;
When near the road a stately palace rose;
There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crowned their sloping sides with grass.
It chanced the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home:
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive; the liv'ried servants wait;

Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.
At length, 'tis morn, and, at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play:
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call;
An early banquet decked the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
Which the kind master forced his guests to taste.
Then pleased and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cause for woe;
His cup was vanished; for in secret guise,
The younger guest purloined the glittering prize.
As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glist'ning and basking in the sunny ray,
Disordered stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
So seemed the sire; when, far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner showed:
He stopped with silence, walked with trembling heart,
And much he wished, but durst not ask, to part;
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.
While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warned by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat.
'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimproved around;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.
As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble light'ning mixed with show'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and battered by the rain.
At length some pity warmed the master's breast,
('Twas then his threshold first received a guest,)
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,

And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervor thro' their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted,) served them both to dine,
And when the tempest first appeared to cease,
A ready warning bade them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring hermit viewed,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude:
"And why should such," within himself he cried,
"Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?"
But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
In every settling feature of his face;
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup the gen'rous landlord owned before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of the churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day;
The weather tempts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.
While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice and seemed a madness here,
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
Again the wand'rers want a place to lie;
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improved around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It seemed to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content,—and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
Their greeting fair, bestowed with modest guise,
The modest master hears, and thus replies:—

"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him, who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,

Then talked of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warned by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.
At length the world, renewed by calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the closed cradle, where an infant slept,
And writhed his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasped, and died.
Horrors of horrors! what! his only son!
How looked the hermit when the fact was done;
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.
Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues: the country lay
Perplexed with roads, a servant showed the way:
A river crossed the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oak an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending branches glide
The youth, who seemed to watch a time for sin,
Approached the careless guide, and thrust him in:
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks amongst the dead.
Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
"Detested wretch" — but scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seemed no longer man.
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turned white and flowed upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odors breathe thro' purple air;
And wings, whose colors glittered on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.
Tho' loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of Music ravished as he spoke):—
"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:

These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
For this commissioned, I forsook the sky:
Nay, cease to kneel — thy fellow-servant I.

"Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.
The Maker justly claims the world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty thro' all depends,
On using second means to work his ends;
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Power exerts his attributes on high,
Your action uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

"What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just,
And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

"The great vain man who fared on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine;
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

"The mean, suspicious wretch whose bolted door
Ne'er moved in pity to the wand'ring poor,
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon his head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross the silver runs below.

"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half weaned his heart from God
(Child of his age); for him he lived in pain,
And measured back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run?
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all, but thee, in fits he seemed to go,
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow,)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

"But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack,

Had that false servant sped in safety back;
This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign and sin no more."
On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew.
Thus looked Elisha, when to mount on high,
His Master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gazed, and wished to follow too.
The bending hermit here a prayer begun,
"LORD, AS IN HEAVEN, ON EARTH THY WILL BE DONE."
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And passed a life of piety and peace.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

BY DANIEL DEFOE.

(From "The Englishman," No. 26.)

[DANIEL DEFOE, English journalist and man of letters, was born in London, about 1660; died in 1731. He wrote every sort of imaginable work in prose and verse, history, biography, and fiction, political and religious controversy, social and political pamphlets, satires, and other poems. His most famous work is "Robinson Crusoe" (1719); among his other novels are: "The Apparition of Mrs. Veal" (1706), "Memoirs of a Cavalier" (1720), "Captain Singleton" (1720), "Moll Flanders," "Cartouche," and "Colonel Jacque" (1722), "John Sheppard" (1724); and the "Journal of the Plague Year" (1722) and "Account of Jonathan Wild" (1725) are really such. Among his pamphlets are "The Shortest Way with Dissenters" (1702) and "Political History of the Devil" (1726).]

UNDER the Title of this Paper, I do not think it foreign to my Design to speak of a Man born in Her Majesty's Dominions, and relate an Adventure in his Life so uncommon, that it's doubtful whether the like has happen'd to any other of human Race. The Person I speak of is *Alexander Selkirk*, whose Name is familiar to Men of Curiosity, from the Fame of his having lived four Years and four Months alone in the Island of *Juan Fernandez*. I had the pleasure frequently to converse with the Man soon after his Arrival in *England*, in the Year 1711. It was matter of great Curiosity to hear him, as he is a Man of good Sense, give an Account of the different Revolu

tions in his own Mind in that long Solitude. When we consider how painful Absence from Company, for the space of but one Evening, is to the generality of Mankind, we may have a Sense how painful this necessary and constant Solitude was to a Man bred a Sailor, and ever accustomed to enjoy, and suffer, eat, drink, and sleep, and perform all Offices of Life in Fellowship and Company. He was put ashore from a leaky Vessel, with the Captain of which he had had an irreconcilable Difference; and he chose rather to take his Fate in this Place, than in a crazy Vessel, under a disagreeable Commander. His Portion were a Sea-Chest, his wearing Clothes and Bedding, a Firelock, a Pound of Gun-powder, a large quantity of Bullets, a Flint and Steel, a few Pounds of Tobacco, an Hatchet, a Knife, a Kettle, a Bible, and other Books of Devotion; together with Pieces that concern'd Navigation, and his Mathematical Instruments. Resentment against his Officer, who had ill used him, made him look forward on this Change of Life, as the more eligible one, till the instant in which he saw the Vessel put off; at which moment his Heart yearned within him, and melted at the parting with his Comrades and all human Society at once. He had in Provisions for the Sustenance of Life but the quantity of two Meals, the Island abounding only with wild Goats, Cats, and Rats. He judged it most probable that he should find more immediate and easy Relief, by finding Shellfish on the Shore, than seeking Game with his Gun. He accordingly found great quantities of Turtles, whose Flesh is extreamly delicious, and of which he frequently eat very plentifully on his first Arrival, till it grew disagreeable to his Stomach, except in Jellies. The Necessities of Hunger and Thirst were his greatest Diversions from the Reflection on his lonely Condition. When those Appetites were satisfied, the Desire of Society was as strong a Call upon him, and he appeared to himself least necessitous when he wanted everything; for the Supports of his Body were easily attained, but the eager Longings for seeing again the Face of Man, during the Interval of craving bodily Appetites, were hardly supportable. He grew dejected, languid, and melancholy, scarce able to restrain from doing himself Violence, till by degrees, by the Force of Reason, and frequent reading of the Scriptures, and turning his Thoughts upon the Study of Navigation, after the space of eighteen Months, he grew thoroughly reconciled to his Condition. When he had made this Conquest, the Vigor of his

Health, Disengagement from the World, a constant, chearful, serene Sky, and a temperate Air, made his Life one continual Feast, and his Being much more joyful than it had before been irksome. He now taking Delight in everything, made the Hutt, in which he lay, by Ornaments which he cut down from a spacious Wood, on the side of which it was situated, the most delicious Bower, fann'd with continual Breezes and gentle Aspirations of Wind, that made his Repose after the Chase equal to the most sensual Pleasures.

I FORGET to observe that during the Time of his Dissatisfaction, Monsters of the Deep, which frequently lay on the Shore, added to the Terrors of his Solitude, the dreadful Howlings and Voices seemed too terrible to be made for human Ears; But upon the Recovery of his Temper, he could with Pleasure not only hear their Voices, but approach the Monsters themselves with great Intrepidity. He speaks of Sea-Lions, whose Jaws and Tails were capable of seizing or breaking the Limbs of a Man, if he approach'd them: But at that time his Spirits and Life were so high, that he could act so regularly and unconcerned, that merely from being unruffled in himself, he killed them with the greatest Ease imaginable: For observing that tho their Jaws and Tails were so terrible, yet the Animals being mighty slow in working themselves round, he had nothing to do but place himself exactly opposite to their Middle, and as close to them as possible, and he dispatched them with his Hatchet at Will.

THE Precautions which he took against Want, in case of Sickness, was to lame Kids when very young, so as that they might recover their Health, but never be capable of Speed. These he had in great Numbers about his Hutt; and when he was himself in full Vigour, he could take at full Speed the swiftest Goat running up a Promontory, and never failed of catching them, but on a Descent.

HIS Habitation was extremely pester'd with Rats, which gnaw'd his Clothes and Feet when sleeping. To defend him against them, he fed and tamed Numbers of young Kitlings, who lay about his Bed, and preserved him from the Enemy. When his Clothes were quite worn out, he dried and tacked together the Skins of Goats, with which he clothed himself, and was enured to pass through Woods, Bushes, and Brambles with as much Carelessness and Precipitance as any other Animal. It happened once to him that, running on the Summit of a

Hill, he made a Stretch to seize a Goat; with which under him, he fell down a Precipice, and lay senseless for the space of three Days, the Length of which time he measured by the Moon's Growth since his last Observation. This manner of Life grew so exquisitely pleasant, that he never had a moment heavy upon his hands; his Nights were untroubled, and his Days joyous, from the Practice of Temperance and Exercise. It was his manner to use stated Hours and Places for Exercises of Devotion, which he performed aloud, in order to keep up the Faculties of Speech, and to utter himself with greater Energy.

WHEN I first saw him, I thought, if I had not been let into his Character and Story, I could have discerned that he had been much separated from Company, from his Aspect and Gesture; there was a strong but chearful Seriousness in his Look, and a certain disregard to the ordinary things about him, as if he had been sunk in Thought. When the Ship which brought him off the Island came in, he received them with the greatest Indifference, with relation to the Prospect of going off with them, but with great satisfaction in an Opportunity to refresh and help them; the Man frequently bewail'd his return to the World, which could not, he said, with all its Enjoyments, restore him to the Tranquillity of his Solitude. . . .

This plain Man's Story is a memorable Example that he is happiest who confines his Wants to natural Necessities; and he that goes further in his Desires increases his Wants in proportion to his Acquisitions; or to use his own Expression, *I am now worth eight hundred Pounds, but shall never be so happy as when I was not worth a Farthing.*

SUPPOSED LINES OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

By WILLIAM COWPER.

[William Cowper was born in Hertfordshire, England, in 1731; educated at Westminster School, and read law; but excessive timidity kept him from any public function, deepened into melancholia, which took a religious form, and after repeated attacks he became permanently insane, dying in 1800. He wrote, besides many hymns and minor pieces, "The Task" and "Terocinium" (1785), and translated Homer (1791).]

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the center all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

O Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial, endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more!
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
Oh, tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see!

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-wingèd arrows of light.

When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

THE FOOTPRINT ON THE SAND.

By DANIEL DEFOE.

(From "Robinson Crusoe.")

It happened one day, about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen on the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition; I listened, I looked round me, I could hear nothing, nor see anything; I went up to a rising ground, to look farther; I went up the shore, and down the shore, but it was all one, I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the print of a foot, toes, heel, and every part of a foot; how it came thither I knew not, nor could I in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man; nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes affrighted imagination represented things to me in; how many wild ideas were found every moment in my fancy, and what strange, unaccountable whimseys came into my thoughts by the way.

When I came to my castle (for so I think I called it ever after this), I fled into it like one pursued; whether I went over by the ladder, as first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock, which I had called a door, I cannot remember; no, nor could I remember the next morning; for never frightened hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

I slept none that night; the farther I was from the occasion of my fright, the greater my apprehensions were; which is something contrary to the nature of such things, and especially to the usual practice of all creatures in fear; but I was so embarrassed with my own frightful ideas of the thing, that I formed nothing but dismal imaginations to myself, even though I was now a great way off it. Sometimes I fancied it must be the devil; and reason joined in with me in this supposition; for how should any other thing in human shape come into the place? Where was the vessel that brought them? What marks were there of any other footstep? And how was it possible a man should come there? But then, to think that Satan should take human shape upon him in such a place, where there could be no manner of occasion for it, but to leave the print of his foot behind him, and that even for no purpose too, for he could not be sure I should see it; this was an amusement the other way; I considered that the devil might have found out abundance of other ways to have terrified me than this of the single print of a foot. That as I lived quite on the other side of the island, he would never have been so simple as to leave a mark in a place where it was ten thousand to one whether I should ever see it or not, and in the sand, too, which the first surge of the sea, upon a high wind, would have defaced entirely: all this seemed inconsistent with the thing itself, and with all the notions we usually entertain of the subtilty of the devil.

Abundance of such things as these assisted to argue me out of all apprehensions of its being the devil; and I presently concluded then, that it must be some more dangerous creature; that it must be some of the savages of the mainland over against me, who had wandered out to sea in their canoes, and either driven by the currents, or by contrary winds, had made the island; and had been on shore, but were gone away again to sea, being as loath, perhaps, to have stayed in this desolate island, as I would have been to have had them.

While these reflections were rolling in my mind, I was very thankful in my thoughts, that I was so happy as not to be thereabouts at that time, or that they did not see my boat, by which they would have concluded that some inhabitants had been in the place, and perhaps have searched farther for me. Then terrible thoughts racked my imagination about their having found out my boat, and that there were people here; and that, if so, I should certainly have them come again in greater numbers, and devour me; that if it should happen that they should not find me, yet they would find my inclosure, destroy all my corn, and carry away all my flock of tame goats, and I should perish at last for mere want.

Thus my fear banished all my religious hope, all that former confidence in God, which was founded upon such wonderful experience as I had had of His goodness; as if He that had fed me by miracle hitherto could not preserve, by His power, the provision which He had made for me by His goodness. I reproached myself with my laziness, that would not sow any more corn one year than would just serve me till the next season, as if no accident could intervene to prevent my enjoying the crop that was upon the ground; and this I thought so just a reproof, that I resolved for the future to have two or three years' corn beforehand; so that, whatever might come, I might not perish for want of bread.

One morning early, lying in my bed, and filled with thoughts about my danger from the appearances of savages, I found it discomposed me very much; upon which these words of the Scripture came into my thoughts: "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Upon this, rising cheerfully out of my bed, my heart was not only comforted, but I was guided and encouraged to pray earnestly to God for deliverance: when I had done praying, I took up my Bible, and opening it to read, the first words presented to me were, "Wait on the Lord, and be of good cheer, and He shall strengthen thy heart; wait, I say, on the Lord." It is impossible to express the comfort this gave me. In answer, I thankfully laid down the book, and was no more sad.

In the middle of these cogitations, apprehensions, and reflections, it came into my thoughts one day, that all this might be a mere chimera of my own, and that this foot might be the print of my own foot, when I came on shore from my boat:

this cheered me up a little, too, and I began to persuade myself it was all a delusion; that it was nothing else but my own foot; and why might I not come that way from the boat, as well as I was going that way to the boat?

Now I began to take courage, and to peep abroad again; for I had not stirred out of my castle for three days and nights; so that I began to starve for provision; for I had little or nothing within doors but some barley cakes and water. Then I knew that my goats wanted to be milked too, which usually was my evening diversion; and the poor creatures were in great pain and inconvenience for want of it; and, indeed, it almost spoiled some of them, and almost dried up their milk. Heartening myself, therefore, with the belief that this was nothing but the print of one of my own feet, and that I might be truly said to start at my own shadow, I began to go abroad again, and went to my country house to milk my flock; but to see with what fear I went forward, how often I looked behind me, how I was ready, every now and then, to lay down my basket, and run for my life, it would have made any one have thought I was haunted with an evil conscience, or that I had been lately most terribly frightened; and so, indeed, I had.

However, I went down thus two or three days, and having seen nothing, I began to be a little bolder, and to think there was really nothing in it but my own imagination; but I could not persuade myself fully of this till I should go down to the shore again, and see this print of a foot, and measure it by my own, and see if there was any similitude or fitness, that I might be assured it was my own foot: but when I came to the place, first, it appeared evidently to me, that when I laid up my boat, I could not possibly be on shore anywhere thereabout. Secondly, when I came to measure the mark with my own foot, I found my foot not so large by a great deal; both these things filled my head with new imaginations, and gave me the vapors again to the highest degree, so that I shook with cold like one in an ague; and I went home again, filled with the belief that some man or men had been on shore there; or, in short, that the island was inhabited, and I might be surprised before I was aware; and what course to take for my security I knew not.

This confusion of my thoughts kept me awake all night; but in the morning I fell asleep; and having, by the amusement of my mind, been, as it were, tired, and my spirits ex-

hausted, I slept very soundly, and waked much better composed than I had ever been before; and now I began to think sedately; and, upon the utmost debate with myself, I concluded that this island (which was so exceedingly pleasant, fruitful, and no farther from the mainland than as I had seen) was not so entirely abandoned as I might imagine; that although there were no stated inhabitants who lived on the spot, yet that there might sometimes come boats off from the shore, who, either with design, or perhaps never but when they were driven by cross winds, might come to this place. That I had lived here fifteen years now, and had not met with the least shadow or figure of any people yet; and that, if at any time they should be driven here, it was probable they went away again as soon as ever they could, seeing they had never thought fit to fix here upon any occasion to this time. That the most I could suggest any danger from was, from any casual accidental landing of straggling people from the main, who, as it was likely, if they were driven hither, were here against their wills; so they made no stay here, but went off again with all possible speed, seldom staying one night on shore, lest they should not have the help of the tides and daylight back again; and that, therefore, I had nothing to do but to consider of some safe retreat, in case I should see any savages land upon the spot.

Now I began sorely to repent that I had dug my cave so large as to bring a door through again, which door, as I said, came out beyond where my fortification joined to the rock: upon maturely considering this, therefore, I resolved to draw me a second fortification, in the manner of a semicircle, at a distance from my wall, just where I had planted a double row of trees about twelve years before, of which I made mention: these trees having been planted so thick before, they wanted but few piles to be driven between them, that they might be thicker and stronger, and my wall would be soon finished. So that I had now a double wall; and my outer wall was thickened with pieces of timber, old cables, and everything I could think of, to make it strong; having in it seven little holes, about as big as I might put my arm out at. In the inside of this, I thickened my wall to about ten feet thick, with continually bringing earth out of my cave, and laying it at the foot of the wall, and walking upon it; and through the seven holes I contrived to plant the muskets, of which I took notice that I had

got seven on shore out of the ship ; these I planted like my cannon, and fitted them into frames, that held them like a carriage, so that I could fire all the seven guns in two minutes' time ; this wall I was many a weary month in finishing, and yet never thought myself safe till it was done.

When this was done, I stuck all the ground without my wall, for a great length every way, as full with stakes or sticks of the osierlike wood, which I found so apt to grow, as they could well stand ; insomuch, that I believe I might set in near twenty thousand of them, leaving a pretty large space between them and my wall, that I might have room to see an enemy, and they might have no shelter from the young trees, if they attempted to approach my outer wall.

Thus, in two years' time, I had a thick grove, and in five or six years' time I had a wood before my dwelling, growing so monstrously thick and strong that it was indeed perfectly impassable ; and no men, of what kind soever, could ever imagine that there was anything beyond it, much less a habitation. As for the way which I proposed to myself to go in and out (for I left no avenue), it was by setting two ladders, one to a part of the rock which was low, and then broke in, and left room to place another ladder upon that ; so when the two ladders were taken down, no man living could come down to me without doing himself mischief, and if they had come down, they were still on the outside of my outer wall. Thus I took all the measures human prudence could suggest for my own preservation ; and it will be seen, at length, that they were not altogether without just reason ; though I foresaw nothing at that time more than my mere fear suggested to me.

While this was doing, I was not altogether careless of my other affairs ; for I had a great concern upon me for my little herd of goats : they were not only a ready supply to me on every occasion, and began to be sufficient for me, without the expense of powder and shot, but also without the fatigue of hunting after the wild ones ; and I was loath to lose the advantage of them, and to have them all to nurse up over again.

Accordingly, I spent some time to find out the most retired parts of the island ; and I pitched upon one, which was as private, indeed, as my heart could wish for ; it was a little damp piece of ground, in the middle of the hollow and thick woods, where, as I observed, I almost lost myself once before, endeavoring to come back that way from the eastern part of

the island. Here I found a clear piece of land, near three acres, so surrounded with woods that it was almost an inclosure by nature; at least, it did not want near so much labor to make it so, as the other piece of ground I had worked so hard at.

I immediately went to work with this piece of ground; and, in less than a month's time, I had so fenced it round, that my flock, or herd, call it which you please, which were not so wild now as at first they might be supposed to be, were well enough secured in it. So, without any further delay, I removed ten young she-goats, and two he-goats, to this piece; and, when they were there, I continued to perfect the fence, till I had made it as secure as the other, which, however, I did at more leisure, and it took me up more time by a great deal.

All this labor I was at the expense of, purely from my apprehension on account of the print of a man's foot which I had seen; for, as yet, I never saw any human creature come near the island, and I had now lived two years under these uneasinesses, which, indeed, made my life much less comfortable than it was before; as may be well imagined by any who may know what it is to live in the constant snare of the fear of man.

After I had thus secured one part of my little living stock, I went about the whole island, searching for another private place to make such another deposit; when, wandering more to the west point of the island than I had ever done yet, and looking out to sea, I thought I saw a boat upon the sea, at a great distance; I had found a perspective glass or two in one of the seamen's chest, which I saved out of our ship, but I had it not about me; and this was so remote that I could not tell what to make of it, though I looked at it till my eyes were not able to hold to look any longer: whether it was a boat or not, I do not know, but as I descended from the hill I could see no more of it, so I gave it over; only I resolved to go no more out without a perspective glass in my pocket. When I was come down the hill to the end of the island, where, indeed, I had never been before, I was presently convinced that the seeing the print of a man's foot was not such a strange thing in the island as I imagined; and, but that it was a special providence that I was cast upon the side of the island where the savages never came, I should easily have known that nothing was more frequent than for the canoes from the main, when they happened to be a little too far out at sea, to shoot over to that side of

the island for harbor: likewise, as they often met and fought in their canoes, the victors, having taken any prisoners, would bring them over to this shore, where, according to their dreadful customs, being all cannibals, they would kill and eat them; of which hereafter.

When I was come down the hill to the shore, as I said above, being the S.W. point of the island, I was perfectly confounded and amazed; nor is it possible for me to express the horror of my mind at seeing the shore spread with skulls, hands, feet, and other bones of human bodies; and, particularly, I observed a place where there had been a fire made, and a circle dug in the earth, like a cockpit, where I supposed the savage wretches had sat down to their inhuman feastings upon the bodies of their fellow-creatures.

I was so astonished with the sight of these things, that I entertained no notions of any danger to myself from it for a long while: all my apprehensions were buried in the thoughts of such a pitch of inhuman, hellish brutality, and the horror of the degeneracy of human nature, which, though I had heard of it often, yet I never had so near a view of before: in short, I turned away my face from the horrid spectacle; my stomach grew sick, and I was just at the point of fainting, when nature discharged the disorder from my stomach; and having vomited with uncommon violence, I was a little relieved, but could not bear to stay in the place a moment; so I got me up the hill again with all the speed I could, and walked on towards my own habitation.

When I came a little out of that part of the island, I stood still awhile, as amazed, and then, recovering myself, I looked up with the utmost affection of my soul, and, with a flood of tears in my eyes, gave God thanks, that had cast my first lot in a part of the world where I was distinguished from such dreadful creatures as these.

In this frame of thankfulness, I went home to my castle, and began to be much easier now, as to the safety of my circumstances, than ever I was before; for I observed that these wretches never came to this island in search of what they could get; perhaps not seeking, not wanting, or not expecting, anything here; and having often, no doubt, been up to the covered, woody part of it, without finding anything to their purpose. I knew I had been here now almost eighteen years, and never saw the least footsteps of human creature there before; and I

might be eighteen years more as entirely concealed as I was now, if I did not discover myself to them, which I had no manner of occasion to do; it being my only business to keep myself entirely concealed where I was, unless I found a better sort of creatures than cannibals to make myself known to. Yet I entertained such an abhorrence of the savage wretches that I have been speaking of, and of the wretched inhuman custom of their devouring and eating one another up, that I continued pensive and sad, and kept close within my own circle for almost two years after this. When I say my own circle, I mean by it my three plantations, viz., my castle, my country seat, which I called my bower, and my inclosure in the woods: nor did I look after this for any other use than as an inclosure for my goats; for the aversion which nature gave me to these hellish wretches was such, that I was as fearful of seeing them as of seeing the devil himself. I did not so much as go to look after my boat all this time, but began rather to think of making another; for I could not think of ever making any more attempts to bring the other boat round the island to me, lest I should meet with some of these creatures at sea; in which case, if I had happened to have fallen into their hands, I knew what would have been my lot.

Time, however, and the satisfaction I had that I was in no danger of being discovered by these people, began to wear off my uneasiness about them; and I began to live just in the same composed manner as before, only with this difference, that I used more caution, and kept my eyes more about me than I did before lest I should happen to be seen by any of them; and I was more cautious of firing my gun, lest any of them, being on the island, should happen to hear it; it was, therefore, a good providence to me that I had furnished myself with a tame breed of goats, and that I needed not to hunt any more about the woods, or shoot at them; and if I did catch any of them after this, it was by traps and snares, as I had done before; so that for two years after this, I believe I never fired my gun off once, though I never went out without it; and as I had saved three pistols out of the ship, I always carried them out with me, or at least two of them, sticking them in my goatskin belt; I also furbished up one of the great cutlasses that I had out of the ship, and made me a belt to hang it on also; so that I was now a most formidable fellow to look at when I went abroad, if you add to the former description of myself, the particular of two

pistols, and a great broadsword hanging at my side in a belt, but without a scabbard.

As in my present condition there were not really many things which I wanted, so, indeed, I thought that the frights I had been in about these savage wretches, and the concern I had been in for my own preservation, had taken off the edge of my invention for my own conveniences; and I had dropped a good design, which I had once bent my thoughts upon, and that was to try if I could not make some of my barley into malt, and then to try and brew myself some beer. This was really a whimsical thought, and I reproved myself often for the simplicity of it: for I presently saw there would be the want of several things necessary to the making my beer, that it would be impossible for me to supply; as, first, casks to preserve it in, which was a thing that, as I have observed already, I could never compass: no, though I spent not only many days, but weeks, nay months, in attempting it, but to no purpose. In the next place, I had no hops to make it keep, no yeast to make it work, no copper or kettle to make it boil; and yet with all these things wanting, I verily believe, had not the frights and terrors I was in about the savages intervened, I had undertaken it, and perhaps brought it to pass too; for I seldom gave anything over without accomplishing it, when once I had it in my head to begin it. But my invention now ran quite another way; for, night and day, I could think of nothing but how I might destroy some of these monsters in their cruel, bloody entertainment; and, if possible, save the victim they should bring hither to destroy.

Sometimes I contrived in my thoughts to dig a hole under the place where they made their fire, and put in five or six pounds of gunpowder, which, when they kindled their fire, would consequently take fire, and blow up all that was near it; but as in the first place I should be very loath to waste so much powder upon them, my store being now within the quantity of one barrel; so neither could I be sure of its going off, at any certain time, when it might surprise them, and at best, that it would do little more than just blow the fire about their ears and fright them, but not sufficient to make them forsake the place; so I laid it aside, and then proposed that I would place myself in ambush, in some convenient place, with my three guns, all double loaded; and in the middle of their bloody ceremony let fly at them, when I should be sure to kill or wound perhaps two or three at every shot; and then falling in upon them with my

three pistols, and my sword, I made no doubt but that if there was twenty I should kill them all. This fancy pleased my thoughts for some weeks, and I was so full of it that I often dreamed of it; and sometimes that I was just going to let fly at them in my sleep.

At length I found a place in the side of the hill, where I was satisfied I might securely wait till I saw any of their boats coming; and might then, even before they would be ready to come on shore, convey myself unseen into some thickets of trees, in one of which there was a hollow large enough to conceal me entirely; and there I might sit and observe all their bloody doings, and take my full aim at their heads, when they were so close together as that it would be next to impossible that I should miss my shot, or that I could fail wounding three or four of them at the first shot.

After I had thus laid the scheme of my design, and in my imagination put it into practice, I continually made my tour every morning to the top of the hill, which was from my castle, as I called it, about three miles, or more, to see if I could observe any boats upon the sea, coming near the island, or standing over towards it; but I began to tire of this hard duty.

As long as I kept my daily tour to the hill to look out, so long also I kept up the vigor of my design, and my spirits seemed to be all the while in a suitable frame for so outrageous an execution as the killing twenty or thirty naked savages, for an offense which I had not at all entered into any discussion of in my thoughts. But when I began to be weary of the fruitless excursion which I had made so long and so far every morning in vain, so my opinion of the action itself began to alter; and I began, with cooler and calmer thoughts, to consider what I was going to engage in; what authority or call I had to pretend to be judge and executioner upon these men as criminals, whom Heaven had thought fit for so many ages, to suffer, unpunished, to go on, and to be, as it were, the executioners of His judgments one upon another; how far these people were offenders against me, and what right I had to engage in the quarrel of that blood which they shed promiscuously one upon another.

When I considered this a little, it followed necessarily that I was certainly in the wrong: that these people were not murderers, in the sense that I had before condemned them in my thoughts, any more than those Christians were murderers who often put to death the prisoners taken in battle; or more fre-

quently, upon many occasions, put whole troops of men to the sword, without giving quarter, though they threw down their arms, and submitted.

These considerations really put me to a pause, and to a kind of full stop; and I began, by little and little, to be off my design, and to conclude I had taken wrong measures in my resolution to attack the savages; and that it was not my business to meddle with them, unless they first attacked me; and this it was my business, if possible, to prevent; but that, if I were discovered and attacked by them, I knew my duty.

In this disposition I continued for near a year after this; and so far was I from desiring an occasion for falling upon these wretches, that in all that time I never once went up the hill to see whether there were any of them in sight, or to know whether any of them had been on shore there or not, that I might not be tempted to renew any of my contrivances against them, or be provoked by any advantage that might present itself, to fall upon them. Only this I did: I went and removed my boat, which I had on the other side of the island, and carried it down to the east end of the whole island, where I ran it into a little cove, which I found under some high rocks and where I knew, by reason of the currents, the savages durst not, at least would not, come with their boats upon any account whatever. With my boat I carried away everything that I had left there belonging to her, though not necessary for the bare going thither, viz., a mast and sail which I had made for her, and a thing like an anchor, but which indeed could not be called either anchor or grapnel; however, it was the best I could make of its kind; all these I removed, that there might not be the least shadow for discovery, or appearance of any boat, or of any human habitation upon the island. Besides this, I kept myself, as I said, more retired than ever, and seldom went from my cell except upon my constant employment to milk my she-goats, and manage my little flock in the wood, which, as it was quite on the other part of the island, was out of danger; for certain it is that these savage people, who sometimes haunted this island, never came with any thoughts of finding anything here, and consequently never wandered off from the coast, and I doubt not but they might have been several times on shore after my apprehensions of them had made me cautious, as well as before. Indeed, I looked back with some horror upon the thoughts of what my condition

would have been, if I had chopped upon them and been discovered before that, when naked and unarmed, except with one gun, and that loaded often only with small shot, I walked everywhere, peeping and peering about the island to see what I could get; what a surprise should I have been in, if, when I discovered the print of a man's foot, I had, instead of that, seen fifteen or twenty savages, and found them pursuing me, and, by the swiftness of their running, no possibility of my escaping them.

I had the care of my safety more now upon my hands than that of my food. I dared not to drive a nail, or chop a stick of wood now, for fear the noise I might make should be heard: much less would I fire a gun for the same reason: and, above all, I was intolerably uneasy at making any fire, lest the smoke, which is visible at a great distance in the day, should betray me. For this reason, I removed that part of my business which required fire, such as burning of pots and pipes, etc., into my new apartment in the woods; where, after I had been some time, I found to my unspeakable consolation a mere natural cave in the earth, which went in a vast way, and where, I dare say, no savage, had he been at the mouth of it, would be so hardy as to venture in.

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Having now brought all my things on shore, and secured them, I went back to my boat, and rowed or paddled her along the shore to her old harbor, where I laid her up, and made the best of my way to my old habitation, where I found everything safe and quiet; so I began to repose myself, live after my old fashion, and take care of my family affairs; and for a while I lived easy enough; only that I was more vigilant than I used to be, looked out oftener, and did not go abroad so much; and if at any time I did stir with any freedom, it was always to the east part of the island, where I was pretty well satisfied the savages never came, and where I could go without so many precautions, and such a load of arms and ammunition as I always carried with me if I went the other way.

I am now to be supposed retired in my castle, after my late voyage to the wreck, my frigate laid up and secured under water, and my condition restored to what it was before; I had more wealth than I had before, but was not at all the richer; for I had no more use for it than the Indians of Peru had before the Spaniards came there.

It was one of the nights in the rainy season in March, the four and twentieth year of my first setting foot in this island of solitariness; I was lying in my bed or hammock awake, very well in health, had no pain, no distemper, no uneasiness of body, nor any uneasiness of mind more than ordinary, but could by no means close my eyes; that is, so as to sleep; no, not a wink all night long. It is impossible to set down the innumerable crowd of thoughts that whirled through that great thoroughfare of the brain, the memory, in this night's time: I ran over the whole history of my life in miniature, or by abridgment, as I may call it, to my coming to this island, and also of that part of my life since I came to this island.

When these thoughts were over, my head was for some time taken up in considering the nature of those wretched creatures, the savages, and how it came to pass in the world that the wise Governor of all things should give up any of his creatures to such inhumanity — nay, to something so much below even brutality itself — as to devour its own kind: but, as this ended in some (at that time) fruitless speculations, it occurred to me to inquire, what part of the world these wretches lived in? how far off the coast was from whence they came? what they ventured over so far from home for? what kind of boats they had? and why I might not order myself and my business so, that I might be able to go over thither, as they were to come to me?

I never so much as troubled myself to consider what I should do with myself when I went thither; what would become of me if I fell into the hands of these savages; or how I should escape them if they attacked me; but my mind was wholly bent upon the notion of my passing over in my boat to the mainland. I looked upon my present condition as the most miserable that could possibly be; that I was not able to throw myself into anything but death, that could be called worse; and if I reached the shore of the main, I might perhaps meet with relief, or I might coast along, as I did on the African shore, till I came to some inhabited country, and where I might find some relief; and, after all, perhaps I might fall in with some Christian ship that might take me in; and if the worst came to the worst, I could but die, which would put an end to all these miseries at once. All this was the fruit of a disturbed mind, an impatient temper, made desperate, as it were, by the long continuance of my troubles, and the disap-

pointments I had met in the wreck I had been on board of, and where I had been so near obtaining what I so earnestly longed for — somebody to speak to, and to learn some knowledge from them of the place where I was, and of the probable means of my deliverance. I was agitated wholly by these thoughts; all my calm of mind in my resignation to Providence, and waiting the issue of the dispositions of Heaven, seemed to be suspended; and I had, as it were, no power to turn my thoughts to anything but to the project of a voyage to the main, which came upon me with such force, and such an impetuosity of desire, that it was not to be resisted.

When this had agitated my thoughts for two hours or more, with such violence that it set my very blood into a ferment, and my pulse beat as if I had been in a fever, merely with the extraordinary fervor of my mind about it, Nature, as if I had been fatigued and exhausted with the very thoughts of it, threw me into a sound sleep. One would have thought I should have dreamed of it, but I did not, nor of anything relating to it; but I dreamed that as I was going out in the morning as usual, from my castle, I saw upon the shore two canoes and eleven savages, coming to land, and that they brought with them another savage, whom they were going to kill, in order to eat him; when, on a sudden, the savage that they were going to kill jumped away, and ran for his life; and I thought, in my sleep, that he came running into my little thick grove before my fortification, to hide himself; and that I, seeing him alone, and not perceiving that the others sought him that way, showed myself to him, and smiling upon him, encouraged him: that he kneeled down to me, seeming to pray me to assist him; upon which I showed him my ladder, made him go up, and carried him into my cave, and he became my servant; and that as soon as I had gotten this man, I said to myself, "Now I may certainly venture to the mainland, for this fellow will serve me as a pilot, and will tell me what to do, and whither to go for provisions, and whither not to go for fear of being devoured; what places to venture into, and what to escape." I waked with this thought; and was under such inexpressible impressions of joy at the prospect of my escape in my dream, that the disappointments which I felt upon coming to myself, and finding that it was no more than a dream, were equally extravagant the other way, and threw me into a very great dejection of spirit.

Upon this, however, I made this conclusion: that my only way to go about to attempt an escape was, to endeavor to get a savage into my possession; and, if possible, it should be one of their prisoners, whom they had condemned to be eaten, and should bring hither to kill. But these thoughts still were attended with this difficulty: that it was impossible to effect this without attacking a whole caravan of them, and killing them all; and this was not only a very desperate attempt, and might miscarry; but, on the other hand, I had greatly scrupled the lawfulness of it to me; and my heart trembled at the thoughts of shedding so much blood, though it was for my deliverance.

However, at last, after many secret disputes with myself, and after great perplexities about it, the eager prevailing desire of deliverance at length mastered all the rest; and I resolved, if possible, to get one of these savages into my hands, cost what it would. My next thing was to contrive how to do it, and this indeed was very difficult to resolve on; but as I could pitch upon no probable means for it, so I resolved to put myself upon the watch, to see them when they came on shore, and leave the rest to the event, taking such measures as the opportunity should present, let what would be.

With these resolutions in my thoughts, I set myself upon the scout as often as possible, and indeed so often, that I was heartily tired of it; for it was above a year and a half that I waited, and for great part of that time went out to the west end, and to the southwest corner of the island almost every day, to look for canoes, but none appeared. This was very discouraging, and began to trouble me much, though I cannot say that it did in this case wear off the edge of my desire to the thing; but the longer it seemed to be delayed, the more eager I was for it: in a word, I was not at first so careful to shun the sight of these savages, and avoid being seen by them, as I was now eager to be upon them.

About a year and a half after I had entertained these notions, and by long musing had, as it were, resolved them all into nothing, for want of an occasion to put them into execution, I was surprised one morning by seeing no less than five canoes all on shore together on my side the island, and the people who belonged to them all landed and out of my sight. The number of them broke all my measures; for seeing so many, and knowing that they always came four or six, or sometimes

more in a boat, I could not tell what to think of it, or how to take my measures to attack twenty or thirty men single-handed; so lay still in my castle, perplexed and discomforted; however, I put myself into all the same postures for an attack that I had formerly provided, and was just as ready for action if anything had presented. Having waited a good while, listening to hear if they made any noise, at length, being very impatient, I set my guns at the foot of my rudder, and clambered up to the top of the hill, by my two stages, as usual; standing so, however, that my head did not appear above the hill, so that they could not perceive me by any means. Here I observed, by the help of my perspective glass, that they were no less than thirty in number; that they had a fire kindled, and that they had meat dressed; how they had cooked it, I knew not, or what it was; but they were all dancing, in I know not how many barbarous gestures and figures, their own way, round the fire.

While I was thus looking on them, I perceived, by my perspective, two miserable wretches dragged from the boats, where, it seems, they were laid by, and were now brought out for the slaughter. I perceived one of them immediately fall; being knocked down, I suppose with a club, or wooden sword, for that was their way, and two or three others were at work immediately, cutting him open for their cookery, while the other victim was left standing by himself, till they should be ready for him. In that very moment, this poor wretch seeing himself a little at liberty, nature inspired him with hopes of life, and he started away from them, and ran with incredible swiftness along the sands, directly towards me, I mean, towards that part of the coast where my habitation was. I was dreadfully frighted, I must acknowledge, when I perceived him run my way; and especially when, as I thought, I saw him pursued by the whole body; and now I expected that part of my dream was coming to pass, and that he would certainly take shelter in my grove: but I could not depend, by any means, upon my dream for the rest, that the other savages would not pursue him thither, and find him there. However, I kept my station, and my spirits began to recover when I found that there was not above three men that followed him, and still more was I encouraged, when I found that he outstripped them exceedingly in running, and gained ground on them, so that, if he could but hold out for half an hour, I saw easily he would fairly get away from them all.

There was between them and my castle, the creek, which I mentioned often at the first part of my story, where I landed my cargoes out of the ship; and this I saw plainly he must necessarily swim over, or the poor wretch would be taken there; but when the savage escaping came thither, he made nothing of it, though the tide was then up; but, plunging in, swam through in about thirty strokes, or thereabouts, landed, and ran with exceeding strength and swiftness; when the three pursuers came to the creek, I found that two of them could swim, but the third could not, and that, standing on the other side, he looked at the others, but went no farther, and soon after went softly back; which, as it happened, was very well for him in the end. I observed that the two who swam were yet more than twice as long swimming over the creek as the fellow was that fled from them. It came now very warmly upon my thoughts, and indeed irresistibly, that now was the time to get me a servant, and perhaps a companion or assistant; and that I was plainly called by Providence to save this poor creature's life; I immediately ran down the ladders with all possible expedition, fetched my two guns, for they were both at the foot of the ladders, as I observed before, and getting up again with the same haste to the top of the hill, I crossed towards the sea; and having a very short cut, and all down hill, clapped myself in the way between the pursuers and the pursued, hallooing aloud to him that fled, who, looking back, was at first perhaps as much frighted at me as at them; but I beckoned with my hand to him to come back; and, in the mean time, I slowly advanced towards the two that followed; then rushing at once upon the foremost, I knocked him down with the stock of my piece; I was loath to fire because I would not have the rest hear; though, at that distance, it would not have been easily heard, and being out of sight of the smoke, too, they would not have known what to make of it. Having knocked this fellow down, the other who pursued him stopped, as if he had been frighted, and I advanced towards him: but as I came nearer, I perceived presently he had a bow and arrow, and was fitting it to shoot at me; so I was then necessitated to shoot at him first, which I did, and killed him at the first shot. The poor savage who fled, but had stopped, though he saw both his enemies fallen and killed, as he thought, yet was so frighted with the fire and noise of my piece, that he stood stock still, and neither came forward nor went backward, though he

seemed rather inclined still to fly than to come on. I hallooed again to him, and made signs to come forward, which he easily understood, and came a little way, then stopped again, and then a little farther, and stopped again, and I could then perceive that he stood trembling, as if he had been taken prisoner, and had just been to be killed, as his two enemies were. I beckoned to him again to come to me, and gave him all the signs of encouragement that I could think of, and he came nearer and nearer, kneeling down every ten or twelve steps, in token of acknowledgment for my saving his life. I smiled at him, and looked pleasantly, and beckoned to him to come still nearer; at length, he came close to me, and then he kneeled down again, kissed the ground, and laid his head upon the ground, and, taking me by the foot, set my foot upon his head; this, it seems, was in token of swearing to be my slave forever. I took him up and made much of him, and encouraged him all I could. But there was more work to do yet; for I perceived the savage whom I had knocked down was not killed, but stunned with the blow, and began to come to himself: so I pointed to him, and showed him the savage, that he was not dead; upon this he spoke some words to me, and though I could not understand them, yet I thought they were pleasant to hear; for they were the first sound of a man's voice that I had heard, my own excepted, for above twenty-five years. But there was no time for such reflections now; the savage who was knocked down recovered himself so far as to sit up upon the ground, and I perceived that my savage began to be afraid; but when I saw that, I presented my other piece at the man, as if I would shoot him: upon this, my savage, for so I called him now, made a motion to me to lend him my sword, which hung naked in a belt by my side; so I did. He no sooner had it, but he runs to his enemy, and at one blow cut off his head so cleverly that no executioner in Germany could have done it sooner or better; which I thought very strange for one who, I had reason to believe, never saw a sword in his life before, except their own wooden swords: however, it seems, as I learned afterwards, they make their wooden swords so sharp, so heavy, and the wood is so hard, that they will even cut off heads with them, ay, and arms, and that at one blow too. When he had done this, he comes laughing to me in sign of triumph, and brought me the sword again, and with abundance of gestures which I did not understand, laid it down, with the head of the

savage that he had killed, just before me. But that which astonished him most was to know how I killed the other Indian so far off; so, pointing to him, he made signs to me to let him go to him; and I bade him go, as well as I could; when he came to him, he stood like one amazed, looking at him, turned him first on one side, then on the other, looked at the wound the bullet had made, which it seems was just in his breast, where it had made a hole, and no great quantity of blood had followed; but he had bled inwardly, for he was quite dead. He took up his bow and arrows, and came back, so I turned to go away, and beckoned him to follow me, making signs to him that more might come after them. Upon this he made signs to me that he should bury them with sand, that they might not be seen by the rest, if they followed; and so I made signs to him again to do so. He fell to work; and in an instant he had scraped a hole in the sand with his hands, big enough to bury the first in, and then dragged him into it, and covered him; and did so by the other also; I believe he had buried them both in a quarter of an hour. Then calling him away, I carried him, not to my castle, but quite away to my cave, on the farther part of the island: so I did not let my dream come to pass in that part, that he came into my grove for shelter. Here I gave him bread and a bunch of raisins to eat, and a draught of water, which I found he was indeed in great distress for from his running: and having refreshed him, I made signs for him to go and lie down to sleep, showing him a place where I had laid some rice straw, and a blanket upon it, which I used to sleep upon myself sometimes; so the poor creature lay down, and went to sleep.

He was a comely, handsome fellow, perfectly well made, with straight strong limbs, not too large, tall and well shaped; and, as I reckon, about twenty-six years of age. He had a very good countenance, not a fierce and surly aspect, but seemed to have something very manly in his face; and yet he had all the sweetness and softness of a European in his countenance too, especially when he smiled. His hair was long and black, not curled like wool; his forehead very high and large; and a great vivacity and sparkling sharpness in his eyes. The color of the skin was not quite black, but very tawny; and yet not an ugly, yellow, nauseous tawny, as the Brazilians and Virginians, and other natives of America are, but of a bright kind of a dun olive color, that had in it something very agreeable,

though not very easy to describe. His face was round and plump; his nose small, not flat like the Negroes, a very good mouth, thin lips, and his fine teeth well set, and as white as ivory. After he had slumbered rather than slept, about half an hour, he awoke again, and came out of the cave to me; for I had been milking my goats, which I had in the inclosure just by: when he espied me, he came running to me, laying himself down again upon the ground, with all the possible signs of an humble, thankful disposition, making a great many antic gestures to show it; at last he lays his head flat upon the ground, close to my foot, and sets my other foot upon his head, as he had done before; and after this made all the signs to me of subjection, servitude, and submission imaginable, to let me know how he would serve me so long as he lived. I understood him in many things, and let him know I was very well pleased with him. In a little time I began to speak to him, and teach him to speak to me; and, first, I let him know his name should be FRIDAY, which was the day I saved his life: I called him so for the memory of the time; I likewise taught him to say Master; and then let him know that was to be my name: I likewise taught him to say Yes and No, and to know the meaning of them; I gave him some milk in an earthen pot, and let him see me drink it before him, and sop my bread in it; and I gave him a cake of bread to do the like, which he quickly complied with, and made signs that it was very good for him. I kept there with him all night; but, as soon as it was day, I beckoned to him to come with me, and let him know I would give him some clothes; at which he seemed very glad, for he was stark naked. As we went by the place where he had buried the two men, he pointed exactly to the place, and showed me the marks that he had made to find them again, making signs to me that we should dig them up again and eat them. At this, I appeared very angry, expressed my abhorrence of it, made as if I would vomit at the thoughts of it, and beckoned with my hand to him to come away, which he did immediately, with great submission. I then led him up to the top of the hill, to see if his enemies were gone; and pulling out my glass, I looked, and saw plainly the place where they had been, but no appearance of them or their canoes; so that it was plain they were gone, and had left their two comrades behind them, without any search after them.

SERMON ON PENITENCE.

By MASSILLON.

[Jean Baptiste Massillon, one of the chief pulpit orators of France, was born at Hyères, near Toulon, in 1663; became a monk under purely voluntary rigors, and was so alarmed at admiration of his eloquent preaching that he increased them; but Cardinal de Noailles ordered him to Paris, where he soon became famous, and first preached before Louis XIV. in 1699. Louis said other preachers made him pleased with them, Massillon made him dissatisfied with himself; also the Jesuits were in favor, and Massillon received no preferment from him. The Regent in 1717 made him bishop of Clermont; in 1718 Lent preacher before Louis XV.; in 1719 he was elected to the Academy. He spent the rest of his life in Clermont, dying in 1742. He preached the funeral sermons of Louis XIV., the Dauphin, and the Prince of Conti.]

Such are the first sacrifices of her love: she is not contented with giving up cares visibly criminal, she even sacrifices such as might have been looked upon as innocent, and thinks that the most proper way of punishing the abuse she had formerly made of them, is by depriving herself of the liberty she might still have had of employing them.

In effect, by having once abused them, the sinner loses the right he had over them: what is permitted to an innocent soul, is no longer so to him who has been so unhappy as to deviate from the right path. He no longer enjoys, as I may say, the common right, and he must no more judge of his duties by the general maxims, but by the personal exceptions which concern him.

Now, upon this principle, you are continually demanding of us, if the use of such and such an artifice in dress be a crime? If such and such public pleasures be forbidden? I mean not here to decide for others: but I ask of you who maintain their innocency, whether you have never made a bad use of them? Have you never made these cares of the body, these amusements and these artifices, instrumental toward iniquitous passions? Have you never employed them in corrupting hearts, or in nourishing the corrupting of your own? What! your entire life has perhaps been one continued and deplorable chain of passions and evils; you have abused everything around you, and you have made them instrumental to your irregular appetites; you have called them all in aid to that unfortunate tendency of your heart; your intentions have even exceeded your evil; your eye hath never been single, and you would

willingly never have had that of others to have been so with regard to you ; all your cares for your person have been crimes ; and when there is question of returning to your God, and of making reparation for a whole life of corruption and debauchery, you pretend to dispute with him for vanities of which you have always made so infamous a use? You pretend to maintain the innocency of a thousand abuses, which, though permitted to the rest of men, would be forbidden to you? You enter into contestation, when it is intended to restrict you from the criminal pomps of the world; you, to whom the most innocent, if such there be, are forbidden in future, and whose only dress ought henceforth to be sackcloth and ashes? Can you still pretend to justify cares which are your inward shame, and which have so often covered you with confusion at the feet of the sacred tribunal? And should so much contestation and so many explanations be required, where your own shame alone should amply suffice.

Besides, the holy sadness of piety no longer looks upon, but with horror, that which has once been a stumbling-block to us. The contrite soul examines not whether he may innocently indulge in it; it suffices for him to know, that it has a thousand times been the rock upon which he has seen his innocence split. Whatever has been instrumental in leading him to his evils, becomes equally odious in his sight as the evils themselves; whatever has been assisting to his passions, he equally detests as the passions themselves; whatever, in a word, has been favorable to his crimes, becomes criminal in his eyes. Should it even happen that he might be disposed to accord it to his weakness, ah! his zeal, his compunction, would reject the indulgence, and would adopt the interests of God's righteousness against men ; he could not prevail upon himself to permit abuses, which would be the means of recalling to him his past disorders ; he would always entertain a dread that the same manner of acting might recall the same dispositions, and that, engrossed by the same cares, his heart would find itself the same ; the sole image of his past infidelities disturbs and alarms him ; and, far from bearing about with him their sad remains, he would wish to have it in his power to remove even from the spots, and to tear himself from the occupations which renew their remembrance. And, surely, what kind of a penitence must that be which still permits us to love all those things which have been the occasion of our greatest crimes? And, while yet dripping from a ship-

wreck can we too strenuously form the resolution of forever shunning those rocks upon which we had so lately split?

Lastly, true penitence causes us to find everywhere matter of a thousand invisible sacrifices. It does not confine itself to certain essential privations; everything which flatters the passions, everything which nourishes the life of the senses, every superfluity which tends solely to the gratification of self-love, all these become the subject of its sacrifices; and, like a sharp and grievous sword, it everywhere makes divisions and separations painful to the heart, and cuts even to the quick, whatever in the smallest degree approached too near to the corruption of our propensities. The grace of compunction at once leads the contrite soul to this point; it renders him ingenuous in punishing himself, and arranges matters so well that everything serves in expiation of his crime; that duties, social intercourse, honors, prosperity, and the cares attendant upon his station, become opportunities of proving his merit; and that even his pleasures, through the circumspection and faith with which they are accompanied, become praiseworthy and virtuous actions.

Behold the divine secret of penitence! As it officiates here below toward the criminal soul, says Tertullian, as the justice of God; and as the justice of God shall one day punish guilt by the eternal privation of all creatures which the sinner hath abused, penitence anticipates that terrible judgment; it everywhere imposes on itself the most rigorous privations; and if the miserable condition of human life renders the use of present things still requisite, it employs them much less to flatter than to punish the senses, by the sober and austere manner in which it applies them.

You have only to calculate thereupon the truth of your penitence. In vain do you appear to have left off the brutal gratification of the passions, if the same pomp and splendor are requisite toward satisfying that natural inclination which courts distinction through a vain magnificence; the same profusions, in consequence of not having the courage to deprive self-love of accustomed superfluities; the same pleasures of the world, in consequence of being unable to do without it; the same advantages on the part of fortune, in consequence of the continual desire of rising superior to others: in a word, if you can part with nothing, you exclude yourself from nothing; even admitting that all those attachments which you still preserve should

not be absolute crimes, your heart is not penitent; your manners are apparently different, but all your passions are still the same; you are apparently changed, but you are not converted. How rare, my brethren, are true penitents! How common are vain and superficial conversions! And how many souls, changed in the eyes of the world, shall one day find themselves the same before God!

But it is not enough to have attained to that degree of self-denial which keeps us without the circle of attraction of the allurements of guilt; those laborious atonements must likewise be added which wash out its stains. Thus, in the third place, the sinner of our gospel is not contented with having sacrificed her hair and her perfumes to Jesus Christ; she prostrates herself at his feet, she washes them with her tears, she wipes, she kisses them: and, as the third disorder of her sin had been a shameful subjection of her senses, she begins the reparation of these criminal lewdnesses, by the humiliation and disgust of these lowly services.

New instruction: it is not sufficient to remove from the passions those allurements which incite them; it is likewise necessary that laborious exertions of such virtues as are most opposite to them insensibly repress, and recall them to duty and order. You were fond of gaming, pleasures, amusements, and everything which composes a worldly life; it is doing little to cut off from these pleasures that portion which may still conduct to guilt; if you wish that the love of the world be extinguished in your heart, it is necessary that prayer, retirement, silence, and acts of charity succeed to these dissolute manners; and that, not satisfied with shunning the crimes of the world, you likewise fly from the world itself. By giving yourself up to boundless and shameful passions, you have fortified the empire of the senses and of the flesh; it is necessary that fasting, watching, the yoke of mortification, gradually extinguish these impure fires, weaken these tendencies, become ungovernable through a long indulgence of voluptuousness, and not only remove guilt from you, but operate, as I may say, to dry up its source in your heart. Otherwise, by sparing, you only render yourself more miserable: the old attachments which you shall have broken without having weakened, and, as it were, rooted them from your heart by mortification, will incessantly be renewing their attacks; your passions, become more violent and impetuous by being checked and suspended, without your having weakened and overcome them, will make you undergo agita-

tions and storms, such as you had never experienced even in guilt: you will behold yourself on the point, every moment, of a melancholy shipwreck; you will never taste of peace in this new life. You will find yourself more weak, more exhausted, more animated for pleasure, more easy to be shaken, and more disgusted with the service of God, in this state of imperfect penitence, than you had even been formerly in the midst of dissipation; everything will become a rock to you; you will be a continual temptation to yourself; you will be astonished to find within you a still greater repugnance to duties; and, as it is hardly possible to stand out long against yourself, you will soon become disgusted with a virtue by which you suffer so much; and, in consequence of your having wished to be only a tranquil and mitigated penitent, you will be an unhappy one, without consolation, without peace, and, consequently, without perseverance. To augment and multiply the sacrifices is to abridge the sufferings in virtue; and whatever we are induced to spare to the passions, becomes rather the punishment and the disgust than the softening of our penitence.

THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE.

By L. A. THIERS.

[Louis Adolphe Thiers, French statesman and historian, was born April 16, 1797, at Marseilles, of the lower middle class, but kinsman to André Chénier. Well educated (in law at Aix), he was called to the bar in 1819, but in 1821 went to Paris and became a journalist of great distinction on the *Constitutionnel*. In 1823–1827 he published his ten-volume "History of the French Revolution," enormously popular and influential; in 1826, "History of [John] Law." In 1829 he, with Armand Carrel and others, started the *National* to oppose the reactionary Polignac ministry; in 1831 wrote the history of the revolution of 1830. He held several ministries under Louis Philippe 1832–1836, then resigned and went into opposition; foreign minister again in 1840, again resigned and began his more than twenty years' task, the "History of the Consulate and Empire" (20 vols., 1845–1862), for some years taking little part in politics. In 1846–1848 he led a fierce opposition to Louis Philippe; then, too late, as minister, tried to avert the revolution. He held no office under the republic, but supported Louis Napoleon's presidency and thwarted his measures as president; sent out of France after the *Coup d'État*, but soon allowed to return, he was out of politics till 1863, when he began to organize a cautious but relentless opposition to all ministries and measures of the empire whatever. On its fall in 1870, he, as the only important one of the old Republican statesmen not physically superannuated, became the only feasible head of a new system; and after hopeless embassies about Europe for intervention and to Bismarck for leniency, was elected by the Provisional Government "chief of the executive power,"

and settled a peace overwhelmingly accepted. Made president shortly after, he reorganized the finances, army, and civil service, paid the German indemnity and got their troops withdrawn, and sternly crushed the revolt of the Paris commune. In 1873, however, he lost his parliamentary majority, and resigned. He died September 3, 1877. Besides the works mentioned, he wrote "Property" (1848), "Man and Matter" (1875), and many pamphlets and review articles. He was an orator of immense force and exhaustless fertility.]

LET us recapitulate the events of the *system*, in order to review the whole and understand more clearly the causes of its downfall.

A Scotchman, going from a poor country into the midst of a rich one, had been struck with the spectacle of an extensive circulation, and had been led to think that all prosperity originated in an abundance of money. Perceiving that banks had the means of increasing the amount of money by giving to paper the currency of coin, he conceived the plan of a general bank, uniting commercial enterprises with the administration of the public revenue, issuing paper money for large payments, coin being reserved for the smaller; thus joining to the creation of an abundant circulation that of a convenient and profitable investment.

Repulsed in different countries, this Scotchman was listened to in France, where he found a government reduced to expedients and inclined to adopt new ideas. He established, at first, a private bank, which the need of an institution for credit caused to succeed. He then established, but entirely distinct from the bank, a commercial company, to which he granted privileges very different in their nature, designing to unite it with the bank eventually, and complete the vast system which he had projected. The first shares of the company were delivered to holders of different government securities which represented the floating debt, so that the creditors of the Treasury were paid with the privileges which constituted the fortune of the company. Soon, Law transferred to this company the principal leases of the revenue, on the condition that it should assume the funded debt, amounting to sixteen hundred millions. In this way all the creditors of the state were gradually to become shareholders in the company, and although they received only three per cent on their capital, they would find their income increased by the profits of an immense enterprise. The project was accomplished: the sixteen hundred millions were transferred; but, managed without proper caution, they were precipitated upon the shares by the apprehension of the public that the investment would be taken up

immediately. The shares rose to thirty-six times their cost, and the debt which, transformed into shares, should have been two billions at the utmost, rose to eight or ten. A universal intoxication seized the imagination of everybody. People hastened no longer to seek an investment, but to make a fortune by the marvelous rise in the value of capital. A crowd of landed proprietors sold their estates, which did not increase in value, to purchase this imaginary property, which increased in value hourly. Then the holders of the shares, better informed than those who came later, hastened to dispose of them for wealth which was real. This example was followed, and every one wished to *realize*. From this moment, the fictitious being contrasted with the real, the illusion ceased, and the decline of the shares soon became rapid. Those who had seen the fictitious capital rise to ten billions, now saw it fall to eight, and then to six billions, and gave themselves up to despair. It was proper to lament this depreciation, but not to attempt to prevent a catastrophe which had become inevitable. Law, who had permitted people to idolize him for this sudden creation of wealth, committed the fault of attempting to maintain it, and he conceived the unfortunate plan of uniting the shares to the bank notes. He attempted to establish the value of the notes by obliging the use of them in all payments above one hundred francs, and prohibiting the possession of more than five hundred francs in coin at a time. He then fixed the value of the shares in notes, and ordered that a share should be received at the bank for nine thousand francs in notes. Immediately, the shares were exchanged for this forced money, and for all kinds of property which could be bought. What followed? The imaginary capital declined in the form of notes as rapidly as it would have done in the form of shares; only the notes, which might have been saved, were sacrificed. Every one who had anything to sell refused the notes in payment, or demanded four times the value of their property. Only creditors, who were bound by their contracts, were forced to accept the notes at their full nominal value, and they were ruined. There was an attempt to reduce the nominal value on the 21st of May, in order to end this financial fiction; but a violent clamor arose, the attempt was abandoned, and the fiction was suffered to continue. The ruin of the *system* was none the less inevitable, for so monstrous an imposition could not maintain itself. The *system* must be abolished, the shares and notes converted into

government securities, and the old form of the public debt resumed, after the most frightful disorders, and the ruin of so many fortunes. Such was the *system* of Law, and its sad results.

If this financial catastrophe is compared with that of the "*assignats*," and of the Bank of England in the present century, a remarkable resemblance will be seen in the events of a credit system, and useful lessons can be drawn from the comparison.

Credit always anticipates the future, by employing values yet to be produced and using them as already existing.

Law, anticipating the success of a vast commercial enterprise, represented the profits of it by shares, and used them to pay the public debt.

The French revolution wished to pay for the ecclesiastical offices which had been abolished, the debt of the monarchy and the expenses of a universal war, with the national property; this property not being disposable, on account of its quantity and the want of confidence, it anticipated the sale and represented the results by papers called "*assignats.*"

The Bank of England, by discounts and by loans to government, anticipated and accepted as real two kinds of values: commercial bills, which represented immense quantities of colonial produce, difficult to define, and the obligations of the government, values infinitely fluctuating and depending upon the success of war and policy.

In these three cases there was a supposititious value; the shares of Law represented commercial successes and fiscal products, which were very uncertain; the *assignats* represented the price of goods, which would perhaps be diverted from their revolutionary destination; the notes of the Bank of England represented obligations which the government might not be able to fulfill.

The crisis produced by loss of confidence differed in the three cases according to the difference of circumstances. The *prestige* of a newly discovered country, the sudden displacement of an enormous sum, caused the shares of Law to rise in an extravagant manner. But a blind confidence must soon lead to a blind despair. It is well-founded confidence, based upon the real success of labor, slow in its progress, which alone is exempt from these sudden reverses which resemble tempests. The *assignats* could not be ruined in the same manner. They could not rise, because they represented the value of land, which is not susceptible of increase. But as the success of the revolution began to be distrusted, and doubts arose as to the

maintenance of the national sale, they declined; and as they declined, the government, to supply the deficiency in value, was obliged to double the issue, and the repletion contributed, with the distrust, to depreciate them. The notes of the Bank of England, based upon merchandise which might depreciate, and upon engagements of the government, which the victories of France caused to diminish in value, suffered a decline, but comparatively a moderate one, because only one part of the property pledged was destructible.

In the three cases, the authorities wishing to compel confidence met with a failure proportioned to the doubtful value of the securities, the reality of which it attempted to establish by violent measures.

Law fixed the value of the shares in notes, and attempted to fix the value of the notes themselves, by rendering the acceptance of them compulsory at a determined rate.

The revolutionary French government gave a forced currency to the *assignats*, and punished with death those who refused to take them at their nominal value.

The Bank of England was authorized to refuse to pay its notes at sight.

The result of these different measures was a deplorable disturbance in every kind of exchange. All those making bargains would not accept the depreciated money at its nominal rate, and demanded double or triple price, according to the degree of depreciation; but those who were obliged to accept payment on a previous bargain — in a word, all creditors — were ruined, because they were obliged to accept a value purely nominal.

In proportion as the resistance to the oppression increased, the authorities became more tyrannical, because they invaded domestic life. Law forbade the possession of more than five hundred francs in coin, and authorized informations. The revolutionary government, more violent and extreme in everything, established a maximum and regulated the rate of all exchanges, but succeeded no better. The Bank of England, more moderate, because the values which it proclaimed as certain were nearer the true standard, threw itself upon the patriotism of the London merchants, who assembled and declared that they would receive the notes in payments. The notes continued to circulate at a moderate discount.

But forced measures cannot prevent the fall of what must inevitably perish. The eight or ten billions of Law did not

fall below what they were really worth. The *assignats*, issued beyond all proportion to the property which they represented, became utterly worthless. The Bank of England notes declined twelve and fifteen per cent and rose again after the general peace, when specie payment was resumed, but they would have succumbed if Napoleon had employed the infallible aid of time against the English policy.

Certain general truths appear from these facts.

Credit ought to represent positive values, and should be at most a very limited anticipation of these values.

As soon as values become uncertain, force can accomplish nothing to sustain them.

Forced values are refused by all who are at liberty to refuse them, and ruin those who, by previous contracts, cannot refuse them.

Thus falsehood, oppression, spoliation, destruction of all fortunes, these are the ordinary result of a false credit soon followed by a forced credit. The least deplorable of these experiences, which caused but a momentary embarrassment, that of the Bank of England, owed its safety to a successful battle. The entire wealth of a country should never depend upon the deceitful favors of fortune.

Law, unhappy man, after having made Europe resound with the name of himself and of his system, traveled through different countries, and at last took up his residence at Venice. Notwithstanding the capital which he had taken to France and that which he had left there, he ended his life in poverty.

Continuing in correspondence with the Duke of Orleans, and afterward with the Duke of Bourbon, he never ceased to claim that which the French government had the injustice to refuse him. He wrote to the Duke of Bourbon, "Æsop was a model of disinterestedness, however, the courtiers accused him of keeping treasure in a trunk which he visited often; they found there only the garment which he possessed before he became a favorite of the prince. If I had saved my garment, I would not change condition with those employed in the highest places; but I am naked; they require that I shall subsist, without having any property to maintain me, and that I shall pay my debts when I have no money." Law could not obtain the old garment which he demanded. A few years after his departure from France, in 1729, he died at Venice, destitute, miserable, and forgotten.

DEFENSE OF FREE THOUGHT.

By LORD SHAFTESBURY.

(From the "Characteristics.")

[Anthony Ashley Cooper the third, and third Earl of Shaftesbury (grandson of Dryden's "Achitophel"), was born at London in 1671; died at Naples in 1713. He is remembered as a writer on ethics, his chief work being "Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, and Times" (1711).]

There is good reason to suppose that however equally framed, or near alike, the race of mankind may appear in other respects, they are not always equal thinkers, or of a like ability in the management of this natural talent which we call thought. The race, on this account, may therefore justly be distinguished, as they often are, by the appellation of the thinking and the unthinking sort. The mere unthinking are such as have not yet arrived to that happy thought by which they should observe "how necessary thinking is, and how fatal the want of it must prove to them." The thinking part of mankind, on the other side, having discovered the assiduity and industry requisite to right thinking, and being already commenced thinkers upon this foundation, are, in the progress of the affair, convinced of the necessity of thinking to good purpose, and carrying the work to a thorough issue. They know that if they refrain or stop once upon this road, they had done as well never to have set out. They are not so supine as to be withheld by mere laziness, when nothing lies in the way to interrupt the free course and progress of their thought.

Some obstacles, it is true, may, on this occasion, be pretended. Spectres may come across, and shadows of reason rise up against reason itself. But if men have once heartily espoused the reasoning or thinking habit, they will not easily be induced to lay the practice down; they will not at an instant be arrested, or made to stand, and yield themselves, when they come to such a certain boundary, landmark, post, or pillar, erected here or there, for what reason may probably be guessed, with the inscription of a "Ne plus ultra."

It is not, indeed, any authority on earth, as we are well assured, can stop us on this road, unless we please to make the arrest, or restriction of our own accord. It is our own thought which must restrain our thinking. And whether the restrain-

ing thought be just, how shall we ever judge, without examining it freely, and out of all constraint? How shall we be sure that we have justly quitted reason, as too high and dangerous, too aspiring or presumptive; if, through fear of any kind, or submitting to mere command, we quit our very examining thought, and in the moment stop short so as to put an end to further thinking on the matter? Is there much difference between this case and that of the obedient beasts of burden, who stop precisely at their appointed inn, or at whatever point the charioteer, or governor of the reins, thinks fit to give the signal for a halt?

I cannot but from hence conclude that of all species of creatures said commonly to have brains, the most insipid, wretched, and preposterous are those whom, in just propriety of speech, we call half-thinkers.

I have often known pretenders to wit break out into admiration, on the sight of some raw, heedless, unthinking gentleman; declaring on this occasion that they esteemed it the happiest case in the world, "never to think, or trouble one's head with study or consideration." This I have always looked upon as one of the highest airs of distinction, which the self-admiring wits are used to give themselves in public company. Now, the echo or antiphony which these elegant exclaimers hope, by this reflection, to draw necessarily from their audience, is, "that they themselves are over-freighted with this merchandise of thought; and have not only enough for ballast, but such a cargo over and above, as is enough to sink them by its weight." I am apt, however, to imagine of these gentlemen, that it was never their over-thinking which oppressed them; and that if their thought had ever really become oppressive to them, they might thank themselves, for having under-thought, or reasoned short, so as to rest satisfied with a very superficial search into matters of the first and highest importance,

If, for example, they overlooked the chief enjoyments of life, which are founded in honesty and a good mind; if they presumed mere life to be fully worth what its tenacious lovers are pleased to rate it at; if they thought public distinction, fame, power, an estate, or title to be of the same value as is vulgarly conceived, or as they concluded, on a first thought, without further skepticism or after-deliberation; it is no wonder if, being in time become such mature dogmatists and well-practiced dealers in the affairs of what they call a settlement or

fortune, they are so hardly put to it to find ease or rest within themselves.

These are the deeply loaded and over-pensive gentlemen, who, esteeming it the truest wit to pursue what they call their interest, wonder to find they are still as little at ease when they have succeeded as when they first attempted to advance.

There can never be less self-enjoyment than in these supposed wise characters, these selfish computers of happiness and private good; whose pursuits of interest, whether for this world or another, are attended with the same steady vein of cunning and low thought, sordid deliberations, perverse and crooked fancies, ill dispositions, and false relishes of life and manners. The most negligent, undesigning, thoughtless rake has not only more of sociableness, ease, tranquillity, and freedom from worldly cares, but in reality more of worth, virtue, and merit than such grave plodders and thoughtful gentlemen as these.

If it happens, therefore, that these graver, more circumspect, and deeply interested gentlemen, have, for their soul's sake, and through a careful provision for hereafter, engaged in certain speculations of Religion; their taste of Virtue and relish of life is not the more improved on this account. The thoughts they have on these new subjects of divinity are so biased, and perplexed by those half-thoughts and raw imaginations of interest, and worldly affairs, that they are still disabled in the rational pursuit of happiness and good: and being necessitated thus to remain short-thinkers, they have the power to go no further than they are led by those to whom, under such disturbances and perplexities, they apply themselves for cure and comfort.

It has been the main scope and principal end of these volumes "to assert the reality of a beauty and charm in moral as well as natural subjects, and to demonstrate the reasonableness of a proportionate taste, and determinate choice, in life and manners." The standard of this kind, and the noted character of moral truth, appear so firmly established in nature itself, and so widely displayed through the intelligent world, that there is no genius, mind, or thinking principle, which, if I may say so, is not really conscious in the case. Even the most refractory and obstinate understandings are by certain reprises or returns of thought, on every occasion, convinced of this existence, and necessitated, in common with others, to acknowledge the actual right and wrong.

It is evident that whensoever the mind, influenced by passion or humor, consents to any action, measure, or rule of life contrary to this governing standard and primary measure of intelligence, it can only be through a weak thought, a scantiness of judgment, and a defect in the application of that unavoidable impression and first natural rule of honesty and worth; against which, whatever is advanced will be of no other moment than to render a life distracted, incoherent, full of irresolution, repentance, and self-disapprobation.

Thus every immorality and enormity of life can only happen from a partial and narrow view of happiness and good. Whatever takes from the largeness or freedom of thought, must of necessity detract from that first relish, or taste, on which virtue and worth depend.

For instance, when the eye or appetite is eagerly fixed on treasure, and the moneyed bliss of bags and coffers, it is plain there is a kind of fascination in the case. The sight is instantly diverted from all other views of excellence or worth. And here, even the vulgar, as well as the more liberal part of mankind, discover the contracted genius, and acknowledge the narrowness of such a mind.

In luxury and intemperance we easily apprehend how far thought is oppressed and the mind debarred from just reflection, and from the free examination and censure of its own opinions or maxims, on which the conduct of a life is formed.

Even in that complicated good of vulgar kind, which we commonly call interest, in which we comprehend both pleasure, riches, power, and other exterior advantages, we may discern how a fascinated sight contracts a genius, and by shortening the view even of that very interest which it seeks, betrays the knave, and necessitates the ablest and wittiest proselyte of the kind, to expose himself on every emergency and sudden turn.

But above all other enslaving vices, and restrainers of reason and just thought, the most evidently ruinous and fatal to the understanding is that of superstition, bigotry, and vulgar enthusiasm. This passion, not contented like other vices to deceive and tacitly supplant our reason, professes open war, holds up the intended chains and fetters, and declares its resolution to enslave.

The artificial managers of this human frailty declaim against free-thought and latitude of understanding. To go beyond those bounds of thinking which they have prescribed is by

them declared a sacrilege. To them, freedom of mind, a mastery of sense, and a liberty in thought and action, imply debauch, corruption, and depravity.

In consequence of their moral maxims and political establishments, they can indeed advance no better notion of human happiness and enjoyment than that which is in every respect the most opposite to liberty. It is to them doubtless that we owe the opprobriousness and abuse of those naturally honest appellations of free-livers, free-thinkers, latitudinarians, or whatever other character implies a largeness of mind and generous use of understanding. Fain would they confound licentiousness in morals with liberty in thought and action; and make the libertine, who has the least mastery of himself, resemble his direct opposite. For such indeed is the man of resolute purpose and immovable adherence to reason, against everything which passion, prepossession, craft, or fashion can advance in favor of aught else. But here, it seems, the grievance lies. It is thought dangerous for us to be over-rational, or too much masters of ourselves, in what we draw, by just conclusions, from reason only. Seldom, therefore, do these expositors fail of bringing the thought of liberty into disgrace. Even at the expense of virtue, and of that very idea of goodness on which they built the mysteries of their profitable science, they derogate from morals, and reverse all true philosophy; they refine on selfishness and explode generosity; promote a slavish obedience in the room of voluntary duty and free service; exalt blind ignorance for devotion; recommend low thought; decry reason; extol voluptuousness, willfulness, vindictiveness, arbitrariness, vain-glory; and even deify those weak passions which are the disgrace rather than ornament of human nature.

But so far is it from the nature of liberty to indulge such passions as these, that whoever acts at any time under the power of any single one may be said to have already provided for himself an absolute master. And he who lives under the power of a whole race, since it is scarce possible to obey one without the other, must of necessity undergo the worst of servitudes, under the most capricious and domineering lords.

EARLY LIFE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

BY HIMSELF.

[BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, the celebrated American statesman and philosopher, was born in Boston, Mass., January 17, 1706, the son of a tallow chandler. He learned the printer's trade in the office of his elder brother, and at seventeen ran away to Philadelphia, where he established the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, and began the publication of *Poor Richard's Almanac* (1732). Having acquired extraordinary popularity on account of his public spirit and integrity, he was appointed successively clerk of the Assembly, postmaster, and deputy postmaster-general of British North America. He was sent to England as colonial agent in 1757, and during a second visit (1764) was mainly instrumental in securing the repeal of the obnoxious Stamp Act. Despairing of bringing about any reconciliation between the colonies and the mother country, he returned to Philadelphia and became one of a committee of five chosen by Congress to draw up the Declaration of Independence. Ambassador to France (1776–1785), he succeeded in inducing France to form an alliance with the United States (1778); in conjunction with Jay and Adams concluded the treaty of Paris with England (1783); and was president of Pennsylvania (1785–1788). He died on the 17th of April, 1790. His autobiography, edited by John Bigelow, was published in 1868.]

I CONTINUED employed in my father's business for two years, that is, till I was twelve years old; and my brother John, who was bred to that business, having left my father, married, and set up for himself at Rhode Island, there was all appearance that I was destined to supply his place, and become a tallow chandler. But my dislike for the trade continuing, my father was under apprehensions that if he did not find one for me more agreeable, I should break away and get to sea, as his son Josiah had done, to his great vexation. . . .

From a child I was fond of reading, and all the little money that came into my hands was ever laid out in books. Pleased with the "Pilgrim's Progress," my first collection was of John Bunyan's works in separate little volumes. I afterwards sold them to enable me to buy R. Burton's Historical Collections; they were small chapmen's books, and cheap, 40 or 50 in all. My father's little library consisted chiefly of books in polemic divinity, most of which I read, and have since often regretted that at a time when I had such a thirst for knowledge, more proper books had not fallen in my way, since it was now resolved I should not be a clergyman. Plutarch's "Lives" there was, in which I read abundantly, and I still think that time spent to great advantage. There was also a book of DeFoe's, called an "Essay on Projects," and another of Dr. Mather's,

called "Essays to do Good," which perhaps gave me a turn of thinking that had an influence on some of the principal future events of my life.

This bookish inclination at length determined my father to make me a printer, though he had already one son (James) of that profession. In 1717 my brother James returned from England with a press and letters to set up his own business in Boston. I liked it much better than that of my father, but still had a hankering for the sea. To prevent the apprehended effect of such an inclination, my father was impatient to have me bound to my brother. I stood out some time, but at last was persuaded and signed the indentures when I was yet but twelve years old. I was to serve as an apprentice till I was twenty-one years of age, only I was to be allowed journeyman's wages during the last year. In a little time I made a great proficiency in the business, and became a useful hand to my brother. I now had access to better books. An acquaintance with the apprentices of booksellers enabled me sometimes to borrow a small one, which I was careful to return soon and clean. Often I sat up in my room reading the greatest part of the night, when the book was borrowed in the evening and to be returned early in the morning, lest it should be missed or wanted.

And after some time an ingenious tradesman, Mr. Matthew Adams, who had a pretty collection of books, and who frequented our printing house, took notice of me, invited me to his library, and very kindly lent me such books as I chose to read. I now took a fancy to poetry, and made some little pieces; my brother, thinking it might turn to account, encouraged me, and put me on composing occasional ballads. One was called "The Lighthouse Tragedy," contained an account of the drowning of Captain Worthilake with his two daughters: the other was a sailor's song, on the taking of *Teach* (or Blackbeard) the pirate. They were wretched stuff, in the Grub Street ballad style; and when they were printed he sent me about the town to sell them. The first sold wonderfully, the event being recent, having made a great noise. This flattered my vanity; but my father discouraged me by ridiculing my performances, and telling me verse makers were generally beggars. So I escaped being a poet, most probably a very bad one; but as prose writing has been of great use to me in the course of my life, and was a principal means of my advancement, I shall tell you

how, in such a situation, I acquired what little ability I have in that way.

There was another bookish lad in the town, John Collins by name, with whom I was intimately acquainted. We sometimes disputed, and very fond we were of argument, and very desirous of confuting one another, which disputatious turn, by the way, is apt to become a very bad habit, making people often extremely disagreeable in company by the contradiction that is necessary to bring it into practice; and thence, besides souring and spoiling the conversation, is productive of disgusts, and perhaps enmities, where you may have occasion for friendship. I had caught it by reading my father's books of dispute about religion. Persons of good sense, I have since observed, seldom fall into it, except lawyers, university men, and men of all sorts that have been bred at Edinborough.

A question was once, somehow or other, started between Collins and me, of the propriety of educating the female sex in learning, and their abilities for study. He was of opinion that it was improper, and that they were naturally unequal to it. I took the contrary side, perhaps a little for dispute's sake. He was naturally more eloquent, had a ready plenty of words; and sometimes, as I thought, bore me down more by his fluency than by the strength of his reasons. As we parted without settling the point, and were not to see one another again for some time, I sat down to put my arguments in writing, which I copied fair and sent to him. He answered, and I replied. Three or four letters of a side had passed, when my father happened to find my papers and read them. Without entering into the discussion, he took occasion to talk to me about the manner of my writing; observed that, though I had the advantage of my antagonist in correct spelling and pointing (which I ow'd to the printing house), I fell far short in elegance of expression, in method and in perspicuity, of which he convinced me by several instances. I saw the justice of his remarks and thence grew more attentive to the manner in writing, and determined to endeavor at improvement.

About this time I met with an odd volume of the *Spectator*. It was the third. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With this view I took some of the papers, and, making short hints of the sentiment in each sentence, laid them

by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, try'd to compleat the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should come to hand. Then I compared my *Spectator* with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses; since the continual occasion for words of the same import, but of different length, to suit the measure, or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind, and make me master of it. Therefore I took some of the tales and turned them into verse; and, after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again. I also sometimes jumbled my collections of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and compleat the paper. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of thoughts. By comparing my work afterwards with the original, I discovered many faults and amended them; but I sometimes had the pleasure of fancying that, in certain particulars of small import, I had been lucky enough to improve the method or the language, and this encouraged me to think I might possibly in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extreamly ambitious. My time for these exercises and for reading was at night, after work or before it began in the morning, or on Sundays, when I contrived to be in the printing house alone, evading as much as I could the common attendance on public worship which my father used to exact of me when I was under his care, and which indeed I still thought a duty, though I could not, as it seemed to me, afford time to practice it.

When about 16 years of age I happened to meet with a book, written by one Tryon, recommending a vegetable diet. I determined to go into it. My brother, being yet unmarried, did not keep house, but boarded himself and his apprentices in another family. My refusing to eat flesh occasioned an inconveniency, and I was frequently chid for my singularity. I made myself acquainted with Tryon's manner of preparing some of his dishes, such as boiling potatoes or rice, making hasty pudding, and a few others, and then proposed to my

brother, that if he would give me, weekly, half the money he paid for my board, I would board myself. He instantly agreed to it, and I presently found that I could save half what he paid me. This was an additional fund for buying books. But I had another advantage in it. My brother and the rest going from the printing house to their meals, I remained there alone, and, dispatching presently my light repast, which often was no more than a bisket or a slice of bread, a handful of raisins or a tart from the pastry cook's, and a glass of water, had the rest of the time till their return for study, in which I made the greater progress, from that greater clearness of head and quicker apprehension which usually attend temperance in eating and drinking.

And now it was that, being on some occasion made asham'd of my ignorance in figures, which I had twice failed in learning when at school, I took Cocker's book of Arithmetick, and went through the whole by myself with great ease. I also read Seller's and Shermy's books of Navigation, and became acquainted with the little geometry they contain ; but never proceeded far in that science. And I read about this time Locke "On Human Understanding," and the "Art of Thinking," by Messrs du Port Royal.

While I was intent on improving my language, I met with an English grammar (I think it was Greenwood's), at the end of which there were two little sketches of the arts of rhetoric and logic, the latter finishing with a specimen of a dispute in the Socratic method ; and soon after I procur'd Xenophon's "Memorable Things of Socrates," wherein there are many instances of the same method. I was charmed with it, adopted it, dropt my abrupt contradiction and positive argumentation, and put on the humble inquirer and doubter. And being then, from reading Shaftesbury and Collins, become a real doubter in many points of our religious doctrine, I found this method safest for myself and very embarrassing to those against whom I used it ; therefore I took a delight in it, practic'd it continually, and grew very artful and expert in drawing people, even of superior knowledge, into concessions, the consequences of which they did not foresee, entangling them in difficulties out of which they could not extricate themselves, and so obtaining victories that neither myself nor my cause always deserv'd. I continued this method some few years, but gradually left it, retaining only the habit of expressing myself in terms of modest diffidence ;

never using, when I advanced anything that may possibly be disputed, the words *certainly*, *undoubtedly*, or any others that give the air of positiveness to an opinion; but rather say, I conceive or apprehend a thing to be so and so; it appears to me, or *I should think it so or so*, for such and such reasons; or *I imagine it to be so;* or *it is so, if I am not mistaken.* This habit, I believe, has been of great advantage to me when I have had occasion to inculcate my opinions, and persuade men into measures that I have been from time to time engag'd in promoting; and, as the chief ends of conversation are to *inform* or to be *informed*, to *please* or to *persuade*, I wish well-meaning, sensible men would not lessen their power of doing good by a positive, assuming manner, that seldom fails to disgust, tends to create opposition, and to defeat every one of those purposes for which speech was given to us, to wit, giving or receiving information or pleasure. For, if you would inform, a positive and dogmatical manner in advancing your sentiments may provoke contradiction and prevent a candid attention. If you wish information and improvement from the knowledge of others, and yet at the same time express yourself as firmly fix'd in your present opinions, modest, sensible men, who do not love disputation, will probably leave you undisturbed in the possession of your error. And by such a manner, you can seldom hope to recommend yourself in *pleasing* your hearers, or to persuade those whose concurrence you desire. Pope says, judiciously: —

> Men should be taught as if you taught them not,
> And things unknown propos'd as things forgot;

farther recommending to us

> To speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence.

And he might have coupled with this line that which he has coupled with another, I think, less properly: —

> For want of modesty is want of sense.

If you ask, Why less properly? I must repeat the lines: —

> Immodest words admit of no defense,
> For want of modesty is want of sense.

Now, is not *want of sense* (where a man is so unfortunate as to

want it) some apology for his *want of modesty?* and would not the lines stand more justly thus?

> Immodest words admit *but* this defense,
> That want of modesty is want of sense.

This, however, I should submit to better judgments.

My brother had, in 1720 or 1721, begun to print a newspaper. It was the second that appeared in America, and was called the *New England Courant.* The only one before it was the *Boston News Letter.* I remember his being dissuaded by some of his friends from the undertaking, as not likely to succeed, one newspaper being, in their judgment, enough for America. At this time (1771) there are not less than five and twenty. He went on, however, with the undertaking, and after having worked in composing the types and printing off the sheets, I was employed to carry the papers thro' the streets to the customers.

He had some ingenious men among his friends, who amus'd themselves by writing little pieces for this paper, which gain'd it credit and made it more in demand, and these gentlemen often visited us. Hearing their conversations and their accounts of the approbation their papers were received with, I was excited to try my hand among them; but, being still a boy, and suspecting that my brother would object to printing anything of mine in his paper if he knew it to be mine, I contrived to disguise my hand, and, writing an anonymous paper, I put it in at night under the door of the printing house. It was found in the morning, and communicated to his writing friends when they call'd in as usual. They read it, commented on it in my hearing, and I had the exquisite pleasure of finding it met with their approbation, and that, in their different guesses at the author, none were named but men of some character among us for learning and ingenuity. I suppose now that I was rather lucky in my judges, and that perhaps they were not really so very good ones as I then esteem'd them.

Encourag'd, however, by this, I wrote and convey'd in the same way to the press several more papers, which were equally approv'd; and I kept my secret till my small fund of sense for such performances was pretty well exhausted, and then I discovered it, when I began to be considered a little more by

my brother's acquaintance, and in a manner that did not quite please him, as he thought, probably with reason, that it tended to make me too vain. And perhaps this might be one occasion of the differences that we began to have about this time. Though a brother, he considered himself as my master, and me as his apprentice, and accordingly expected the same services from me as he would from another, while I thought he demean'd me too much in some he requir'd of me, who from a brother expected more indulgence. Our disputes were often brought before our father, and I fancy I was either generally in the right, or else a better pleader, because the judgment was generally in my favor. But my brother was passionate, and had often beaten me, which I took extreamly amiss; and, thinking my apprenticeship very tedious, I was continually wishing for some opportunity of shortening it, which at length offered in a manner unexpected.

One of the pieces in our newspaper on some political point, which I have now forgotten, gave offense to the Assembly. He was taken up, censur'd, and imprison'd for a month, by the Speaker's warrant, I suppose, because he would not discover his author. I too was taken up and examin'd before the council; but, tho' I did not give them any satisfaction, they content'd themselves with admonishing me, and dismissed me, considering me, perhaps, as an apprentice, who was bound to keep his master's secrets.

During my brother's confinement, which I resented a good deal, notwithstanding our private differences, I had the management of the paper; and I made bold to give our rulers some rubs in it, which my brother took very kindly, while others began to consider me in an unfavorable light, as a young genius that had a turn for libeling and satire. My brother's discharge was accompany'd with an order of the House (a very odd one), that "*James Franklin should no longer print the paper called the New England Courant.*"

There was a consultation held in our printing house among his friends, what he should do in this case. Some proposed to evade the order by changing the name of the paper; but my brother, seeing inconveniences in that, it was finally concluded on as a better way, to let it be printed for the future under the name of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN; and to avoid the censure of the Assembly, that might fall on him as still printing it by his apprentice, the contrivance was that my old indenture

should be return'd to me, with a full discharge on the back of it, to be shown on occasion, but to secure to him the benefit of my service, I was to sign new indentures for the remainder of the term, which were to be kept private. A very flimsy scheme it was; however, it was immediately executed, and the paper went on accordingly, under my name, for several months.

At length, a fresh difference arising between my brother and me, I took upon me to assert my freedom, presuming that he would not venture to produce the new indentures. It was not fair in me to take this advantage, and this I therefore reckon one of the first errata of my life; but the unfairness of it weighed little with me, when under the impressions of resentment for the blows his passion too often urged him to bestow upon me, though he was otherwise not an ill-natur'd man; perhaps I was too saucy and provoking.

When he found I would leave him, he took care to prevent my getting employment in any other printing house of the town, by going round and speaking to every master, who accordingly refus'd to give me work. I then thought of going to New York, as the nearest place where there was a printer; and I was rather inclin'd to leave Boston when I reflected that I had already made myself a little obnoxious to the governing party, and, from the arbitrary proceedings of the Assembly in my brother's case, it was likely I might, if I stay'd, soon bring myself into scrapes; and farther, that my indiscrete disputations about religion began to make me pointed at with horror by good people as an infidel or atheist. I determin'd on the point, but my father now siding with my brother, I was sensible that, if I attempted to go openly, means would be used to prevent me. My friend Collins, therefore, undertook to manage a little for me. He agreed with the captain of a New York sloop for my passage, under the notion of my being a young acquaintance of his, that had got a naughty girl with child, whose friends would compel me to marry her, and therefore I could not appear or come away publicly. So I sold some of my books to raise a little money, was taken on board privately, and as we had a fair wind, in three days I found myself in New York, near 300 miles from home, a boy of but 17, without the least recommendation to, or knowledge of, any person in the place, and with very little money in my pocket.

My inclinations for the sea were by this time worne out, or

I might now have gratify'd them. But, having a trade, and supposing myself a pretty good workman, I offer'd my service to the printer in the place, old Mr. William Bradford, who had been the first printer in Pennsylvania, but removed from thence upon the quarrel of George Keith. He could give me no employment, having little to do, and help enough already; but says he, "My son at Philadelphia has lately lost his principal hand, Aquila Rose, by death; if you go thither, I believe he may employ you." Philadelphia was a hundred miles further; I set out, however, in a boat for Amboy, leaving my chest and things to follow me round by sea.

In crossing the bay, we met with a squall that tore our rotten sails to pieces, prevented our getting into the Kill, and drove us upon Long Island. In our way, a drunken Dutchman, who was a passenger too, fell overboard; when he was sinking, I reached through the water to his shock pate, and drew him up, so that we got him in again. His ducking sobered him a little, and he went to sleep, taking first out of his pocket a book, which he desir'd I would dry for him. It proved to be my old favorite author, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," in Dutch, finely printed on good paper, with copper cuts, a dress better than I had ever seen it wear in its own language. I have since found that it has been translated into most of the languages of Europe, and suppose it has been more generally read than any other book, except perhaps the Bible. Honest John was the first that I know of who mix'd narration and dialogue; a method of writing very engaging to the reader, who in the most interesting parts finds himself, as it were, brought into the company and present at the discourse. DeFoe in his "Cruso," his "Moll Flanders," "Religious Courtship," "Family Instructor," and other pieces, has imitated it with success; and Richardson has done the same in his "Pamela," etc.

When we drew near the island, we found it was at a place where there could be no landing, there being a great surff on the stony beach. So we dropt anchor, and swung round towards the shore. Some people came down to the water edge and hallow'd to us, as we did to them; but the wind was so high, and the surff so loud, that we could not hear so as to understand each other. There were canoes on the shore, and we made signs, and hallow'd that they should fetch us; but they either did not understand us, or thought it impracticable, so they went away, and night coming on, we had no remedy

but to wait till the wind should abate ; and, in the mean time, the boatman and I concluded to sleep, if we could; and so crowded into the scuttle, with the Dutchman, who was still wet, and the spray beating over the head of our boat, leak'd thro' to us, so that we were soon almost as wet as he. In this manner we lay all night, with very little rest; but the wind abating the next day, we made a shift to reach Amboy before night, having been thirty hours on the water, without victuals, or any drink but a bottle of filthy rum, the water we sail'd on being salt.

In the evening I found myself very feverish, and went in to bed ; but, having read somewhere that cold water drank plentifully was good for a fever, I follow'd the prescription, sweat plentifully most of the night, my fever left me, and in the morning, crossing the ferry, I proceeded on my journey on foot, having fifty miles to Burlington, where I was told I should find boats that would carry me the rest of the way to Philadelphia.

It rained very hard all the day ; I was thoroughly soak'd, and by noon a good deal tired ; so I stopt at a poor inn, where I stayed all night, beginning now to wish that I had never left home. I cut so miserable a figure, too, that I found, by the questions ask'd me, I was suspected to be some runaway servant, and in danger of being taken up on that suspicion. However, I proceeded the next day, and got in the evening to an inn, within eight or ten miles of Burlington, kept by one Dr. Brown. He entered into conversation with me while I took some refreshment, and, finding I had read a little, became very sociable and friendly. Our acquaintance continu'd as long as he liv'd. He had been, I imagine, an itinerant doctor, for there was no town in England, or country in Europe, of which he could not give a very particular account. He had some letters, and was ingenious, but much of an unbeliever, and wickedly undertook, some years after, to travestie the Bible in doggrel verse, as Cotton had done Virgil. By this means he set many of the facts in a very ridiculous light, and might have hurt weak minds if his work had been published ; but it never was.

At his house I lay that night, and the next morning reach'd Burlington, but had the mortification to find that the regular boats were gone a little before my coming, and no other expected to go before Tuesday, this being Saturday ; wherefore I returned to an old woman in the town, of whom I had bought gingerbread to eat on the water, and ask'd her advice. She

invited me to lodge at her house till a passage by water should offer; and being tired with my foot traveling, I accepted the invitation. She, understanding I was a printer, would have had me stay at that town and follow my business, being ignorant of the stock necessary to begin with. She was very hospitable, gave me a dinner of ox cheek with great good will, accepting only of a pot of ale in return; and I thought myself fixed till Tuesday should come. However, walking in the evening by the side of the river, a boat came by, which I found was going towards Philadelphia, with several people in her. They took me in, and, as there was no wind, we row'd all the way; and about midnight, not having yet seen the city, some of the company were confident we must have passed it, and would row no farther; the others knew not where we were; so we put toward the shore, got into a creek, landed near an old fence with the rails of which we made a fire, the night being cold, in October, and there we remained till daylight. Then one of the company knew the place to be Cooper's Creek, a little above Philadelphia, which we saw as soon as we got out of the creek, and arriv'd there about eight or nine o'clock on the Sunday morning, and landed at the Market Street wharf.

I have been the more particular in this description of my journey, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, that you may in your mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was in my working dress, my best cloaths being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuff'd out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with traveling, rowing, and want of rest; I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar, and about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refus'd it, on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it. A man being sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps thro' fear of being thought to have but little.

Then I walked up the street, gazing about till near the market house I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second Street, and ask'd for bisket, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a

threepenny loaf, and was told they had none such. So not considering or knowing the difference of money, and the greater cheapness nor the names of his bread, I bad him give me threepenny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surpriz'd at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walk'd off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and, being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meetinghouse of the Quakers near the market. I sat down among them, and, after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy thro' labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continu'd so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

I then walked down towards the river, and looking in the faces of every one, I met a young Quaker man whose countenance pleased me, and accosting him, requested he would tell me where a stranger could get a lodging. We were then near the Sign of the Three Mariners. "Here," said he, "is a house where they receive strangers, but it is not a reputable one: if thee wilt walk with me, I'll show thee a better one," and he conducted me to the Crooked Billet, in Water Street. There I got a dinner and while I was eating, several questions were asked me, as, from my youth and appearance, I was suspected of being a runaway.

After dinner, my host having shown me to a bed, I laid myself on it without undressing, and slept till six in the evening, when I was called to supper. I went to bed again very early, and slept very soundly till next morning.

PEDANTRY AGAINST INERTIA.

By LUDVIG HOLBERG.

(From "Erasmus Montanus.")

[Ludvig Holberg, the Scandinavian Molière, and also historian, philosopher, essayist, critic, and letter-writer, was born at Bergen, Norway, December 3, 1684; but was educated in Copenhagen; left Norway permanently at twenty-one, and is purely Danish in work and influence, — the creator of modern Danish literature. He was the youngest of twelve children, and early orphaned. He journeyed much abroad for twenty years, spending 1705–1707 at Oxford, and was the means of fertilizing Scandinavian thought and letters with foreign ideas and art. He became a professor in the Copenhagen University in 1718, and never left its service, teaching at first metaphysics, which he hated, and afterwards other branches. His first works were historical; next he wrote on international law, then a satirical mock epic, "Peder Paars"; then he began writing comedies for the Copenhagen theater, producing twenty-eight in five years, immortalizing himself, and creating a great national Danish stage. The burning of Copenhagen in 1728, and the accession of a strait-laced king in 1730, put an end to the theater, and it was nearly twenty years before Holberg began again, producing six more plays. The best known of them outside is "Erasmus Montanus"; "The Lucky Shipwreck" is the author's self-defense for his satire; he dealt with all sides of life and character. He wrote also a notable History of Denmark; hero and heroine stories in Plutarch's manner; "Niels Klim's Subterranean Journey" (of the Gulliver sort); "Moral Thoughts," and several volumes of "Letters." He was ennobled in 1747, and died January 28, 1754.]

[Rasmus Berg is just home from the university. He has Latinized his name into Erasmus Montanus, and airs his vanity and superior knowledge with needless frequency and offensiveness among the villagers.]

Present: Montanus, Jeppe *his father*, Nille *his mother*, Jesper *the bailiff*.

Jesper — *Serviteur*, *Monsieur!* I wish you joy of your arrival.

Montanus — I thank you, Master Bailiff.

Jesper — I am truly glad that we have got such a learned man in our town. It must have given you many a headache before you got so far. I congratulate you also, Jeppe Berg, on the great comfort you have got in your old days.

Jeppe — Comfort and joy indeed!

Jesper — But prithee, my dear Monsieur Rasmus, I beg leave to ask you about something.

Montanus — My name is Montanus.

Jesper [*aside to Jeppe*] — Is that Latin for Rasmus?

Jeppe — I suppose it is.

Jesper — Pray, my dear Montanus Berg, tell me. I have heard that learned folks have the queerest notions. Is it true that in Copenhagen there are people who believe that the earth is round? Nobody will believe that, here in our place; the world seems to us perfectly flat.

Montanus — The reason is that the earth is so large that its rotundity is not perceived.

Jesper — That is true; the earth is very large, almost half of the universe. Can Monsieur tell me how many stars go to one moon?

Montanus — The moon is to a star what a cabbage-garden is to all Zealand.

Jesper — Ha, ha, ha! good that! These learned folks must have a screw loose somewhere. There are some, too, who would make us believe that the earth moves, and the sun stands still. Surely Monsieur does not believe that?

Montanus — No man of sense doubts that any more.

Jesper — Ha, ha, ha, ha! if the earth moves, we must needs all of us fall out and break our necks.

Montanus — Can't a ship move with you without you breaking your neck?

Jesper — But you say, sir, that the earth moves around: if the ship should turn round too, wouldn't the people fall out into the sea?

Montanus — No, no. I will make it plain to you if you will have a little patience.

Jesper — Faith, and I won't listen! I must be crazy before I believe such nonsense. The earth to turn round and we not fall off, down into the bottomless pit! But, my dear M. Berg, how is it that the moon sometimes is so little and at other times so big?

Montanus — If I should tell you the reason, you would not believe me.

Jesper — Oh! be good enough to tell me.

Montanus [*jocularly*] — The reason is, that when the moon is full grown, they cut it to pieces to make stars of.

Jesper — Faith, that *is* curious. I never knew that before. But, sure enough, it stands to reason that if no pieces were cut away from her, she would soon grow bigger than the whole of Zealand. It is a wise Providence which rules these things. But tell me, how is it that the moon doesn't warm like the sun, as it is just as big?

Montanus — Because the moon has no light, but is made of the same dark matter as our earth, which borrows its light from the sun.

Jesper — Ha, ha, ha, ha! What awful stuff and nonsense! It makes one's head swim to think of it.

Present: MONTANUS, JERONIMUS, JESPER.

Montanus — Welcome, my respected father-in-law [in prospect]: I am glad to see you in such good health.

Jeronimus [*coldly*] — Health at my age cannot be much to speak of.

Montanus — Still, I must say you look remarkably well.

Jeronimus — Do you really think so?

Montanus — Indeed I do. How is Mademoiselle Lisbed, pray?

Jeronimus — Well enough, thank ye.

Montanus — What is the matter? It seems to me my worthy Jeronimus speaks rather coldly to his future son-in-law.

Jeronimus — Perhaps I have a reason for it.

Montanus — In what way have I offended?

Jeronimus — I am told that you hold such curious opinions. Folks will think you are getting crazy. How can a sensible man be so foolish as to maintain that the world is round?

Montanus — Most assuredly it is round. I must needs maintain what is the truth.

Jeronimus — Truth? — it must be the devil's truth, then, and of necessity spring from the Evil One, who is the father of lies. I am sure there is not a soul in this town but condemns it. Ask the bailiff, who is a man of sense, if he is not of *my* opinion.

Jesper — Indeed, it don't concern me much whether it is long or round; but I am bound to believe my own eyes, which tell me that the earth is as flat as a pancake.

Montanus — Nor does it concern me what the bailiff and others in this place may think of the matter; but the earth is round for all that.

Jeronimus — The devil it is! Are you crazy? Sure you have eyes in your head, as any other Christian.

Montanus — It is well known that there are people who live right underneath us, and whose feet are turned towards ours.

Jesper — Ha, ha, ha, ha! hi, hi, hi, hi!

Jeronimus — Yes, the bailiff may well laugh. You must have a screw loose somewhere. Just you try to walk on the ceiling up there with your head down, and see what will come of it.

Montanus — That is a very different thing, father-in-law, as —

Jeronimus — I will by no manner of means be your father-in-law. I love my daughter too much to throw her away on the likes of you.

Montanus — Believe me, I love your daughter as my own soul ; but that I should deny *philosophia* for her sake, or stultify myself, is more than you have a right to demand.

Jeronimus — What proofs do you offer for assertions ?

Montanus — No proofs are considered necessary. No men of education have any doubt about it at all.

Jesper — Still, Peer Clerk won't allow any such thing.

Montanus — Peer Clerk ! he is a pretty fellow, and I am but a fool to allow myself to discuss *philosophia* with the likes of him and you. But to please M. Jeronimus I will adduce a couple of proofs, to wit, — firstly : travelers, when they reach a point many thousand miles from here, have day when we have night, and look upon another heaven and other stars.

Jeronimus — You are raving ! Have we more than one heaven or one earth ?

Jesper — Yes ; with submission, M. Jeronimus. There are seven heavens, each one higher than the other, till you come at last to the heaven of crystal — so far he is right enough.

Montanus [*clasps his hands*] — *O quantæ tenebræ!*

Jeronimus — Well, then, I have in my youth been sixteen times to the great fair in Kiel; and, as I hope to be saved, I have never seen any other heaven than the one above us.

Montanus — You will have to travel sixteen times farther, *Domine Jeronyme*, before you will see what I told you ; when —

Jeronimus — Cease this nonsense : it has neither rhyme nor reason. Let us hear the other proofs.

Montanus — The second proof is the eclipse of the sun and moon.

Jeronimus — You must stop now : this is really too much.

Montanus — What is your opinion of an eclipse, Mr. Bailiff ?

Jesper — Eclipses are certain signs which appear on the sun and moon when any great calamity is going to happen, which I can prove by my own experience. When, for instance, my wife

miscarried three years ago, and my daughter Gertrude died, there were two eclipses immediately before.

Montanus — I shall get insane if I listen to this much longer.

Jeronimus — The bailiff is right: there is never an eclipse but that it means something. When the last eclipse occurred everything seemed all right, but not for long, mind ye: fourteen days afterwards came news from Copenhagen that six students had failed to pass their examinations at the university, all the sons of great people, two bishops' sons among them. If no ill-luck happens in one place, you can be sure it will in another.

Montanus — Most certainly; as no day passes away but that some calamity happens in this world of ours. As for the students you mentioned, they needn't blame the eclipse. If they had attended more to their studies, they would not have been rejected.

Jeronimus — What is, then, an eclipse of the moon, according to *your* notion?

Montanus — Simply the shadow of the earth, which deprives the moon of the light of the sun; and, as the shadow is plainly round, the earth which causes it must needs be round too. The whole is perfectly natural: you can calculate beforehand when an eclipse will occur, and only stupidity and folly can see in that phenomenon a warning sign of misfortunes to come.

Jeronimus — Oh, Mr. Bailiff! I begin to feel unwell. In an unhappy hour it came to pass that your honest parents took you from the plow and put you in college.

Jesper — He is not far from being an atheist, too. I must get the clerk to take him in hand again. That is a fellow who talks with unction. He is your man, whether in Latin or Greek, and will soon convince you that the earth, thank God, is as flat as the palm of my hand. But here comes Madame Jeronimus and her daughter.

Enter MAGDELONE AND LISBED.

Magdelone — Ah, my dearest son-in-law, it is indeed a joy to see you looking so well.

Lisbed — Oh, darling, let me kiss you.

Jeronimus — Quietly, my child; be not too forward.

Lisbed — May I not embrace my sweetheart that I have not seen for such a long time?

Jeronimus — Keep away from him, I tell you.

Lisbed [*crying*] — But are we not betrothed people?

Jeronimus — So you *were* — but there is something gone wrong now. You must know, my daughter, that when he plighted his troth to you he was a decent fellow and a good Christian; but now I find him an heretic and an atheist, who deserves to become acquainted with a tar barrel rather than to be received in the bosom of a Christian family.

Lisbed — If that is all, dear father, we will soon get over the difficulty. [*Advances toward* MONTANUS.

Jeronimus — Keep away from him, you forward minx!

Magdelone — What is the meaning of all this, Mr. Bailiff?

Jesper — Trouble enough, madam; he preaches false doctrines: says that the earth is round, and other wicked blasphemies that I am ashamed talking about.

Jeronimus — Doesn't it seem to you that his honest old parents are to be pitied for having wasted so much money on his schooling?

Magdelone — Is that all that is the matter? If he loves our daughter, he won't mind giving up his opinions and saying the earth is flat, for her sake; will you, Rasmus?

Montanus — It is impossible for me to say any such thing as long as I am in possession of my five senses. I can't give the earth any other shape than it really has got. I am ready to please you in every possible way, but I really cannot afford to stultify myself to gratify your whims. If my learned friends should come to know that I had made such a statement, I should be deemed a fool, and despised accordingly. Besides, we men of letters never recant our opinions, but defend what we once have advanced to the last drop of our inkstands.

Magdelone — Here, my good husband. I don't think this of such importance that we should break off the engagement for the sake of it.

Jeronimus — But I deem it of such importance that I would sue for a divorce on that ground if they had been actually married.

Magdelone — And, faith, I will also have a word to say in this matter: if Lisbed is your daughter, she is mine too.

Lisbed [*weeping and addressing* MONTANUS] — Do, darling, say it is flat.

Montanus — Upon my honor, my dear girl, it is impossible.

Jeronimus — You must know, good wife, that I am master in my own house, and that I am her father.

Magdelone — And I will have *you* to know that I am mistress in my own house, and that I am her mother.

Jeronimus — I should think that a father is more than a mother.

Magdelone — Then *I* think no such thing. That I am her mother is beyond a doubt — but if you are — but I won't say any more. You do vex me!

Lisbed — Dearest heart, do say, for my sake, the earth is flat.

Montanus — I cannot, sweetheart; *nam contra naturam est.*

Jeronimus — Wife! what do you mean! Am I not her father as much as you are her mother? Hear, Lisbed, am I not your father?

Lisbed — I believe it, as my mother says so; but I am *sure* she is my mother.

Jeronimus — Now what do you think of such talk, Mr. Bailiff?

Jesper — With submission, Monsieur Jeronimus, I cannot say that Mam'selle is in the wrong, because —

Jeronimus — I have enough of this. Be assured, my good Rasmus Berg, that you will never marry *my* daughter before you recall your damnable opinions.

Lisbed [*weeping*] — Oh, darling Rasmus, do, for heaven's sake, say it is flat!

Jeronimus — Come away. [*Exeunt omnes.*

* * * * * * *

Montanus [*solus*] — Here I have been baited and worried for a whole hour by my silly parents-in-law trying their utmost to move me from my opinion; but the worthy people know not Erasmus Montanus. Not to be an emperor would I take back what I have once said. I love Mademoiselle Lisbed, it is true; but that I for her sake should sacrifice philosophy, and recede from what I have publicly maintained — that can never be. I trust, however, that things may yet come right, and I at last shall obtain the hand of my sweetheart without sacrificing my reputation.

* * * * * * *

Present: MONTANUS, *the* LIEUTENANT.

Lieutenant — But I have been told that Monsieur could prove that it is the duty of a son to chastise his parents: that would be no easy matter to demonstrate, I opine.

Montanus — If I have propounded such *thesis*, I am abundantly able to demonstrate the proposition.

Lieutenant — I will wager a ducat that Monsieur is not able to do it.

Montanus — I accept the wager.

Lieutenant — Done — let us now hear.

Montanus — Those we love the most we chastise the most; we ought to love none more than our parents; hence we ought to chastise them the most. And, by way of *Syllogismus*, I will further add: what I have received I am bound to repay; and as I, in my boyhood, have received many blows from my parents, it becomes my duty to return them again.

Lieutenant — Enough: I have lost; you have fairly won your ducat.

Montanus — Surely, lieutenant, I was not in earnest. I will *profecto* receive no money.

Lieutenant — You shall receive it, upon my honor: I swear you shall.

Montanus — Well, then, I will consent to receive it to save you from perjuring yourself. [*Accepts the money.*]

Lieutenant — I hear you can transform people: permit me to try and turn you into something else. *Par exemple:* shall I make a soldier out of you?

Montanus — Oh, that is easy enough: all we students are, in a manner, spiritual soldiers.

Lieutenant — Well, I will convince you that you are a bodily soldier as well. Listen: He who has taken the king's money is a regular enlisted soldier. You have just done that: *ergo* —

Montanus — *Nego minorem.*

Lieutenant — *Et ego probo minorem* of the money you just now received.

Montanus — *Distinguendum est inter nummos.*

Lieutenant — There is no distinction whatsoever: you are now a soldier.

Montanus — *Distinguendum est inter simpliciter et relative accipere.*

Lieutenant — Stuff and nonsense! The contract is concluded, and you have got your money.

Montanus — *Distinguendum est inter contractum verum et apparentum.*

Lieutenant — Do you deny that you have received my money?

Montanus — *Distinguendum est inter rem et modum rei.*

Lieutenant — Come along, comrade, and I will get you your uniform.

Montanus — Pray take your money back. Besides, you have no witness that I have taken it.

Enter JESPER *and* NIELS (*a Corporal*).

Jesper — I will swear, for one, that I saw the lieutenant put the money in your hand.

Niels — And I also.

Montanus — But why did I take the money? — *distinguendum est inter* —

Lieutenant — I will stand no nonsense. Stay here, Niels, and watch him till I get the uniform. [NIELS *collars him.*

Montanus — Murder, murder!

Niels — If you don't stop your noise, you dog, I will run my bayonet through ye. Has he not enlisted, Bailiff?

Jesper — That he has, sure enough.

Lieutenant — Now quick — off with the black coat and on with the red one. Pshaw! you are much better off now than ever you were. Drill him well, Corporal: begin at once. He is a very learned chap, but he is still raw in his manual.

[NIELS *takes him aside, drills him, and strikes him occasionally with his cane.*

Present: JERONIMUS, MAGDELONE, LISBED, JEPPE, NILLE, LIEUTENANT, MONTANUS, CORPORAL.

Montanus — I do, then, most humbly beg everybody's pardon. I promise to lead a different life, and I repent me of my former follies, which I have been brought to see in their true light no more by my late predicament than by this brave gentleman's sound reason and weighty words, whom I shall always hold — next to my parents — in the highest esteem and reverence.

Jeronimus — You retract then, my dear son-in-law, your pestiferous notion about the earth being round: that piece of heresy worries me most of all.

Montanus — My dear father-in-law, I don't care to discuss that matter any further: I will only remark that all men of learning hold nowadays that the earth is round.

Jeronimus — The devil! O Mr. Lieutenant, do make him a soldier again, till he confesses that the earth is flat.

Montanus — Hold, my dear sir. *The earth is as flat as a pancake.* Will that satisfy you?

Jeronimus — Yes, perfectly. Now we are all friends again, and you shall have my daughter. Let us all go in and drink a glass to a general reconciliation. Lieutenant, do us the honor of joining us.

PEGGY AND JENNY.

(From "The Gentle Shepherd.")

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

[Allan Ramsay, the founder of modern Scotch literary poetry, was born 1686, in Lanarkshire, of peasant family but good blood; in 1711, apprenticed like Jasmin to a barber and wig-maker (in Edinburgh), his literary taste and sense of fun soon gained him admission to a convivial and literary club of young gentlemen (1712–1715). In no long time he made a reputation as a poet, set up a book-shop, and for many years had immense influence by editing and publishing collections of old Scotch poetry, as well as writing vernacular poems; the former he published as "Tea-Table Miscellany" and "The Evergreen" (1724), the latter were collected in 1721 and 1728, besides his great pastoral "The Gentle Shepherd." This was issued in separate dialogues for some years, connected and published together in 1725. It dominated Scotch poetry till Burns's time, greatly influenced him, and through him reigns still, and deeply affected the character of the Scotch peasantry. His "Fables," original and translated, appeared in 1830. He died in 1758.]

The Scene.

A flowrie howm between twa verdant braes,
Where lasses use to wash and spread their claiths,
A trotting burnie wimpling thro' the ground,
Its channel peebles, shining, smooth and round;
Here view twa barefoot beauties clean and clear;
First please your eye, next gratify your ear,
While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
And Meg with better sense true love defends.

Jenny — Come, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
The shining day will bleech our linen clean;
The water's clear, the lift unclouded blew,
Will make them like a lilly wet with dew.

Peggy — Go farer up the burn to Habby's How,
Where a' the sweets of spring and summer grow;
Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin
The water fa's, and makes a singand din;
A pool breast-deep beneath, as clear as glass,
Kisses with easy whirls the bordring grass:
We'll end our washing while the morning's cool,
And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
There wash oursells — 'tis healthfu' now in May,
And sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.
Jenny — Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say,
Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
And see us sae? that jeering fallow Pate
Wad taunting say, Haith, lasses, ye're no blate.
Peggy — We're far frae ony road, and out of sight;
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height:
But tell me now, dear Jenny, (we're our lane,)
What gars ye plague your wooer with disdain?
The nibours a' tent this as well as I,
That Roger loes you, yet ye carna by.
What ails ye at him? Trowth, between us twa,
He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.
Jenny — I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end;
A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.
He kaims his hair indeed, and gaes right snug,
With ribbon-knots at his blew bonnet-lug;
Whilk pensily he wears a thought a-jee,
And spread his garters dic'd beneath his knee.
He falds his owrlay down his breast with care;
And few gang trigger to the kirk or fair.
For a' that he can neither sing nor say,
Except, *How d'ye?* — or, *There's a bonny day.*
Peggy — Ye dash the lad with constant slighting pride,
Hatred for love is unco sair to bide:
But ye'll repent ye, if his love grows cauld.
What like's a dorty maiden when she's auld?
Like dawted we'an, that tarrows at its meat,
That for some feckless whim will orp and greet.
The lave laugh at it, till the dinner's past,
And syne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or scart anither's leavings at the last.
Fy, Jenny, think, and dinna sit your time.

SANG.

Tune: Polwart on the Green.

The dorty will repent,
If lover's heart grow cauld,
And nane her smiles will tent,
Soon as her face looks auld.

The dawted bairn thus takes the pet,
Nor eats, tho' hunger crave,
Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
And's laught at by the lave.

They jest it till the dinner's past;
Thus by itself abus'd,
The fool thing is obliged to fast,
Or eat what they've refused.

Jenny — I never thought a single life a crime.
Peggy — Nor I — but love in whispers lets us ken,
That men were made for us, and we for men.
Jenny — If Roger is my jo, he kens himsell;
For sic a tale I never heard him tell.
He glowrs and sighs, and I can guess the cause,
But wha's oblig'd to spell his *hums* and *haws?*
Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
I'se tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
They're fools that slavery like, and may be free:
The cheils may a' knit up themsells for me.
Peggy — Be doing your ways; for me, I have a mind
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.
Jenny — Heh! lass, how can you loo that rattle-skull.
A very deil that ay maun hae his will?
We'll soon hear tell what a poor fighting life
You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're man and wife.
Peggy — I'll rin the risk; nor have I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
Till I with pleasure mount my bridal-bed,
Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head.
There we may kiss as long as kissing's good,
And what we do, there's nane dare call it rude.
He's get his will: Why no? 'Tis good my part
To give him that; and he'll give me his heart.
Jenny — He may indeed, for ten or fifteen days,
Make meikle o' ye, with an unco fraise;
And daut ye baith afore fowk and your lane:
But soon as his newfangleness is gane,

He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
Instead then of lang days of sweet delite,
Ae day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flite:
And may be, in his barlickhoods, ne'er stick
To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

SANG.

Tune: O dear mother, what shall I do?

O dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust his smiling;
Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder luck betyde you.
Lasses, when their fancy's carry'd,
Think of nought but to be marri'd:
Running to a life destroys
Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.

Peggy — Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want pith to move
My settl'd mind, I'm o'er far gane in love.
Patie to me is dearer than my breath;
But want of him I dread nae other skaith.
There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green
Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een.
And then he speaks with sic a taking art,
His words they thirle like musick thro' my heart.
How blythly can he sport, and gently rave,
And jest at feckless fears that fright the lave?
Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill.
He is — but what need I say that or this?
I'd spend a month to tell you what he is!
In a' he says or does, there's sic a gait,
The rest seem coofs compar'd with my dear Pate.
His better sense will lang his love secure:
Ill-nature heffs in sauls are weak and poor.

SANG.

Tune: How can I be sad on my wedding day?

How shall I be sad, when a husband I hae,
That has better sense than ony of thae

Sour weak silly fallows, that study like fools,
To sink their ain joy, and make their wives snools.
The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
Or with dull reproaches encourages strife;
He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse
Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.

Jenny — Hey! bonny lass of Branksome, or't be lang,
Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.
O! 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride;
Syne whindging getts about your ingle-side,
Yelping for this or that with fasheous din,
To mak them brats then ye maun toil and spin.
Ae we'an fa's sick, ane scads itsell in broo,
Ane breaks his shin, anither tynes his shoe;
The Deel gaes o'er John Wabster, hame grows hell,
When Pate misca's ye waur than tongue can tell.
Peggy — Yes, 'tis a heartsome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rife,
Gif I'm sae happy, I shall have delight,
To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
Now! Jenny, can there greater pleasure be,
Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee;
When a' they ettle at, their greatest wish,
Is to be made of, and obtain a kiss?
Can there be toil in tenting day and night,
The like of them, when love makes care delight?
Jenny — But poortith, Peggy, is the warst of a',
Gif o'er your heads ill chance should beggary draw:
But little love, or canty chear can come,
Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom,
Your nowt may die — the spate may bear away
Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks of hay. —
The thick-blawn wreaths of snaw, or blashy thows,
May smoor your wathers, and may rot your ews.
A dyvour buys your butter, woo, and cheese,
But, or the day of payment, breaks and flees.
With glooman brow the laird seeks in his rent:
'Tis no to gi'e; your merchants to the bent;
His Honour mauna want, he poinds your gear:
Syne, driven frae house and hald, where will ye steer?
Dear Meg, be wise, and live a single life;
Troth, 'tis nae mows to be a marry'd wife.
Peggy — May sic ill luck befa' that silly she,
Wha has sic fears; for that was never me.

Let fowk bode well, and strive to do their best;
Nae mair's required, let Heaven make out the rest.
I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
That lads shou'd a' for wives that's vertuous pray:
For the maist thrifty man cou'd never get
A well stor'd room, unless his wife wad let:
Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part,
To gather wealth to raise my Shepherd's heart.
What e'er he wins, I'll guide with canny care,
And win the vogue, at market, tron, or fair,
For halesome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.
A flock of lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,
Shall first be sald, to pay the laird his due;
Syne a' behind's our ain. — Thus, without fear,
With love and rowth we thro' the warld will steer:
And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

Jenny — But what if some young giglit on the green,
With dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
Shou'd gar your Patie think his hafi-worn Meg,
And her kend kisses, hardly worth a feg?

Peggy — Nae mair of that; — Dear Jenny, to be free,
There's some men constanter in love than we:
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
Has blest them with solidity of mind.
They'll reason calmly, and with kindness smile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile.
Sae, whensoe'er they slight their maiks at hame,
'Tis ten to ane the wives are maist to blame.
Then I'll employ with pleasure a' my art
To keep him chearfu', and secure his heart.
At even, when he comes weary frae the hill,
I'll have a' things made ready to his will.
In winter, when he toils thro' wind and rain,
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane.
And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
The seething pot's be ready to take aff.
Clean hagabag I'll spread upon his board,
And serve him with the best we can afford.
Good humour and white bigonets shall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jenny — A dish of married love right soon grows cauld,
And dosens down to nane, as fowk grow auld.

Peggy — But we'll grow auld togither, and ne'er find
The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.

Bairns, and their bairns, make sure a firmer ty,
Than ought in love the like of us can spy.
See yon twa elms that grow up side by side,
Suppose them, some years syne, bridegroom and bride;
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
'Till wide their spreading branches are increast,
And in their mixture now are fully blest.
This shields the other frae the eastlin blast,
That in return defends it frae the wast.
Sic as stand single, — a state sae lik'd by you!
Beneath ilk storm, frae every airt, maun bow.
Jenny — I've done, — I yield, dear lassie, I maun yield,
Your better sense has fairly won the field,
With the assistance of a little fae
Lyes darn'd within my breast this mony a day.

SANG.

Tune: Nancy's to the green-wood gane.

I yield, dear lassie, you have won,
And there is nae denying,
That sure as light flows frae the sun,
Frae love proceeds complying.
For a' that we can do or say
'Gainst love, nae thinker heeds us,
They ken our bosoms lodge the fae
That by the heartstrings leads us.

Peggy — Alake! poor prisoner! Jenny, that's no fair,
That ye'll no let the wee thing tak the air:
Haste, let him out, we'll tent as well's we can,
Gif he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.
Jenny — Anither time's as good — for see the sun
Is right far up, and we're no yet begun
To freath the graith; — if canker'd Madge our aunt
Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant:
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind;
For this seems true — nae lass can be unkind.

HOW SELF-INDULGENCE PARALYZES VIRTUE.

By WILLIAM LAW.

(From the "Serious Call.")

[WILLIAM LAW, one of the foremost of eighteenth-century divines, and one of the ablest expository and controversial theologians of any age, was born in 1686, near Stamford, England; became a fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge; as a non-juror, lost his fellowship; some years later was tutor to Gibbon's father at Putney, and "the much honored friend and spiritual director to the whole family" (Gibbon) for over ten years, and a guiding star to many eminent men, including the Wesleys. The elder Gibbon's death broke up the family, and in 1740 Law retired to his native place, and lived, till his death in 1761, a life of devotion and charity, in company with Hester Gibbon (his pupil's sister) and the rich widow of a former friend, who committed her to Law's care on his death-bed. His still living work, which for generations deeply touched men of all shades, from the Wesleys and Dr. Johnson to Gibbon, is the "Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life" (1729); but he wrote an almost equal predecessor, "A Treatise of Christian Perfection" (1726), a crushing answer to Mandeville's "Fable of the Bees" (1723), an anticipation of Butler's "Analogy" ("The Case of Reason," 1732), and other controversial works of great power; and a great number to advocate the doctrines of mysticism inspired by Jacob Boehme.]

PERSONS that are well affected to religion, that receive instructions of piety with pleasure and satisfaction, often wonder how it comes to pass that they make no greater progress in that religion which they so much admire.

Now the reason of it is this; it is because religion lives only in their head, but something else has possession of their heart; and therefore they continue from year to year mere admirers and praisers of piety, without ever coming up to the reality and perfection of its precepts.

If it be asked why religion does not get possession of their hearts, the reason is this: it is not because they live in gross sins, or debaucheries, for their regard to religion preserves them from such disorders; but it is because their hearts are constantly employed, perverted, and kept in a wrong state by the indiscreet use of such things as are lawful to be used.

The use and enjoyment of their estate is lawful, and therefore it never comes into their heads to imagine any great danger from that quarter. They never reflect that there is a vain and imprudent use of their estate, which, though it does not destroy, like gross sins, yet so disorders the heart, and supports it in such sensuality and dullness, such pride and vanity, as makes it incapable of receiving the life and spirit of piety.

For our souls may receive an infinite hurt, and be rendered incapable of all virtue, merely by the use of innocent and lawful things. . . .

Gross sins are plainly seen and easily avoided by persons that profess religion. But the indiscreet and dangerous use of innocent and lawful things, as it does not shock and offend our consciences, so it is difficult to make people at all sensible of the danger of it.

A gentleman that expends all his estate in sports, and a woman that lays out all her fortune upon herself, can hardly be persuaded that the spirit of religion cannot subsist in such a way of life.

These persons, as has been observed, may live free from debaucheries, they may be friends of religion, so far as to praise and speak well of it, and admire it in their imaginations; but it cannot govern their hearts, and be the spirit of their actions, till they change their way of life, and let religion give laws to the use and spending of their estate.

For a woman that loves dress, that thinks no expense too great to bestow upon the adorning of her person, cannot stop there. For that temper draws a thousand other follies along with it, and will render the whole course of her life, her business, her conversation, her hopes, her fears, her tastes, her pleasures, and diversions, all suitable to it.

Flavia and Miranda are two maiden sisters, that have each of them two hundred pounds a year. They buried their parents twenty years ago, and have since that time spent their estate as they pleased.

Flavia has been the wonder of all her friends, for her excellent management, in making so surprising a figure on so moderate a fortune. Several ladies that have twice her fortune are not able to be always so genteel, and so constant at all places of pleasure and expense. She has everything that is in the fashion, and is in every place where there is any diversion. Flavia is very orthodox, she talks warmly against heretics and schismatics, is generally at Church, and often at the Sacrament. She once commended a sermon that was against the pride and vanity of dress, and thought it was very just against Lucinda, whom she takes to be a great deal finer than she need to be. If any one asks Flavia to do something in charity, if she likes the person who makes the proposal, or happens to be in a right temper, she will toss him half-a-crown, or a crown, and tell him

if he knew what a long milliner's bill she had just received, he would think it a great deal for her to give. A quarter of a year after this, she hears a sermon upon the necessity of charity; she thinks the man preaches well, that it is a very proper subject, that people want much to be put in mind of it; but she applies nothing to herself, because she remembers that she gave a crown some time ago, when she could so ill spare it.

As for poor people themselves, she will admit of no complaints from them; she is very positive they are all cheats and liars, and will say anything to get relief; and therefore it must be a sin to encourage them in their evil ways.

You would think Flavia had the tenderest conscience in the world, if you were to see how scrupulous and apprehensive she is of the guilt and danger of giving amiss.

She buys all books of wit and humor, and has made an expensive collection of all our English poets. For she says, one cannot have a true taste of any of them without being very conversant with them all.

She will sometimes read a book of piety, if it is a short one, if it is much commended for style and language, and she can tell where to borrow it.

Flavia is very idle, and yet very fond of fine work; this makes her often sit working in bed until noon, and be told many a long story before she is up; so that I need not tell you that her morning devotions are not always rightly performed.

Flavia would be a miracle of piety, if she was but half so careful of her soul as she is of her body. The rising of a pimple in her face, the sting of a gnat, will make her keep her room two or three days, and she thinks they are very rash people that do not take care of things in time. This makes her so over-careful of her health that she never thinks she is well enough; and so over-indulgent, that she never can be really well. So that it costs her a great deal in sleeping draughts and waking draughts, in spirits for the head, in drops for the nerves, in cordials for the stomach, and in saffron for her tea.

If you visit Flavia on the Sunday, you will always meet good company; you will know what is doing in the world, you will hear the last lampoon, be told who wrote it, and who is meant by every name that is in it. You will hear what plays were acted that week, which is the finest song in the opera,

who was intolerable at the last assembly, and what games are most in fashion. Flavia thinks they are atheists that play at cards on the Sunday, but she will tell you the nicety of all the games, what cards she held, how she played them, and the history of all that happened at play, as soon as she comes from Church. If you would know who is rude and ill-natured, who is vain and foppish, who lives too high, and who is in debt; if you would know what is the quarrel at a certain house, or who are in love; if you would know how late Belinda comes home at night, what clothes she has bought, how she loves compliments, and what a long story she told at such a place; if you would know how cross Lucius is to his wife, what ill-natured things he says to her when nobody hears him; if you would know how they hate one another in their hearts, though they appear so kind in public, — you must visit Flavia on the Sunday. But still she has so great a regard for the holiness of the Sunday that she has turned a poor old widow out of her house, as a profane wretch, for having been found once mending her clothes on the Sunday night.

Thus lives Flavia; and if she lives ten years longer, she will have spent about fifteen hundred and sixty Sundays after this manner. She will have worn about two hundred different suits of clothes. Out of these thirty years of her life, fifteen will have been disposed of in bed; and, of the remaining fifteen, about fourteen will have been consumed in eating, drinking, dressing, visiting, conversation, reading and hearing plays and romances, at operas, assemblies, balls, and diversions. For you may reckon all the time that she is up, thus spent, except about an hour and a half, that is disposed of at Church, most Sundays in the year. With great management, and under mighty rules of economy, she will have spent sixty hundred pounds upon herself, bating only some shillings, crowns, or half-crowns, that have gone from her in accidental charities.

I shall not take upon me to say, that it is impossible for Flavia to be saved; but thus much must be said, that she has no grounds from Scripture to think she is in the way of salvation. For her whole life is in direct opposition to all those tempers and practices which the Gospel has made necessary to salvation.

If you were to hear her say, that she had lived all her life like Anna the prophetess, who "departed not from the temple, but served God with fastings and prayers night and day,"

you would look upon her as very extravagant; and yet this would be no greater an extravagance than for her to say that she had been "striving to enter in at the strait gate," or making any one doctrine of the Gospel a rule of her life.

She may as well say that she lived with our Saviour when He was upon earth, as that she has lived in imitation of Him, or made it any part of her care to live in such tempers as He required of all those that would be His disciples. She may as truly say that she has every day washed the saints' feet, as that she has lived in Christian humility and poverty of spirit; and as reasonably think that she has taught a charity school, as that she has lived in works of charity. She has as much reason to think that she has been a sentinel in an army, as that she has lived in watching and self-denial. And it may as fairly be said that she lived by the labor of her hands, as that she had given all diligence to make her calling and election sure.

And here it is to be well observed, that the poor, vain turn of mind, the irreligion, the folly and vanity of this whole life of Flavia, is all owing to the manner of using her estate. It is this that has formed her spirit, that has given life to every idle temper, that has supported every trifling passion, and kept her from all thoughts of a prudent, useful, and devout life.

When her parents died, she had no thought about her two hundred pounds a year, but that she had so much money to do what she would with, to spend upon herself, and purchase the pleasures and gratifications of all her passions.

And it is this setting out, this false judgment and indiscreet use of her fortune, that has filled her whole life with the same indiscretion, and kept her from thinking of what is right, and wise, and pious, in everything else.

If you have seen her delighted in plays and romances, in scandal and backbiting, easily flattered, and soon affronted; if you have seen her devoted to pleasures and diversions, a slave to every passion in its turn, nice in everything that concerned her body or dress, careless of everything that might benefit her soul, always wanting some new entertainment, and ready for every happy invention in show or dress, it was because she had purchased all these tempers with the yearly revenue of her fortune.

She might have been humble, serious, devout, a lover of good books, an admirer of prayer and retirement, careful of her

time, diligent in good works, full of charity and the love of God, but that the imprudent use of her estate forced all the contrary tempers upon her.

And it was no wonder that she should turn her time, her mind, her health, and strength, to the same uses that she turned her fortune. It is owing to her being wrong in so great an article of life, that you can see nothing wise, or reasonable, or pious, in any other part of it.

Now, though the irregular trifling spirit of this character belongs, I hope, but to few people, yet many may here learn some instruction from it, and perhaps see something of their own spirit in it.

For as Flavia seems to be undone by the unreasonable use of her fortune, so the lowness of most people's virtue, the imperfections of their piety, and the disorders of their passions, are generally owing to their imprudent use and enjoyment of lawful and innocent things.

More people are kept from a true sense and taste of religion by a regular kind of sensuality and indulgence, than by gross drunkenness. More men live regardless of the great duties of piety through too great a concern for worldly goods, than through direct injustice.

This man would perhaps be devout, if he was not so great a virtuoso. Another is deaf to all the motives of piety, by indulging an idle, slothful temper. Could you cure this man of his great curiosity and inquisitive temper, or that of his false satisfaction and thirst after learning, you need do no more to make them both become men of great piety.

If this woman would make fewer visits, or that not be always talking, they would neither of them find it half so hard to be affected with religion.

For all these things are only little, when they are compared to great sins: and though they are little in that respect, yet they are great, as they are impediments and hindrances to a pious spirit.

For as consideration is the only eye of the soul, as the truths of religion can be seen by nothing else, so whatever raises a levity of mind, a trifling spirit, renders the soul incapable of seeing, apprehending, and relishing the doctrines of piety.

THE STRULDBRUGGS.

By SWIFT.

[For biographical sketch, see page 36.]

One Day in much good Company I was asked by a Person of Quality, whether I had seen any of their *Struldbruggs* or *Immortals*. I said I had not, and desired he would explain to me what he meant by such an Appellation applyed to a mortal Creature. He told me, that sometimes, though very rarely, a Child happened to be born in a Family with a red circular Spot in the Forehead, directly over the left Eyebrow, which was an infallible Mark that it should never dye. The Spot, as he described it, was about the compass of a Silver Threepence, but in the course of Time grew larger, and changed its Colour; for at twelve Years old it became Green, so continued till five and Twenty, then turned to a deep Blue; at Five and Forty it grew coal Black, and as large as an *English* Shilling, but never admitted any farther Alteration. He said these Births were so rare, that he did not believe there could be above Eleven Hundred *Struldbruggs* of both Sexes in the whole Kingdom, of which he computed about fifty in the Metropolis, and among the rest a young Girl born about three Years ago. That these Productions were not peculiar to any Family but a meer effect of Chance, and the Children of the *Struldbruggs* themselves were equally mortal with the rest of the People.

I freely own my self to have been struck with inexpressible Delight upon hearing this Account. I cryed out as in a Rapture; Happy Nation where every Child hath at least a chance for being immortal! Happy People who enjoy so many living Examples of ancient Virtue, and have Masters ready to instruct them in the Wisdom of all former Ages! But, happiest beyond all comparison are those excellent *Struldbruggs*, who, born exempt from that universal Calamity of human Nature, have their Minds free and disengaged, without the weight and depression of Spirits caused by the continual Apprehension of Death. I discovered my Admiration that I had not observed any of these illustrious Persons at Court: the black Spot on the Fore-head, being so remarkable a Distinction, that I could not have easily overlooked it: And it was impossible that his Majesty, a most Judicious Prince, should not pro-

vide himself with a good number of such wise and able Councellours. Yet perhaps the Virtue of those Reverend Sages was too strict for the Corrupt and Libertine Manners of a Court. And we often find by Experience that young Men are too opinionative and volatile to be guided by the sober Dictates of their Seniors. However, since the King was pleased to allow me Access to his Royal Person, I was resolved upon the very first occasion to deliver my Opinion to him on this Matter freely, and at large by the help of my Interpreter; and whether he would please to take my Advice or no, yet in one thing I was determined, that his Majesty having frequently offered me an Establishment in this Country, I would with great thankfulness accept the Favour, and pass my Life here in the Conversation of those superiour Beings the *Struldbruggs*, if they would please to admit me.

The Gentleman to whom I addressed my Discourse, because (as I have already observed) he spoke the Language of *Balnibarbi*, said to me with a sort of a Smile, which usually ariseth from Pity to the Ignorant, that he was glad of any occasion to keep me among them, and desired my Permission to explain to the Company what I had spoke. He did so, and they talked together for some time in their own Language, whereof I understood not a Syllable, neither could I observe by their Countenances what impression my Discourse had made on them. After a short Silence the same Person told me, that his Friends and mine (so he thought fit to express himself) were very much pleased with the judicious Remarks I had made on the great Happiness and Advantages of immortal Life, and they were desirous to know in a particular manner, what Scheme of Living I should have formed to my self, if it had fallen to my Lot to have been born a *Struldbrugg*.

I answered, it was easy to be Eloquent on so copious and delightful a Subject, especially to me who have been often apt to amuse my self with Visions of what I should do if I were a King, a General, or a great Lord: And upon this very Case I had frequently run over the whole System how I should employ my self, and pass the time if I were sure to live for ever.

That, if it had been my good Fortune to come into the World a *Struldbrugg*, as soon as I could discover my own Happiness by understanding the difference between Life and Death, I would first resolve by all Arts and Methods whatsoever to procure my self Riches. In the pursuit of which by Thrift and

Management, I might reasonably expect in about two Hundred Years, to be the Wealthiest Man in the Kingdom. In the second place, I would from my earliest Youth apply myself to the study of Arts and Sciences, by which I should arrive in time to excel all others in Learning. Lastly I would carefully record every Action and Event of Consequence that happened in the Publick, impartially draw the Characters of the several Successions of Princes, and great Ministers of State, with my own Observations on every Point. I would exactly set down the several changes in Customs, Languages, Fashions, Dress, Dyet, and Diversions. By all which Acquirements, I should be a living Treasury of Knowledge and Wisdom, and certainly become the Oracle of the Nation.

I would never marry after threescore, but live in an hospitable manner, yet still on the saving side. I would entertain myself in forming and directing the Minds of hopeful young Men, by convincing them from my own Remembrance, Experience and Observation, fortified by numerous Examples, of the usefulness of Virtue in publick and private Life. But, my Choice and constant Companions should be a sett of my own immortal Brother hood, among whom I would elect a dozen from the most Ancient down to my own Contemporaries. Where any of these wanted Fortunes, I would provide them with convenient Lodges round my own Estate, and have some of them always at my Table, only mingling a few of the most valuable among you Mortals, whom length of Time would harden me to lose with little or no Reluctance, and treat your Posterity after the same manner, just as a Man diverts himself with the Annual Succession of Pinks and Tulips in his Garden, without regretting the loss of those which withered the preceding Year.

These *Struldbruggs* and I would mutually communicate our Observations and Memorials through the Course of Time, remark the several Gradations by which Corruption steals into the World, and oppose it in every step, by giving perpetual Warning and Instruction to Mankind; which, added to the strong Influence of our own Example, would probably prevent that continual Degeneracy of Human Nature so justly complained of in all Ages.

Add to all this, the pleasure of seeing the various Revolutions of States and Empires, the Changes in the lower and upper World, antient Cities in Ruins, and obscure Villages become the Seats of Kings. Famous Rivers lessening into shal-

low Brooks, the Ocean leaving one Coast dry, and overwhelming another : The Discovery of many Countries yet unknown. Barbarity over-running the politest Nations, and the most barbarous become civilized. I should then see the Discovery of the *Longitude*, the *perpetual Motion*, the *Universal Medicine*, and many other great Inventions brought to the utmost Perfection.

What wonderful Discoveries should we make in Astronomy, by outliving and confirming our own Predictions, by observing the Progress and Returns of Comets, with the changes of Motion in the Sun, Moon, and Stars.

I enlarged upon many other Topicks, which the natural desire of endless Life and sublunary Happiness could easily furnish me with. When I had ended, and the Sum of my Discourse had been interpreted as before, to the rest of the Company, there was a good deal of Talk among them in the Language of the Country, not without some Laughter at my Expence. At last the same Gentleman who had been my Interpreter said he was desired by the rest to set me right in a few Mistakes, which I had fallen into through the common Imbecillity of human Nature, and upon that allowance was less answerable for them. That, this Breed of *Struldbruggs* was peculiar to their County, for there were no such People either in *Balnibarbi* or *Japan*, where he had the Honour to be Embassador from his Majesty, and found the Natives in both these Kingdoms very hard to believe that the Fact was possible, and it appeared from my Astonishment when he first mentioned the matter to me, that I received it as a thing wholly new, and scarcely to be credited. That in the two Kingdoms above mentioned, where during his Residence he had converse very much, he observed long Life to be the universal Desire and Wish of Mankind. That whoever had one Foot in the Grave, was sure to hold back the other as strongly as he could. That the eldest had still hopes of living one Day longer, and looked on Death as the greatest Evil, from which Nature always prompted him to retreat ; only in this Island of *Luggnagg*, the Appetite for living was not so eager, from the continual Example of the *Struldbruggs* before their Eyes.

That the System of Living contrived by me was unreasonable and unjust, because it supposed a Perpetuity of Youth, Health, and Vigour, which no Man could be so foolish to hope, however extravagant he may be in his Wishes. That the Ques-

tion therefore was not whether a Man would chuse to be always in the Prime of Youth, attended with Prosperity and Health, but how he would pass a perpetual Life under all the usual Disadvantages which old Age brings along with it. For although few Men will avow their Desires of being immortal upon such hard Conditions, yet in the two Kingdoms before-mentioned of *Balnibarbi* and *Japan*, he observed that every Man desired to put off Death for sometime longer, let it approach ever so late, and he rarely heard of any Man who died willingly, except he were incited by the Extremity of Grief or Torture. And he appealed to me whether in those Countries I had travelled as well as my own, I had not observed the same general Disposition.

After this Preface he gave me a particular Account of the *Struldbruggs* among them. He said they commonly acted like Mortals, till about thirty Years old, after which by degrees they grew melancholy and dejected, encreasing in both till they came to four-score. This he learned from their own Confession; for otherwise there not being above two or three of that Species born in an Age, were too few to form a general Observation by. When they came to four-score Years, which is reckoned the Extremity of living in this Country, they had not only all the Follies and Infirmities of other old Men, but many more which arose from the dreadful Prospects of never dying. They were not only Opinionative, Peevish, Covetous, Morose, Vain, Talkative, but uncapable of Friendship, and dead to all natural Affection, which never descended below their Grand-children. Envy and impotent Desires are their prevailing Passions. But those Objects against which their Envy seems principally directed, are the Vices of the younger sort, and the Deaths of the old. By reflecting on the former, they find themselves cut off from all possibility of Pleasure; and whenever they see a Funeral, they lament and repine that others are gone to an Harbour of Rest, to which they themselves never can hope to arrive. They have no Remembrance of any thing but what they learned and observed in their Youth and middle Age, and even that is very imperfect. And for the Truth or Particulars of any Fact, it is safer to depend on common Traditions than upon their best Recollections. The least miserable among them appear to be those who turn to Dotage, and entirely lose their Memories; these meet with more Pity and Assistance, because they want many bad Qualities which abound in others.

If a *Struldbrugg* happen to marry one of his own kind, the Marriage is dissolved of course by the Courtesy of the Kingdom, as soon as the younger of the two come to be four-score. For the Law thinks it a reasonable Indulgence, that those who are condemned without any Fault of their own to a perpetual Continuance in the World, should not have their Misery doubled by the Load of a Wife.

As soon as they have compleated the term of eighty Years, they are look'd on as dead in Law; their Heirs immediately succeed to their Estates, only a small Pittance is reserved for their Support, and the poor ones are maintained at the publick Charge. After that Period they are held incapable of any Employment of Trust or Profit, they cannot purchase Lands or take Leases, neither are they allowed to be Witnesses in any Cause, either Civil or Criminal, not even for the Decision of Meers and Bounds.

At Ninety they lose their Teeth and Hair, they have at that age no Distinction of Taste, but eat and drink whatever they can get, without Relish or Appetite. The Diseases they were subject to still continuing without encreasing or diminishing. In talking they forgot the common Appellation of things, and the Names of Persons, even of those who are their nearest Friends and Relations. For the same reason they never can amuse themselves with reading, because their Memory will not serve to carry them from the beginning of a Sentence to the end; and by this Defect they are deprived of the only Entertainment whereof they might otherwise be capable.

The Language of this Country being always upon the Flux, the *Struldbruggs* of one Age do not understand those of another, neither are they able after two hundred Years to hold any Conversation (farther than by a few general Words) with their Neighbours the Mortals, and thus they lye under the Disadvantage of living like Foreigners in their own Country.

This was the Account given me of the *Struldbruggs*, as near as I can remember. I afterwards saw five or six of different Ages, the youngest not above two hundred Years old, who were brought me at several times by some of my Friends; but although they were told that I was a great Traveller, and had seen all the World, they had not the least Curiosity to ask me a Question; only desired I would give them *Slumskudask*, or a Token of Remembrance, which is a modest way of begging, to avoid the Law that strictly forbids it, because they are pro-

vided for by the Publick, although indeed with a very scanty Allowance.

They are deprived and hated by all sort of People; when one of them is born, it is reckoned ominous, and their Birth is recorded very particularly; so that you may know their Age by consulting the Registry, which however hath not been kept above a thousand Years past, or at least hath been destroyed by time or publick Disturbances. But the usual way of computing how old they are is by asking them what Kings or great Persons they can remember, and then consulting History, for infallibly the last Prince, in their Mind, did not begin his Reign after they were four-score Years old.

They were the most mortifying Sight I ever beheld, and the Women more horrible than the Men. Besides the usual Deformities in extreme old Age, they acquired an additional Ghastliness in Proportion to their Number of Years, which is not to be described, and among half a Dozen I soon distinguished which was the eldest, although there was not above a Century or two between them.

The Reader will easily believe, that from what I had heard and seen, my keen Appetite for Perpetuity of Life was much abated. I grew heartily ashamed of the pleasing Visions I had formed, and thought no Tyrant could invent a Death into which I would not run with Pleasure from such a Life. The King heard of all that had passed between me and my Friends upon this Occasion, and rallied me very pleasantly, wishing I would send a couple of *Struldbruggs* to my own Country, to arm our People against the Fear of Death; but this it seems is forbidden by the fundamental Laws of the Kingdom, or else I should have been well content with the Trouble and Expence of transporting them.

I could not but agree that the Laws of this Kingdom, relating to the *Struldbruggs*, were founded upon the strongest Reasons, and such as any other Country would be under the Necessity of enacting in the like Circumstances. Otherwise, as Avarice is the necessary Consequent of old Age, those Immortals would in time become Proprietors of the whole Nation, and engross the Civil Power, which, for want of Abilities to manage, must end in the Ruin of the Publick.

FABLES OF JOHN GAY.

[John Gay, English poet, was born at Barnstaple, Devon, in 1685, and was apprenticed to a silk mercer. Disliking his occupation, he was released from it by his master, and some verses having made him a sudden reputation, he was taken up by the Duchess of Monmouth, and afterwards by Lord Clarendon, envoy extraordinary to Hanover, as private secretary. His earlier poem, "Rural Sports," was dedicated to Pope, who took a great interest in the young poet and later became his firm friend. Gay then published "The Shepherd's Week," a burlesque on the pathos of the imitative pastorals of Ambrose Phillips and others; "The What-d'ye-call-it," a farce; "Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London"; "Poems" (including "Black-eyed Susan"); "The Captives," a tragedy. In 1728 was produced the famous "Newgate Pastoral," "The Beggar's Opera," which ran over sixty nights and netted the author seven hundred pounds; and the acting of "Polly Peachum" in it secured three actresses brilliant marriages with the nobility. The representation of "Polly," a sequel, was forbidden by the Lord Chamberlain. After this Gay lived with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and died suddenly, December 4, 1732. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.]

The Mother, the Nurse, and the Fairy.

"Give me a son." The blessing sent,
Were ever parents more content?
How partial are their doting eyes!
No child is half so fair and wise.
Waked to the morning's pleasing care,
The Mother rose and sought her heir.
She saw the Nurse like one possest,
With wringing hands and sobbing breast.
"Sure some disaster has befell:
Speak, Nurse; I hope the boy is well."
"Dear Madam, think not me to blame;
Invisible the Fairy came:
Your precious babe is hence conveyed,
And in the place a changeling laid.
Where are the father's mouth and nose?
The mother's eyes, as black as sloes?
See, here, a shocking awkward creature,
That speaks a fool in every feature."
"The woman's blind, (the Mother cries)
I see wit sparkle in his eyes."
"Lord, Madam, what a squinting leer!
No doubt the Fairy hath been here."
Just as she spoke, a pygmy sprite
Pops through the keyhole swift as light;

Perched on the cradle's top he stands,
And thus her folly reprimands: —
"Whence sprung the vain conceited lie,
That we the world with fools supply?
What! give our sprightly race away
For the dull, helpless sons of Clay!
Besides, by partial fondness shown,
Like you we dote upon our own.
Where yet was ever found a Mother
Who'd give her booby for another?
And should we change with human breed,
Well might we pass for fools indeed."

The Eagle and Assembly of Animals.

As Jupiter's all-seeing eye
Surveyed the worlds beneath the sky;
From this small speck of earth were sent
Murmurs and sounds of discontent;
For everything alive complained
That he the hardest life sustained.
Jove calls his Eagle. At the word
Before him stands the royal bird.
The bird, obedient, from heaven's height,
Downward directs his rapid flight;
Then cited every living thing
To hear the mandates of his king.
"Ungrateful creatures! whence arise
These murmurs which offend the skies;
Why this disorder? say the cause;
For just are Jove's eternal laws.
Let each his discontent reveal;
To yon sour Dog I first appeal."
"Hard is my lot, (the Hound replies)
On what fleet nerves the Greyhound flies!
While I, with weary step and slow,
O'er plains, and vales, and mountains go.
The morning sees my chase begun,
Nor ends it till the setting sun."
"When (says the Greyhound) I pursue,
My game is lost, or caught in view;
Beyond my sight the prey's secure;
The Hound is slow, but always sure;
And had I his sagacious scent,
Jove ne'er had heard my discontent."

The Lion craved the Fox's art;
The Fox the Lion's force and heart:
The Cock implored the Pigeon's flight,
Whose wings were rapid, strong, and light;
The Pigeon strength of wing despised,
And the Cock's matchless valor prized:
The fishes wished to graze the plain,
The Beasts to skim beneath the main:
Thus, envious of another's state,
Each blamed the partial hand of Fate.
The Bird of Heaven then cried aloud,
"Jove bids disperse the murmuring crowd;
The god rejects your idle prayers.
Would ye, rebellious mutineers!
Entirely change your name and nature,
And be the very envied creature? —
What, silent all, and none consent?
Be happy, then, and learn content;
Nor imitate the restless mind,
And proud ambition, of mankind."

The Painter

who pleased nobody and everybody.

Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.
The traveler leaping o'er those bounds,
The credit of his book confounds.
Who with his tongue hath armies routed,
Makes even his real courage doubted.
But flattery never seems absurd;
The flattered always take your word:
Impossibilities seem just:
They take the strongest praise on trust.
Hyperboles, though ne'er so great,
Will still come short of self-conceit.
So very like a Painter drew,
That every eye the picture knew;
He hit complexion, feature, air,
So just, the life itself was there.
No flattery with his colors laid,
To bloom restored the faded maid;
He gave each muscle all its strength;
The mouth, the chin, the nose's length;

His honest pencil touched with truth,
And marked the date of age and youth.
He lost his friends, his practice failed;
Truth should not always be revealed:
In dusty piles his pictures lay,
For no one sent the second pay.
Two bustoes, fraught with every grace,
A Venus' and Apollo's face,
He placed in view: resolved to please,
Whoever sat he drew from these,
From these corrected every feature,
And spirited each awkward creature.
All things were set; the hour was come,
His pallet ready o'er his thumb;
My Lord appeared; and, seated right,
In proper attitude and light,
The Painter looked, he sketched the piece,
Then dipt his pencil, talked of Greece,
Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air;
"Those eyes, my Lord, the spirit there
Might well a Raphael's hand require,
To give them all the native fire;
The features, fraught with sense and wit,
You'll grant are very hard to hit;
But yet with patience you shall view
As much as paint and art can do."
Observe the work. My Lord replied,
"Till now I thought my mouth was wide;
Besides my nose is somewhat long;
Dear Sir, for me, 'tis far too young."
"Oh! pardon me, (the artist cried)
In this we Painters must decide.
The piece even common eyes must strike,
I warrant it extremely like."
My Lord examined it anew;
No looking-glass seemed half so true.
A lady came, with borrowed grace,
He from his Venus formed her face.
Her lover praised the Painter's art;
So like the picture in his heart!
To every age some charm he lent;
Even beauties were almost content.
Through all the town his art they praised;
His custom grew, his price was raised.
Had he the real likeness shown,

Would any man the picture own?
But when thus happily he wrought,
Each found the likeness in his thought.

The Lion and the Cub.

How fond are men of rule and place,
Who court it from the mean and base!
These cannot bear an equal nigh,
But from superior merit fly.
They love the cellar's vulgar joke,
And lose their hours in ale and smoke.
There o'er some petty club preside;
So poor, so paltry, is their pride!
Nay, even with fools whole nights will sit,
In hopes to be supreme in wit.
If these can read, to these I write,
To set their worth in truest light.
A Lion cub, of sordid mind,
Avoided all the lion kind;
Fond of applause, he sought the feasts
Of vulgar and ignoble beasts;
With asses all his time he spent,
Their club's perpetual president.
He caught their manners, looks, and airs;
An ass in everything but ears!
If e'er his Highness meant a joke,
They grinned applause before he spoke;
But at each word what shouts of praise!
"Good gods! how natural he brays!"
Elate with flattery and conceit,
He seeks his royal sire's retreat;
Forward, and fond to show his parts,
His Highness brays; the Lion starts.
"Puppy! that cursed vociferation
Betrays thy life and conversation:
Coxcombs, an ever noisy race,
Are trumpets of their own disgrace."
"Why so severe? (the Cub replies)
Our senate always held me wise."
"How weak is pride! (returns the sire)
All fools are vain when fools admire!
But know, what stupid asses prize,
Lions and noble beasts despise."

The Farmer's Wife and the Raven.

"Why are those tears? why droops your head?
Is then your other husband dead?
Or does a worse disgrace betide?
Hath no one since his death applied?"
"Alas! you know the cause too well;
The salt is spilt, to me it fell;
Then to contribute to my loss,
My knife and fork were laid across:
On Friday, too! the day I dread!
Would I were safe at home in bed!
Last night (I vow to Heaven 'tis true)
Bounced from the fire a coffin flew.
Next post some fatal news shall tell:
God send my Cornish friends be well!"
"Unhappy widow, cease thy tears,
Nor feel affliction in thy fears;
Let not thy stomach be suspended;
Eat now, and weep when dinner's ended;
And when the butler clears the table,
For thy dessert, I'll read my Fable."
Betwixt her swagging pannier's load
A Farmer's Wife to market rode,
And, jogging on, with thoughtful care,
Summed up the profits of her ware;
When, starting from her silver dream,
Thus far and wide was heard her scream:—
"That Raven on yon left-hand oak
(Curse on his ill-betiding croak)
Bodes me no good." No more she said,
When poor blind Ball, with stumbling tread
Fell prone; o'erturned the pannier lay,
And her mashed eggs bestrewed the way.
She, sprawling in the yellow road,
Railed, swore, and cursed: "Thou croaking toad,
A murrain take thy whoreson throat!
I knew misfortune in the note."
"Dame, (quoth the Raven) spare your oaths,
Unclench your fist, and wipe your clothes.
But why on me those curses thrown?
Goody, the fault was all your own;
For had you laid this brittle ware
On Dun, the old sure-footed mare,
Though all the Ravens of the Hundred,

With croaking had your tongue out-thundered,
Sure-footed Dun had kept her legs,
And you, good Woman, saved your eggs."

The Turkey and the Ant.

In other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye;
Each little speck and blemish find,
To our own stronger errors blind.
A Turkey, tired of common food,
Forsook the barn, and sought the wood;
Behind her ran an infant train,
Collecting here and there a grain.
"Draw near, my Birds! (the mother cries)
This hill delicious fare supplies;
Behold the busy negro race,
See millions blacken all the place!
Fear not; like me with freedom eat;
An Ant is most delightful meat.
How blessed, how envied, were our life,
Could we but 'scape the poulterer's knife!
But man, cursed man, on Turkeys preys,
And Christmas shortens all our days.
Sometimes with oysters we combine,
Sometimes assist the savory chine;
From the low peasant to the lord,
The Turkey smokes on every board.
Sure men for gluttony are cursed,
Of the seven deadly sins the worst."
An Ant, who climbed beyond his reach,
Thus answered from the neighb'ring beech: —
"Ere you remark another's sin,
Bid thine own conscience look within;
Control thy more voracious bill,
Nor for a breakfast nations kill."

The Gardener and the Hog.

A gardener of peculiar taste,
On a young Hog his favor placed,
Who fed not with the common herd;
His tray was to the hall preferred:
He wallowed underneath the board,
Or in his master's chamber snored,
Who fondly stroked him every day,

And taught him all the puppy's play.
Where'er he went, the grunting friend
Ne'er failed his pleasure to attend.
As on a time the loving pair
Walked forth to tend the garden's care,
The Master thus addressed the Swine:—
"My house, my garden, all is thine.
On turnips feast whene'er you please,
And riot in my beans and pease,
If the potato's taste delights,
Or the red carrot's sweet invites,
Indulge thy morn and evening hours,
But let due care regard my flowers:
My tulips are my garden's pride:
What vast expense those beds supplied!"
The Hog by chance one morning roamed,
Where with new ale the vessels foamed;
He munches now the steaming grains,
Now with full swill the liquor drains.
Intoxicating fumes arise;
He reels, he rolls his winking eyes;
Then staggering through the garden scours,
And treads down painted ranks of flowers:
With delving snout he turns the soil,
And cools his palate with the spoil.
The Master came, the ruin spied;
"Villain! suspend thy rage, (he cried)
Hast thou, thou most ungrateful sot,
My charge, my only charge, forgot?
What, all my flowers!" no more he said,
But gazed, and sighed, and hung his head.
The Hog with fluttering speech returns:—
"Explain, Sir, why your anger burns.
See there, untouched, your tulips strown;
For I devoured the roots alone."
At this the Gardener's passion grows;
From oaths and threats he falls to blows:
The stubborn brute the blow sustains,
Assaults his leg, and tears the veins.
Ah! foolish Swain! too late you find
That sties were for such friends designed!
Homeward he limps with painful pace,
Reflecting thus on past disgrace;
"Who cherishes a brutal mate,
Shall mourn the folly soon or late."

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

By JOHN GAY.

All in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard: —
"Oh! where shall I my true love find!
Tell me, ye jovial sailors! tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew."

William, who high upon the yard
Rocked with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sighed, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

"O Susan! Susan! lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds! my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

"Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

"If to far India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory, so white:

Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

"Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return:
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word:
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard:
They kissed; she sighed; he hung his head:
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land:
"Adieu!" she cries, and waved her lily hand.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

By ALEXANDER POPE.

[For biographical sketch, see page 373.]

Father of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood:
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue

What blessings Thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away:
For God is paid when man receives;
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand
Presume Thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride
Or impious discontent,
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by Thy breath;
Oh, lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not;
And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all being raise;
All nature's incense rise!

A MODEST PROPOSAL

For Preventing the Children of Poor People in Ireland from being a Burden to their Parents or Country, and for making them Beneficial to the Public.

By SWIFT.

[For biographical sketch, see page 36.]

[A foreign author is said actually to have considered this ghastly sarcasm as serious, and to have quoted it as an instance of the extremity under which Ireland labored.]

It is a melancholy object to those who walk through this great town or travel in the country, when they see the streets, the roads, and cabin doors, crowded with beggars of the female sex, followed by three, four, or six children, all in rags and importuning every passenger for an alms. These mothers, instead of being able to work for their honest livelihood, are forced to employ all their time in strolling to beg sustenance for their helpless infants; who as they grow up either turn thieves for want of work, or leave their dear native country to fight for the pretender in Spain, or sell themselves to the Barbadoes.

I think it is agreed by all parties that this prodigious number of children in the arms, or on the backs, or at the heels of their mothers, and frequently of their fathers, is in the present deplorable state of the kingdom a very great additional grievance; and therefore whoever could find out a fair, cheap, and easy method of making these children sound useful members of the commonwealth, would deserve so well of the public as to have his statue set up for a preserver of the nation.

But my intention is very far from being confined to provide only for the children of professed beggars; it is of a much greater extent, and shall take in the whole number of infants at a certain age who are born of parents in effect as little able to support them as those who demand our charity in the streets.

As to my own part, having turned my thoughts for many years upon this important subject, and maturely weighed the

several schemes of our projectors, I have always found them grossly mistaken in their computation. It is true, a child just dropped from its dam, may be supported by her milk for a solar year, with little other nourishment; at most not above the value of 2*s*., which the mother may certainly get, or the value in scraps by her lawful occupation of begging; and it is at exactly one year old that I propose to provide for them in such a manner as instead of being a charge upon their parents or the parish, or wanting food and raiment for the rest of their lives, they shall on the contrary contribute to the feeding, and partly to the clothing, of many thousands.

There is likewise another great advantage in my scheme, that it will prevent those voluntary abortions, and that horrid practice of women murdering their bastard children, alas, too frequent among us! sacrificing the poor innocent babes I doubt more to avoid the expense than the shame, which would move tears and pity in the most savage and inhuman breast.

The number of souls in this kingdom being usually reckoned one million and a half, of these I calculate there may be about 200,000 couple whose wives are breeders; from which number I subtract 30,000 couple who are able to maintain their own children (although I apprehend there cannot be so many, under the present distresses of the kingdom); but this being granted, there will remain 170,000 breeders. I again subtract 50,000 for those women who miscarry, or whose children die by accident or disease within the year. There only remain 120,000 children of poor parents annually born. The question therefore is, how this number shall be reared and provided for? which as I have already said under the present situation of affairs is utterly impossible by all the methods hitherto proposed. For we can neither employ them in handicraft or agriculture; we neither build houses (I mean in the country) nor cultivate land; they can very seldom pick up a livelihood by stealing, till they arrive at six years old, except where they are of towardly parts; although I confess they learn the rudiments much earlier; during which time, they can however be properly looked upon only as probationers; as I have been informed by a principal gentleman in the county of Cavan, who protested to me that he never knew above one or two instances under the age of six, even in a part of the kingdom so renowned for the quickest proficiency in that art.

I am assured by our merchants, that a boy or a girl before

twelve years old is no salable commodity; and even when they come to this age they will not yield above 3*l.* or 3*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* at most on the exchange; which cannot turn to account either to the parents or kingdom, the charge of nutriment and rags having been at least four times that value.

I shall now therefore humbly propose my own thoughts, which I hope will not be liable to the least objection.

I have been assured by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child well nursed is at a year old a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricassee or a ragout.

I do therefore humbly offer it to public consideration that of the 120,000 children already computed, 20,000 may be reserved for breed, whereof only one-fourth part to be males; which is more than we allow to sheep, black cattle, or swine; and my reason is, that these children are seldom the fruits of marriage, a circumstance not much regarded by our savages, therefore one male will be sufficient to serve four females. That the remaining 100,000 may, at a year old, be offered in sale to the persons of quality and fortune through the kingdom; always advising the mother to let them suck plentifully in the last month, so as to render them plump and fat for a good table. A child will make two dishes at an entertainment for friends; and when the family dines alone, the fore or hind quarter will make a reasonable dish, and seasoned with a little pepper or salt will be very good boiled on the fourth day, especially in winter.

I have reckoned upon a medium that a child just born will weigh 12 pounds, and in a solar year, if tolerably nursed, will increase to 28 pounds.

I grant this food will be somewhat dear, and therefore very proper for landlords, who, as they have already devoured most of the parents, seem to have the best title to the children.

Infants' flesh will be in season throughout the year, but more plentifully in March, and a little before and after: for we are told by a grave author, an eminent French physician, that fish being a prolific diet, there are more children born in Roman Catholic countries about nine months after Lent than at any other season; therefore, reckoning a year after Lent, the markets will be more glutted than usual, because the

number of popish infants is at least three to one in this kingdom; and therefore it will have one other collateral advantage by lessening the number of papists among us.

I have already computed the charge of nursing a beggar's child (in which list I reckon all cottagers, laborers, and four-fifths of the farmers) to be about 2*s*. per annum, rags included; and I believe no gentleman would repine to give 10*s*. for the carcass of a good fat child, which as I have said will make four dishes of excellent nutritive meat, when he has only some particular friend or his own family to dine with him. Thus the squire will learn to be a good landlord, and grow popular among his tenants; the mother will have 8*s*. net profit, and be fit for work till she produces another child.

Those who are more thrifty (as I must confess the times require) may flay the carcass; the skin of which artificially dressed will make admirable gloves for ladies, and summer boots for fine gentlemen.

As to our city of Dublin, shambles may be appointed for this purpose in the most convenient parts of it, and butchers we may be assured will not be wanting; although I rather recommend buying the children alive than dressing them hot from the knife as we do roasting pigs.

A very worthy person, a true lover of his country and whose virtues I highly esteem, was lately pleased in discoursing on this matter to offer a refinement upon my scheme. He said that many gentlemen of this kingdom, having of late destroyed their deer, he conceived that the want of venison might be well supplied by the bodies of young lads and maidens, not exceeding 14 years of age nor under 12; so great a number of both sexes in every country being now ready to starve for want of work and service; and these to be disposed of by their parents if alive, or otherwise by their nearest relations. But with due deference to so excellent a friend and so deserving a patriot, I cannot be altogether in his sentiments; for as to the males, my American acquaintance assured me, from frequent experience, that their flesh was generally tough and lean, like that of our schoolboys by continual exercise, and their taste disagreeable; and to fatten them would not answer the charge. Then as to the females, it would I think with humble submission be a loss to the public, because they soon would become breeders themselves: and besides, it is not improbable that some scrupulous people might be apt to censure such a practice (although indeed

very unjustly) as a little bordering upon cruelty; which, I confess, has always been with me the strongest objection against any project, how well soever intended.

But in order to justify my friend, he confessed that this expedient was put into his head by the famous Psalmanazar, a native of the island Formosa, who came from thence to London about twenty years ago; and in conversation told my friend, that in his country, when any young person happened to be put to death, the executioner sold the carcass to persons of quality as a prime dainty; and that in his time the body of a plump girl of 15, who was crucified for an attempt to poison the emperor, was sold to his imperial majesty's prime minister of state, and other great mandarins of the court, in joints from the gibbet, at 400 crowns. Neither indeed can I deny, that if the same use were made of several plump young girls in this town, who without one single groat to their fortunes cannot stir abroad without a chair, and appear at playhouse and assemblies in foreign fineries which they never will pay for, the kingdom would not be the worse.

Some persons of a desponding spirit are in great concern about that vast number of poor people, who are aged, diseased, or maimed, and I have been desired to employ my thoughts what course may be taken to ease the nation of so grievous an incumbrance. But I am not in the least pain upon that matter, because it is very well known that they are every day dying and rotting by cold and famine, and filth and vermin, as fast as can be reasonably expected. And as to the young laborers, they are now in almost as hopeful a condition; they cannot get work, and consequently pine away for want of nourishment, to a degree that if at any time they are accidentally hired to common labor, they have not the strength to perform it; and thus the country and themselves are happily delivered from the evils to come.

I have too long digressed and therefore shall return to my subject. I think the advantages by the proposal which I have made are obvious and many, as well as of the highest importance.

For first, as I have already observed, it would greatly lessen the number of papists, with whom we are yearly overrun, being the principal breeders of the nation as well as our most dangerous enemies; and who stay at home on purpose to deliver the kingdom to the pretender, hoping to take their advantage by the absence of so many good protestants, who have chosen

rather to leave their country than stay at home and pay tithes against their conscience to an episcopal curate.

Secondly, The poorer tenants will have something valuable of their own, which by law may be made liable to distress and help to pay their landlord's rent, their corn and cattle being already seized, and money a thing unknown.

Thirdly, Whereas the maintenance of 100,000 children, from two years old and upward, cannot be computed at less than 10*s.* a piece per annum, the nation's stock will be thereby increased 50,000*l.* per annum, beside the profit of a new dish introduced to the tables of all gentlemen of fortune in the kingdom who have any refinement in taste. And the money will circulate among ourselves, the goods being entirely of our own growth and manufacture.

Fourthly, The constant breeders, beside the gain of 8*s.* sterling per annum by the sale of their children, will be rid of the charge of maintaining them after the first year.

Fifthly, This food would likewise bring great custom to taverns; where the vintners will certainly be so prudent as to procure the best receipts for dressing it to perfection, and consequently have their houses frequented by all the fine gentlemen, who justly value themselves upon their knowledge in good eating: and a skillful cook, who understands how to oblige his guests, will contrive to make it as expensive as they please.

Sixthly, This would be a great inducement to marriage, which all wise nations have either encouraged by rewards or enforced by laws and penalties. It would increase the care and tenderness of mothers toward their children, when they were sure of a settlement for life to the poor babes, provided in some sort by the public, to their annual profit or expense. We should see an honest emulation among the married women, which of them could bring the fattest child to the market. Men would become as fond of their wives during the time of their pregnancy as they are now of their mares in foal, their cows in calf, their sows when they are ready to farrow; nor offer to beat or kick them (as is too frequent a practice), for fear of a miscarriage.

Many other advantages might be enumerated. For instance, the addition of some thousand carcasses in our exportation of barreled beef, the propagation of swine's flesh, and improvement in the art of making good bacon, so much wanted among us by the great destruction of pigs, too frequent at our table; which are

no way comparable in taste or magnificence to a well-grown, fat, yearling child, which roasted whole will make a considerable figure at a lord mayor's feast or any other public entertainment. But this and many others I omit, being studious of brevity.

Supposing that 1000 families in this city would be constant customers for infants' flesh, beside others who might have it at merry-meetings, particularly at weddings and christenings, I compute that Dublin would take off annually about 20,000 carcasses; and the rest of the kingdom (where probably they will be sold somewhat cheaper) the remaining 80,000.

I can think of no one objection that will possibly be raised against this proposal, unless it should be urged that the number of people will be thereby much lessened in the kingdom. This I freely own, and it was indeed one principal design in offering it to the world. I desire the reader will observe, that I calculate my remedy for this one individual kingdom of Ireland and for no other that ever was, is, or I think ever can be upon earth. Therefore let no man talk to me of other expedients: of taxing our absentees at 5*s*. a pound: of using neither clothes nor household furniture except what is of our own growth and manufacture: of utterly rejecting the materials and instruments that promote foreign luxury: of curing the expensiveness of pride, vanity, idleness, and gaming in our women: of introducing a vein of parsimony, prudence, and temperance: of learning to love our country, in the want of which we differ even from Laplanders and the inhabitants of Topinamboo: of quitting our animosities and factions, nor acting any longer like the Jews, who were murdering one another at the very moment their city was taken: of being a little cautious not to sell our country and conscience for nothing: of teaching landlords to have at least one degree of mercy toward their tenants: lastly, of putting a spirit of honesty, industry, and skill into our shopkeepers; who, if a resolution could now be taken to buy only our negative goods, would immediately unite to cheat and exact upon us in the price, the measure, and the goodness, nor could ever yet be brought to make one fair proposal of just dealing though often and earnestly invited to it.

Therefore I repeat, let no man talk to me of these and the like expedients, till he has at least some glimpse of hope that there will be ever some hearty and sincere attempt to put them in practice.

But as to myself, having been wearied out for many years with offering vain, idle, visionary thoughts, and at length utterly despairing of success, I fortunately fell upon this proposal; which, as it is wholly new, so it has something solid and real, of no expense and little trouble, full in our own power and whereby we can incur no danger in disobliging England. For this kind of commodity will not bear exportation, the flesh being of too tender a consistence to admit a long continuance in salt, although perhaps I could name a country which would be glad to eat up our whole nation without it.

After all, I am not so violently bent upon my own opinion as to reject any offer proposed by wise men, which shall be found equally innocent, cheap, easy, and effectual. But before something of that kind shall be advanced in contradiction to my scheme, and offering a better, I desire the author or authors will be pleased maturely to consider two points. First, as things now stand, how they will be able to find food and raiment for 100,000 useless mouths and backs. And secondly, there being a round million of creatures in human figure throughout this kingdom, whose whole subsistence put into a common stock would leave them in debt 2,000,000*l.* sterling, adding those who are beggars by profession to the bulk of farmers, cottagers, and laborers, with the wives and children who are beggars in effect; I desire those politicians who dislike my overture, and may perhaps be so bold as to attempt an answer, that they will first ask the parents of these mortals, whether they would not, at this day, think it a great happiness to have been sold for food at a year old in the manner I prescribe, and thereby have avoided such a perpetual scene of misfortunes as they have since gone through by the oppression of landlords, the impossibility of paying rent without money or trade, the want of common sustenance, with neither house nor clothes to cover them from the inclemencies of the weather, and the most inevitable prospect of entailing the like or greater miseries upon their breed forever.

I profess, in the sincerity of my heart, that I have not the least personal interest in endeavoring to promote this necessary work, having no other motive than the public good of my country, by advancing our trade, providing for infants, relieving the poor, and giving some pleasure to the rich. I have no children by which I can propose to get a single penny; the youngest being nine years old, and my wife past child-bearing.

THE SEASONS.

By JAMES THOMSON.

[JAMES THOMSON: A Scottish poet; born at Ednam, September 11, 1700; died at the Leeward Islands, August 27, 1748. His father was a minister, and the son was intended for the same profession, studying to that end in Edinburgh. The ministry being distasteful to him, he became a tutor, then held an appointment in the Court of Chancery, and finally, in 1744, became surveyor general of the Leeward Islands. His most famous poems are "The Seasons," published in four parts, 1726–1730, and "The Castle of Indolence" (1748). He also wrote several plays and less successful poems.]

SPRING.

FROM the moist meadow to the withered hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid Verdure runs,
And swells, and deepens, to the cherished Eye.
The Hawthorn whitens; and the juicy Groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy Forest stands displayed,
In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales;
Where the Deer rustle through the twining brake,
And the Birds sing concealed. At once, arrayed
In all the colors of the flushing Year,
By Nature's swift and secret working Hand,
The Garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With lavish fragrance; while the promised Fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceived,
Within its crimson folds. Now from the Town
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where Freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops
From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
Of sweetbrier hedges I pursue my walk;
Or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend
Some eminence, AUGUSTA, in thy plains,
And see the country, far diffused around,
One boundless blush, one white empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms; where the raptured Eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.
If, brushed from Russian Wilds, a cutting Gale
Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings
The clammy Mildew; or, dry blowing, breathe
Untimely Frost; before whose baleful Blast
The full-blown Spring through all her foliage shrinks,

Joyless and dead, a wide dejected waste
For oft, engendered by the hazy North,
Myriads on myriads, Insect armies waft
Keen in the poisoned breeze; and wasteful eat,
Through buds and bark, into the blackened Core,
Their eager way. A feeble Race, yet oft
The sacred Sons of Vengeance; on whose course
Corrosive Famine waits, and kills the Year. . . .
Be patient, Swains; these cruel seeming Winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep, repressed,
Those deepening clouds on clouds, surcharged with rain,
That, o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne,
In endless train, would quench the summer blaze,
And, cheerless, drown the crude unripened Year. . . .
Thus all day long the full-distended Clouds
Indulge their genial stores, and well-showered Earth
Is deep enriched with vegetable life;
Till, in the western sky, the downward Sun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay shifting to his beam.
The rapid Radiance instantaneous strikes
The illumined mountain, through the forest streams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
Far smoking o'er the interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moist, bright, and green, the Landskip laughs around.
Full swell the Woods; their every Music wakes,
Mixed in wild concert, with the warbling Brooks
Increased, the distant bleatings of the Hills,
The hollow lows responsive from the Vales,
Whence, blending all, the sweetened Zephyr springs. . . .
Still Night succeeds,
A softened shade, and saturated Earth
Awaits the Morning beam, to give to light,
Raised through ten thousand different plastic tubes
The balmy treasures of the former day.
Then spring the living Herbs, profusely wild,
O'er all the deep green earth, beyond the power
Of Botanist to number up their tribes:
Whether he steals along the lonely Dale,
In silent search; or through the Forest, rank
With what the dull incurious Weeds account,
Bursts his blind way; or climbs the mountain Rock,
Fired by the nodding Verdure of its brow.
With such a liberal hand has Nature flung

Their Seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innumerous mixed them with the nursing mold,
The moistening current, and prolific rain.

Summer.

Now swarms the Village o'er the jovial mead:
The rustic Youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy Maid,
Half-naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
Even stooping Age is here; and Infant hands
Trail the long rake, or o'er the fragrant load
O'ercharged, amid the kind oppression roll.
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread the breathing harvest to the Sun,
That throws refreshful round a rural smell:
Or, as they rake the green appearing ground,
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
The russet haycock rises thick behind,
In order gay: while heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy Labor, Love, and social Glee.

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled Flocks, by many a Dog
Compelled, to where the mazy running brook
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair spreading in a pebbled shore.
Urged to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamor much of Men, and Boys, and Dogs,
Ere the soft fearful People to the flood
Commit their woolly sides. And oft the Swain,
On some, impatient, seizing, hurls them in:
Emboldened then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And, panting, labor to the farther shore.
Repeated this, till deep the well-washed Fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt,
The Trout is banished by the sordid stream.
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless Race: where, as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturbed, and wondering what this wild

Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill; and, tossed from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
At last, of snowy white, the gathered Flocks
Are in the wattled pen, innumerous, pressed,
Head above head: and, ranged in lusty rows,
The Shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
The Housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
With all her gay-drest Maids attending round.
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthroned,
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral Queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her Shepherd king;
While the glad Circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
'Tis raging Noon; and, vertical, the Sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all,
From pole to pole, is undistinguished blaze.
In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,
Stoops for relief; thence hot ascending Steams
And keen Reflection pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parched, the cleaving fields
And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
Blast Fancy's blooms, and wither even the soul.
Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
Of sharpening scythe: the Mower, sinking, heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfumed:
And scarce a chirping Grasshopper is heard
Through the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants.
The very Streams look languid from afar;
Or, through the unsheltered glade, impatient, seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove.
All-conquering Heat, oh intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples, potent thus,
Beam not so fierce! incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Poured on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
And restless turn, and look around for Night;
Night is far off; and hotter Hours approach.
Thrice happy he, who, on the sunless side
Of a romantic fountain, forest-crowned,
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines:
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And fresh bedewed with ever-spouting streams,

Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,
Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon.
Emblem instructive of the virtuous Man,
Who keeps his tempered mind serene and pure,
And every passion aptly harmonized,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflamed.
Welcome, ye Shades! ye bowery Thickets, hail!
Ye lofty Pines! ye venerable Oaks!
Ye Ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
As to the hunted Hart the sallying spring,
Or stream full flowing, that his swelling sides
Laves, as he floats along the herbaged brink.
Cool, through the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides;
The Heart beats glad; the fresh-expanded Eye
And Ear resume their watch; the Sinews knit;
And Life shoots swift through all the lightened limbs.

Autumn.

Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,
In cheerful error, let us tread the maze
Of Autumn, unconfined; and taste, revived,
The breath of Orchard big with bending fruit.
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
Incessant melts away. The juicy Pear
Lies, in a soft profusion, scattered round.
A various sweetness swells the gentle race;
By Nature's all-refining hand prepared;
Of tempered sun and water, earth and air,
In ever-changing composition mixed.
Such, falling frequent through the chiller night,
The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps
Of Apples, which the lusty-handed Year,
Innumerous, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points
The piercing Cyder for the thirsty tongue:
Here wandering oft, fired with the restless thirst
Of thy applause, I solitary court
The inspiring breeze, and meditate the book
Of Nature, ever open; aiming thence,
Warm from the heart, to learn the moral Song.
And, as I steal along the sunny wall,

Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,
My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought.
Presents the downy Peach; the shining Plum,
With a fine bluish mist of animals
Clouded; the ruddy Nectarine; and, dark
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious Fig.
The Vine too here her curling tendrils shoots,
Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south,
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.
Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent;
Where, by the potent sun elated high,
The Vineyard swells refulgent on the day;
Spreads o'er the vale; or up the mountain climbs,
Profuse; and drinks amid the sunny rocks,
From cliff to cliff increased, the heightened blaze.
Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,
Half through the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
Or shine transparent; while perfection breathes,
White o'er the turgent film, the living dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
Touched into flavor by the mingling ray,
The rural Youth and Virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull the autumnal prime,
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
Then comes the crushing Swain; the country floats,
And foams unbounded with the mashy flood;
That by degrees fermented, and refined,
Round the raised nations pours the cup of joy:
The Claret smooth, red as the lip we press
In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
The mellow-tasted Burgundy; and, quick
As is the wit it gives, the gay Champagne.
Now, by the cool declining year condensed,
Descend the copious exhalations, checked
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the Mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long division, fills the view
With great variety; but in a night
Of gathering vapor, from the baffled sense
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain:

Vanish the Woods: the dim-seen River seems
Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.
Even in the height of noon oppressed, the Sun
Sheds, weak and blunt, his wide-refracted ray;
Whence glaring oft, with many a broadened orb,
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear; and, wildered, o'er the waste
The Shepherd stalks gigantic; till at last
Wreathed dun around, in deeper circles still
Successive closing, sits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world; and, mingling thick,
A formless gray confusion covers all.

Winter.

To thy loved haunt return, my happy Muse:
For now, behold, the joyous Winter days,
Frosty, succeed; and through the blue serene,
For sight too fine, the ethereal Niter flies;
Killing infectious damps, and the spent air
Storing afresh with elemental life.
Close crowds the shining Atmosphere; and binds
Our strengthened bodies in its cold embrace,
Constringent; feeds, and animates our blood;
Refines our spirits, through the new-strung nerves,
In swifter sallies darting to the brain,
Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,
Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.
All Nature feels the renovating force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye
In ruin seen. The frost-concocted Glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
And gathers vigor for the coming year;
A stronger Glow sits on the lively cheek
Of ruddy fire; and luculent along
The purer Rivers flow, their sullen deeps,
Transparent, open to the Shepherd's gaze,
And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost. . . .
On blithesome frolics bent, the youthful Swains,
While every work of man is laid at rest,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport
And revelry dissolved; where mixing glad,
Happiest of all the train, the raptured Boy
Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine

Branched out in many a long canal extends,
From every province swarming, void of care,
Batavia rushes forth; and as they sweep,
On sounding Skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
The then gay land is maddened all to joy.
Nor less the northern Courts, wide o'er the snow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid Sleds,
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long-resounding course. Meantime, to raise
The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,
Flushed by the season, Scandinavia's Dames,
Or Russia's buxom Daughters, glow around.
Pure, quick, and sportful is the wholesome Day;
But soon elapsed. The horizontal Sun,
Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon,
And ineffectual strikes the gelid cliff:
His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the Vale
Relents awhile to the reflected ray;
Or from the forest falls the clustered Snow,
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
Gay twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,
And dog impatient bounding at the shot,
Worse than the Season, desolate the fields;
And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Distress the footed or the feathered game.
But what is this? our infant Winter sinks,
Divested of his grandeur, should our eye
Astonished shoot into the frigid zone;
Where, for relentless months, continual Night
Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign. . . .
'Tis done! — dread Winter spreads his latest glooms
And reigns, tremendous, o'er the conquered Year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond Man!
See here thy pictured Life: pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn, fading into age,
And pale, concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene.

THE FATHER OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

I. By THOMAS CARLYLE.

(From "Frederick the Great.")

[Thomas Carlyle, Scotch moralist, essayist, and historian, was born at Ecclefechan, December 4, 1795. He studied for the ministry at Edinburgh University, taught school, studied law, became a hack writer and tutor; in 1826 married Jane Welsh, and in 1828 removed to a farm at Craigenputtoch, where he wrote essays and "Sartor Resartus"; in 1834 removed to his final home in Cheyne Row, Chelsea. His "French Revolution" was issued in 1837. He lectured for three years, "Heroes and Hero Worship" gathering up one course. His chief succeeding works were "Chartism Past and Present," "Cromwell's Letters," "Latter-day Pamphlets," "Life of Sterling," and "Frederick the Great." He died February 4, 1881.]

With the death of old King Friedrich, there occurred at once vast changes in the Court of Berlin; a total and universal change in the mode of living and doing business there. Friedrich Wilhelm, out of filial piety, wore at his father's funeral the grand French peruke and other sublimities of French costume; but it was for the last time: that sad duty once done, he flung the whole aside, not without impatience, and on no occasion wore such costume again. He was not a friend to French fashions, nor had ever been; far the contrary. In his boyhood, say the Biographers, there was once a grand embroidered cloth-of-gold, or otherwise supremely magnificent, little Dressing-gown given him; but he would at no rate put it on, or be concerned with it; on the contrary, stuffed it indignantly "into the fire," and demanded wholesome useful duffel instead.

He began his reform literally at the earliest moment. Being summoned into the apartment where his poor Father was in the last struggle, he could scarcely get across for *Kammerjunker*, *Kammerherrn*, Goldsticks, Silversticks, and the other solemn histrionic functionaries, all crowding there to do their sad mimicry on the occasion: not a lovely accompaniment in Friedrich Wilhelm's eyes. His poor Father's death struggle once done, and all reduced to everlasting rest there, Friedrich Wilhelm looked in silence over the Unutterable, for a short space, disregardful of the Goldsticks and their eager new homaging; walked swiftly away from it to his own room, shut the door with a slam; and there, shaking the tears from his

eyes, commenced by a notable duty — the duty nearest hand, and therefore first to be done, as it seemed to him. It was about one in the afternoon, 25th February, 1713; his Father dead half an hour before: "Tears at a Father's deathbed, must they be dashed with rage by such a set of greedy Histrios?" thought Friedrich Wilhelm. He summoned these his Court-people, that is to say, summoned their *Ober-Hofmarschall* and representative; and through him signified to them, That, till the Funeral was over, their service would continue; and that on the morrow after the Funeral they were, every soul of them, discharged; and from the highest Goldstick down to the lowest Page-in-waiting, the King's House should be swept entirely clean of them — said House intending to start afresh upon a quite new footing. Which spread such a consternation among the courtier people, say the Histories, as was never seen before.

Eight Lackeys, in the antechambers and elsewhere, these, with each a *Jägerbursch* (what we should call an *Underkeeper*) to assist when not hunting, will suffice: Lackeys at "eight *thalers* monthly," which is six shillings a week. Three active Pages, sometimes two, instead of perhaps three dozen idle that there used to be. In King Friedrich's time, there were wont to be a Thousand saddle horses at corn and hay: but how many of them were in actual use? Very many of them were mere imaginary quadrupeds; their price and keep pocketed by some knavish *Stallmeister*, Equerry or Head-groom. Friedrich Wilhelm keeps only Thirty Horses; but these are very actual, not imaginary at all, their corn not running into any knave's pocket, but lying actually in the mangers here, getting ground for you into actual fourfooted speed, when on turf or highway you require such a thing. About thirty for the saddle, with a few carriage teams, are what Friedrich Wilhelm can employ in any reasonable measure; and more he will not have about him.

In the like ruthless humor he goes over his Pension-list, strikes three fourths of that away, reduces the remaining fourth to the very bone. In like humor, he goes over every department of his Administrative, Household, and other Expenses; shears everything down, here by the Hundred thalers, there by the Ten, willing even to save *half a thaler*. He goes over all this three several times; his Papers, the three successive Lists he used on that occasion, have been printed. He has

satisfied himself, in about two months, what the effective minimum is ; and leaves it so. Reduced to below the fifth of what it was : 55,000 *thalers* instead of 276,000.

By degrees he went over, went into and through, every department of Prussian Business, in that fashion ; steadily, warily, irresistibly compelling every item of it, large and little, to take that same character of perfect economy and solidity, of utility, pure and simple. Needful work is to be rigorously well done ; needless work and ineffectual or imaginary workers, to be rigorously pitched out of doors. What a blessing on this Earth, worth purchasing almost at any price ! The money saved is something, nothing if you will ; but the amount of mendacity expunged, has any one computed that ? Mendacity not of tongue ; but the far feller sort, of hand, and of heart, and of head ; short summary of all Devil's-worship whatsoever. Which spreads silently along, once you let it in, with full purse or with empty ; some fools even praising it : the quiet *dry rot* of Nations ! To expunge such is greatly the duty of every man, especially of every King. Unconsciously, not thinking of Devil's worship, or spiritual dry rot, but of money chiefly, and led by Nature and the ways she has with us, it was the task of Friedrich Wilhelm's life to bring about this beneficent result in all departments of Prussian Business, great and little, public and even private. Year after year, he brings it to perfection ; pushes it unweariedly forward every day and hour. So that he has Prussia, at last, all a Prussia made after his own image ; the most thrifty, hardy, rigorous, and Spartan country any modern King ever ruled over, and himself (if he thought of that) a King indeed. He that models Nations according to his own image, he is a King, though his scepter were a walking-stick, and properly no other is.

Friedrich Wilhelm was wondered at, and laughed at, by innumerable mortals for his ways of doing, which indeed were very strange. Not that he figured much in what is called Public History, or desired to do so ; for though a vigilant ruler he did not deal in protocoling and campaigning, — he let a minimum of that suffice him. But in court soirées, where elegant empty talk goes on, and of all materials for it scandal is found incomparably the most interesting, I suppose there turned up no name oftener than that of his Prussian Majesty ; and during these Twenty-seven years of his Reign, his wild pranks and explosions gave food for continual talk in such quarters.

For he was like no other King that then existed, or had ever been discovered. Wilder Son of Nature seldom came into the artificial world; into a royal throne there, probably never. A wild man, wholly in earnest, veritable as the old rocks, and, with a terrible volcanic fire in him too. He would have been strange anywhere; but among the dapper Royal gentlemen of the Eighteenth Century, what was to be done with such an Orson of a King? Clap him in Bedlam, and bring out the ballot boxes instead? The modern generation, too, still takes its impression of him from these rumors — still more now from Wilhelmina's Book, which paints the outside savagery of the royal man in a most striking manner, and leaves the inside vacant, undiscovered by Wilhelmina or the rumors. . . .

For the first ten years of his reign he had a heavy, continual struggle, getting his finance and other branches of administration extricated from their strangling imbroglios of coiled nonsense, and put upon a rational footing. His labor in these years, the first of little Fritz's life, must have been great; the pushing and pulling strong and continual. The good plan itself, this comes not of its own accord; it is the fruit of "genius" (which means transcendent capacity of taking trouble, first of all): given a huge sack of tumbled thrums, it is not in your sleep that you will find the vital center of it, or get the first thrum by the end! And then the execution, the realizing, amid the contradiction, silent or expressed, of men and things? Explosive violence was by no means Friedrich Wilhelm's method; the amount of slow, stubborn, broad-shouldered strength, in all kinds, expended by the man, strikes us as very great. The amount of patience even, though patience is not reckoned his forte. . . .

How he introduced a new mode of farming his Domain Lands, which are a main branch of his revenue, and shall be farmed on regular lease henceforth, and not wasted in peculation and indolent mismanagement as heretofore; new modes of levying his taxes and revenues of every kind: How he at last concentrated and harmonized into one easy-going effective *General Directory* the multifarious conflicting Boards that were jolting and jangling in a dark use-and-wont manner, and leaving their work half done, when he first came into power: How he insisted on having daylight introduced to the very bottom of every business, fair-and-square observed as the rule of it, and the shortest road adopted for doing it: How he drained bogs,

planted colonies, established manufactures, made his own uniforms of Prussian wool, in a *Lagerhaus* of his own: How he dealt with the Jew Gompert about farming his Tobacco; how, from many a crooked case and character he, by slow or short methods, brought out something straight; would take no denial of what was his, nor make any demand of what was not; and did prove really a terror to evil-doers of various kinds, especially to prevaricators, defalcators, imaginary workers, and slippery, unjust persons: How he urged diligence on all mortals, would not have the very Applewomen sit "without knitting" at their stalls; and brandished his stick, or struck it fiercely down, over the incorrigibly idle — All this, as well as his ludicrous explosions and unreasonable violences, is on record concerning Friedrich Wilhelm, though it is to the latter chiefly that the world has directed its unwise attention, in judging of him. He was a very arbitrary King. Yes, but then a good deal of his *arbitrium*, or sovereign will, was that of the Eternal Heavens as well, and did exceedingly behove to be done, if the Earth would prosper. Which is an immense consideration in regard to his sovereign will and him! He was prompt with his rattan, in urgent cases; had his gallows also, prompt enough, where needful. Let him see that no mistakes happen, as certainly he means that none shall!

Yearly he made his country richer; and this not in money alone (which is of very uncertain value, and sometimes has no value at all, and even less), but in frugality, diligence, punctuality, veracity, — the grand fountains from which money and all real *values* and valors spring for men. To Friedrich Wilhelm, in his rustic simplicity, money had no lack of value; rather the reverse. To the homespun man it was a success of most excellent quality, and the chief symbol of success in all kinds. Yearly he made his own revenues, and his people's along with them and as the source of them, larger: and in all states of his revenue he had contrived to make his expenditure less than it; and yearly saved masses of coin, and "reposited them in barrels in the cellars of his Schloss," where they proved very useful, one day. Much in Friedrich Wilhelm proved useful, beyond even his expectations. As a Nation's *Husband* he seeks his fellow among Kings, ancient and modern. Happy the Nation which gets such a Husband, once in the half thousand years. The Nation, as foolish wives and Nations do, repines and grudges a good deal, its weak whims and will being

thwarted very often ; but it advances steadily, with consciousness or not, in the way of well-doing ; and after long times the harvest of this diligent sowing becomes manifest to the Nation and to all Nations.

Strange as it sounds in the Republic of Letters, we are tempted to call Friedrich Wilhelm a man of genius — genius fated and promoted to work in National Husbandry, not in writing Verses or three-volume Novels. A silent genius. His melodious stanza, which he cannot bear to see halt in any syllable, is a rough fact reduced to order — fact made to stand firm on its feet, with the world rocks under it, and looking free towards all the winds and all the stars. He goes about suppressing platitudes, ripping off futilities, turning deceptions inside out. The realm of Disorder, which is Unveracity, Unreality, what we call Chaos, has no fiercer enemy. Honest soul, and he seemed to himself such a stupid fellow often, no tongue learning at all, little capable to give a reason for the faith that was in him. He cannot argue in articulate logic, only in inarticulate bellowings, or worse. He must *do* a thing, leave it undemonstrated ; once done, it will itself tell what kind of thing it is, by and by. Men of genius have a hard time, I perceive, whether born on the throne or off it, and must expect contradictions next to unendurable — the plurality of blockheads being so extreme ! . . .

He was full of sensitiveness, rough as he was and shaggy of skin. His wild imaginations drove him hither and thither at a sad rate. He ought to have the privileges of genius. His tall Potsdam Regiment, his mad-looking passion for enlisting tall men ; this also seems to me one of the whims of genius — an exaggerated notion to have his "stanza" polished to the last punctilio of perfection, and might be paralleled in the history of Poets. Stranger "man of genius," or in more peculiar circumstances, the world never saw !

Friedrich Wilhelm, in his Crown-Prince days, and now still more when he was himself in the sovereign place, had seen all along, with natural arithmetical intellect, That his strength in this world, as at present situated, would very much depend upon the amount of potential battle that lay in him, on the quantity and quality of Soldiers he could maintain and have ready for the field at any time. A most indisputable truth, and a heart-felt one in the present instance. To augment the quantity, to improve the quality, in this thrice-essential partic-

ular: here lay the keystone and crowning summit of all Friedrich Wilhelm's endeavors, to which he devoted himself, as only the best Spartan could have done. Of which there will be other opportunities to speak in detail. For it was a thing world-notable, world-laughable, as was then thought, the extremely serious fruit of which did at length also become notable enough.

In the Malplaquet time, once on some occasion, it is said, two English Officers, not well informed upon the matter, and provoking enough in their contemptuous ignorance, were reasoning with one another in Friedrich Wilhelm's hearing, as to the warlike powers of the Prussian State, and Whether the King of Prussia could on his own strength maintain a standing army of 15,000? Without subsidies, do you think, so many as 15,000? Friedrich Wilhelm, incensed at the thing and at the tone, is reported to have said with heat, "Yes, 30,000!" whereat the military men slightly wagged their heads, letting the matter drop for the present. But he makes it good by degrees, twofold or threefold; and will have an army of from seventy to a hundred thousand before he dies, the best drilled of fighting men; and what adds much to the wonder, a full Treasury withal. This is the Brandenburg Spartan King, acquainted with National Economics. Alone of existing Kings he lays by money annually; and is laying by many other and far more precious things for Prussia and the little Boy he has here.

Friedrich Wilhelm's passion for drilling, recruiting, and perfecting his army attracted much notice: laughing satirical notice, in the hundred mouths of common rumor, which he regarded little; and notice iracund and minatory, when it led him into collision with the independent portions of mankind, now and then. This latter sort was not pleasant, and sometimes looked rather serious; but this, too, he contrived always to digest in some tolerable manner. He continued drilling and recruiting, — we may say not his Army only, but his Nation in all departments of it, — as no man before or since ever did: increasing, by every devisable method, the amount of potential battle that lay in him and it.

In a military, and also in a much deeper, sense, he may be defined as the great Drill-sergeant of the Prussian Nation. Indeed, this had been the function of the Hohenzollerns all along — this difficult, unpleasant, and indispensable one of

drilling. . . . This has been going on these Three-hundred years. But Friedrich Wilhelm completes the process, finishes it off to the last pitch of perfection. Friedrich Wilhelm carries it through every fiber and cranny of Prussian Business, and, so far as possible, of Prussian Life; so that Prussia is all a drilled phalanx, ready to the word of command; and what we see in the Army is but the last consummate essence of what exists in the Nation everywhere. That was Friedrich Wilhelm's function, made ready for him, laid to his hand by his Hohenzollern foregoers; and indeed it proved a most beneficent function.

For I have remarked that, of all things, a Nation needs first to be drilled; and no Nation that has not first been governed by so-called "Tyrants," and held tight to the curb till it became perfect in its paces and thoroughly amenable to rule and law, and heartily respectful of the same, and totally abhorrent of the want of the same, ever came to much in this world. England itself, in foolish quarters of England, still howls and execrates lamentably over its William Conqueror, and rigorous line of Normans and Plantagenets; but without them, if you will consider well, what had it ever been? A gluttonous race of Jutes and Angles, capable of no grand combinations; lumbering about in pot-bellied equanimity; not dreaming of heroic toil and silence and endurance, such as leads to the high places of this Universe, and the golden mountain tops where dwell the Spirits of the Dawn. Their very ballot boxes and suffrages, what they call their "Liberty," if these mean "Liberty," and are such a road to Heaven, Anglo-Saxon highroad thither, could never have been possible for them on such terms. How could they? Nothing but collision, intolerable interpressure (as of men *not* perpendicular), and consequent battle often supervening, could have been appointed those undrilled Anglo-Saxons; their pot-bellied equanimity itself continuing liable to perpetual interruptions, as in the Heptarchy time. An enlightened Public does not reflect on these things at present; but will again, by and by. Looking with human eyes over the England that now is, and over the America and the Australia, from pole to pole; and then listening to the Constitutional litanies of Dryasdust, and his lamentations on the old Norman and Plantagenet Kings, and *his* recognition of departed merit and causes of effects, — the mind of man is struck dumb!

II. From the Diary of WILHELMINE OF BAYREUTH.

[Wilhelmine, the favorite sister of Frederick the Great, was born in 1709; married the Margrave of Bayreuth in 1731; and died in 1758. Her memoirs were published in 1810.]

On the evening of the 12th of August, as my mother was sitting near Mademoiselle von Bülow, and taking off her headdress, they heard a terrible noise in my mother's boudoir. This room was beautifully decorated with china, some pieces being most rare, and embossed with crystal and precious stones. All the crown plate, too, and my mother's jewel case, were kept in this room. The queen at once exclaimed that all her china had been broken, and that it must be looked after. Mademoiselle von Bülow and three maids immediately entered the boudoir, but they found everything in order and nothing broken. The noise was repeated three times, and they also heard a great disturbance in the corridor connecting the king and queen's rooms, at the end of which sentinels were always posted. The queen said, "I cannot stand this: I must go myself and see what is the matter." Upon this the queen, Mademoiselle von Bülow, and the maids each took a candle and stepped out into the corridor. As they did so they heard sighing and groaning close to them, but could discover nobody. They asked the sentinels if they had seen anything, and they answered, No, but they had heard the same noise. My mother, who was very courageous, caused every nook and corner to be searched, even the king's rooms, but nothing whatever was discovered.

A few days afterwards the queen gave a concert. I generally accompanied on the piano and guitar, and every amateur in Berlin was present. When I had played long enough, I rose to go into another room, where some ladies were playing at cards. I was suddenly stopped by Katt, who said to me, "For God's sake, and for the love you bear your brother, listen to me for a moment. I am distracted. I have been calumniated to the queen and to yourself, and you have been made to believe that I have put the idea of flight into the crown prince's head. I swear to your Royal Highness, by all that is most holy, the whole plan was settled long before I knew anything of it. You can assure the queen most emphatically from me that I have written to him, and told him that if he carries out

his intention I shall not follow him. But there is nothing to fear this time : I will answer for it with my head."

"I already see your head shaking," I replied, "and fear it will soon be lying at your feet. What pleasure can it have afforded you to have proclaimed everywhere that my brother had the intention of taking flight? And who allowed you to have a snuffbox with my portrait on it?"

Katt then answered me, "As regards your first question, I merely mentioned your brother's idea to M. von Lövner, and a few others whom I knew I could trust ; then as to your second remark I did not think it such a serious matter to have shown a portrait of you which I had myself painted."

"You are playing a dangerous game," I replied, "and I fear that I shall prove but too true a prophet."

He grew very pale, and answered, "Well, if misfortune is to be my fate, then it will be in a good cause, and I know that the crown prince will never desert me."

This was my last conversation with Katt, and I never saw him again. I had not thought that I could so truly have foretold what was in store for him, and I said it then only to make him more modest and discreet.

The next day was the 15th of August, the king's birthday, and every one came to congratulate my mother. On such occasions the Court was very numerously attended. I had another long conversation with Grumkow. He had got rid of his fit of moroseness, and held forth at length on my father's many great qualities. He finished up the conversation by saying, "I shall soon have an opportunity of proving to your Royal Highness how truly I am devoted to you." He said this in such a marked manner that I could not make out what he meant by it. . . .

The queen had prepared a fête at Monbijou for the next day, which was to be a surprise for us all. It was also to celebrate a second time the king's birthday. I shall never forget this day. My mother had arranged the supper table most beautifully, and each guest found a charming little present under his napkin. We were all in the highest spirits, except Countess Finkenstein and Mademoiselle von Bülow, who never uttered a word. After supper there was a ball, and as I loved dancing I enjoyed myself to my heart's content. Mademoiselle von Bülow said several times, "It is late, I wish the dancing would stop!" to which I replied, "Oh, do let me have the

pleasure of dancing as long as possible. I shall not soon have the opportunity again." "That is very likely," she answered. At the end of half an hour she touched my arm and said, "Do put an end to the ball; you have danced quite enough. You are so engrossed by it that you neither see nor hear." "But what is the matter?" I answered, in great astonishment. "Look at your mother," Mademoiselle von Bülow said, pointing to the queen, who was standing in a corner of the room, talking in whispers to Countess Finkenstein, Madame von Konnken, and Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld. All four were pale as death, and showed symptoms of the greatest alarm. I asked at once what was the matter, and if it concerned my brother. Mademoiselle von Bülow shrugged her shoulders and said she knew nothing. The queen at last took leave of the company and got into her carriage with me, but she never spoke one word the whole way home. My heart began beating furiously; I was in a terrible state of agitation, and yet I dared not ask her a single question.

No sooner had I reached my room than I tormented Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld to tell me what had happened. "You will learn it but too soon," she replied. Yet as she saw the state of mind in which I was, she continued, "The queen was anxious not to disturb your rest, and has therefore forbidden me to mention anything of what has occurred." As, however, she now saw in what great distress I was, she thought it better to tell me the truth than to let me suppose even worse news. She then proceeded to say that the king had sent a messenger to the mistress of the robes, Madame von Konnken, to tell her he had been obliged to arrest the crown prince, as he had discovered his intention of taking flight. Madame von Konnken was to tell this to the queen, as he wished to spare her health, and she was to give her the inclosed letter. "The crown prince was arrested on the 11th," Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld continued — "the very same day on which the queen heard all that noise in the corridor." I thought I must have fainted on hearing all this. My grief about my brother knew no bounds, and I spent a terrible night.

Early next morning my mother at once sent for me, and showed me the king's letter, which had evidently been written in the first heat of passion: "I have arrested and imprisoned the scoundrel (Schurke), and shall treat him as his crime and cowardice deserve. I no longer acknowledge him as my son.

He has cast dishonor on me as well as on my family. Such a wretch as he is does not deserve to live." My mother and I were beside ourselves with misery.

The queen then told me that Katt had been secretly arrested next day, and all his papers and possessions seized. Marshal Natzmer had been intrusted with this task.

As this whole occurrence sounds very strange, I must try and explain it all. Grumkow had been in possession of the fact of the crown prince's arrest since the 15th, and could not resist telling several people of his great satisfaction at it. M. von Lövner, the Danish envoy, had been informed by his spies of the probable arrest of Katt, and had written him a note advising him to fly before it was too late. Katt accordingly went next morning to Marshal Natzmer and asked leave to go to Friedrichsfelde, where the Margrave Albert had invited him to dinner. As Natzmer had not then received any orders from the king, he gave him permission to go. Katt had ordered a saddle to be made on purpose for him, in which he could put money and papers and even clothes. This saddle was unfortunately not quite finished, and this delayed his departure, and he employed the time he was kept waiting in burning letters and papers. Just as he was about to mount his horse Marshal Natzmer appeared and desired him to give up his sword. Natzmer had waited three hours after receiving the king's orders to arrest Katt, in order to give the unfortunate young man a chance of escape, and was therefore not a little surprised when he still found him in Berlin.

When my mother had somewhat recovered from her first burst of grief, she asked me if I had known of my brother's intentions. I answered in the affirmative, and then proceeded to tell her everything that had passed on the subject, saying that I had not told her anything of it that she might not be involved if he did carry out his plan, but that after what Katt had lately told me I had not been in the least prepared for this catastrophe. "But what has he done with our letters?" the queen said. "We are lost if they are discovered." "I have often spoken to him about this," I answered, "and he has always assured me that he had destroyed them." "But I know him better," my mother replied, "and I am sure they are among Katt's papers." "That is possible," I said, "and if so, then my head is in danger." "And mine too," the queen answered. "I have sent for Countess Finkenstein and Made-

moiselle von Sonnsfeld, to consult with them as to what can be done." And we really heard next day that all my brother's papers were among Katt's things. The officers who had been present when these were seized described to me all the different boxes, and I recognized from the description the casket which contained our letters. After much consideration, the queen determined to seek the aid of her chaplain, Reinbeck, in this matter. He was to ask Natzmer to find some means of getting the casket out of Katt's house. Reinbeck was unfortunately ill, and could not come. These letters were of the utmost importance to us. In several of them I had expressed myself in very strong terms about the king. I repeat it here again, that I have reproached myself over and over again for having been wanting in respect towards him. In spite of my sharp words I loved my father dearly, and it was more from a desire to show off my cleverness than from any evil motive that I wrote about him as I did. But to return to my subject.

Next morning Countess Finkenstein came to my room in a great state of alarm, exclaiming, "I am lost! Yesterday on my return from the queen I found a casket sealed with Katt's arms addressed to the queen at my house, accompanied by this note." She gave it to me to read, and its contents were as follows: "Pray have the goodness to deliver this casket into the queen's hands; it contains her correspondence and the princess' with the crown prince." "Four trusty friends brought the box and letter to my servants," Countess Finkenstein continued; "I do not know what I am to decide on doing. Am I to say anything to the queen about it, or shall I send it to the king? If I do this last, then I may be certain of sharing Katt's fate." We teased and begged her so long that she consented, although in fear and trembling, to speak with the queen about it. My mother was greatly relieved at this good news, till she reflected where she was to hide the casket. If we made a mystery about it, and Katt were to mention it during the inquiry held on his conduct, then Countess Finkenstein would be ruined, and my mother would lay herself open to every kind of suspicion, and consequently would be exposed to the king's fury. If, on the other hand, the casket were brought openly to the queen, then my father would hear of it, and he would force the queen to give up these luckless letters to him, by doing which she would herself work her own destruction.

After due consideration, and weighing carefully all the ad-

vantages and disadvantages, it was decided to make no mystery of the matter, and the casket was brought to the queen, who locked it up in her boudoir in the presence of all her household.

No sooner had one difficulty been surmounted than another presented itself. The question now was how to destroy the letters. The queen was of opinion that they had best be burned, and the king told quite simply that they were of no importance of any kind, and that she had not thought it necessary to show them to him. This proposition, however, met with general disapproval, and the whole day was spent in useless discussion. The next day I and Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld again carefully considered what could be done. At last I said, "I have thought of a last resource, but we must be careful that we risk nothing. The seal on the casket is only of leather; we must break it, break the lock, take out our letters and write others, which we must put in the casket in their stead. I think we shall hardly need even to break the seal, and if the queen will only promise solemnly not to say anything to Ramen about it, I will at once set to work." Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld entirely approved of my idea, and we proposed its execution to the queen, who agreed. We explained to her how all-important it was to keep it a profound secret from Ramen, who saw so many people, and might let drop a word which would at once rouse suspicion. The queen promised to say nothing to her about it, and kept her word. That afternoon she sent all her ladies away, and kept me alone with her. As the casket was too heavy for the queen and me to lift, we had to take her page into our confidence; but we ran no risk in doing so, for he was an old, tried, and faithful servant. It was not possible to undo the cords which were tied round the casket without breaking the seal, and this necessity made us tremble. However, when we came to examine the seal we found it a very simple one. The arms on it were composed of a dog surrounded by implements of war, and we thought we might easily find one like it; and, as good luck would have it, the queen's page's own seal was very similar to it. We broke open the lock, and began our examination of the letters.

The sight of them caused me a deadly fear. I had often secretly written to my brother, and, to escape discovery in case the letters fell into the king's hands, we had used lemon juice instead of ink. If you held the letter close to the fire you could decipher the writing. My letters contained chiefly abuse

of Ramen, and complaints of her influence over the queen. The effect these letters would produce on my mother, if she read them, would be anything but pleasant for me. And this would have happened had not the chaplain, Reinbeck, been announced to her at this moment, and extricated me from the difficulty. As the queen had sent for Reinbeck some days previously, she could not do otherwise than receive him. My mother was so nervous at all that was taking place that she said to me, as she left the room, "For goodness' sake burn every single one of these horrid letters." I did not require to be told this twice, and all my letters, five hundred in number, fell a prey to the flames. I then next destroyed my mother's letters, and had just finished my task when she returned. We then proceeded to look through the other papers. We found two French passports made out in the name of Ferrand, a letter from my brother to Katt, and some quite unimportant papers. Then we lighted on a bag with a thousand pistoles, some notes and meditations in my brother's handwriting, and some jewels in gold, as also in precious stones.

His letter to Katt was written as follows: "I am leaving, dear Katt, and have taken such precautions that I risk nothing. I go first to Leipsic, where I shall give myself out a Marquis d'Ambreville. Keith is already informed of all, and goes straight to England. Don't lose any time, for I hope to find you at Leipsic. Good-by! Be of good courage." We thought it best to burn all these things. For several days we were busily occupied in writing letters with different dates. But how could we possibly manage to write twelve or fifteen hundred of these missives? We therefore took sheets of paper with the dates of different years, and folded them so tightly together that the devil even would have noticed nothing. Yet, in spite of all our trouble, the casket was still so empty that that would have betrayed us, so my mother filled it up with a quantity of snuffboxes and other knickknacks. I did not like this, and offered to write a hundred more letters, but the queen would not hear of it. We therefore replaced the lock and fastened up the casket, and no one could ever have discovered that it had been tampered with.

The king arrived on the evening of the 27th, his household having preceded him. We asked in vain after my brother; nobody could give us any news of him, or knew where he was. They could only tell us of the circumstances and manner of his

arrest. As this account tallies with all my brother has since told us about it, I think it will be well if I repeat it here.

When my brother arrived at Anspach, he complained bitterly to the Margrave of the ill usage he received at the king's hands. He added that, not satisfied with abusing him before his family, he had publicly insulted him, and had on several occasions even said to him, "If my father treated me as I do you, I should have run away a thousand times over. But you, you are such an arrant coward, you have courage for nothing." This reiterated remark at last determined my brother on carrying out his intention. He asked the Margrave to lend him his fastest horse, saying he wished to go for a ride; but as the former knew nothing of my brother's plan, he put off the ride till after the king's departure. As my brother saw his first attempt thwarted, he thought of another. Katt's messenger met my brother a few miles beyond Anspach. I knew of this messenger, but I have never learned what the contents of the letters he brought were. He answered at once that he intended to take flight two days later, and that he advised him to do the same: they would meet at the Hague. My brother again assured Katt that his plan would certainly succeed. If he were pursued, he could then take refuge in the monasteries which were on his road. He sent this answer back by the same messenger. The crown prince had unfortunately forgotten to address the letter to Berlin. A cousin of Katt's was stationed ten or twelve miles from Anspach, and the messenger, instead of going on to Berlin, delivered the letter to this officer.

The king meanwhile had continued his journey to the neighborhood of Frankfort, and found himself compelled with his suite to spend the night in some barns in a small village. The crown prince had a barn appropriated to him, in which he, Colonel Rochow, and his valet were to sleep. The king had made Keith's brother his page. This young man was very stupid, so that my brother had said nothing to him of his intentions. He determined, however, to take advantage of this lad's stupidity, and told him to wake him at four in the morning, as he wished to go to the neighboring village in quest of adventures; also to get him horses, which was an easy thing, as a horse fair was being held close by. The page did as he was told, but mistook the bed, and woke the valet instead of the crown prince. This man had presence of mind enough to pretend that he had not observed anything, so he lay quiet, watch-

ing the course of events. My brother rose hastily, dressed himself in a French uniform instead of his own, and left the barn. The valet instantly told Rochow what he had seen, and he rushed to the king's generals and suite and told them of it. These were Generals Bedenbruck, Waldow, and Derchow. The last named was a thorough scoundrel, and as true a son of Satan as ever walked this earth; he was, besides, a sworn enemy to my brother. These four gentlemen at once went out to look for the prince, and after having searched the village thoroughly found him in the market place, leaning against a carriage. His French uniform startled them at once, and they asked him, at first respectfully, what he was doing there. My brother has often told me since that his despair and fury at having been discovered were so great that, but that he had no arms, he would have attempted violence. He answered them very brusquely. "Sir," they said, "the king is awake, and intends starting in half an hour; for goodness' sake change your clothes before he sees you!" The prince refused to do so, and said he was going for a walk, and would be back before the king left. They were still disputing when Keith appeared with the horses. My brother endeavored to jump on one of them, but the gentlemen surrounded him and took him back to the barn, where they forced him to change his uniform. His state of mind resembled that of a madman. They reached Frankfort that evening, and next morning the king received a messenger sent by Katt's cousin, sending him my brother's letter. The king at once summoned Rochow and Waldow, and communicated this beautiful news to them. It is said that the valet had already told my father of the scene enacted that morning.

The king desired the two gentlemen to watch my brother, and to answer for him with their lives. He then commanded the crown prince to be immediately brought on board the yacht on which they were going from Frankfort to Wesel, and his orders were at once obeyed. This was the 11th of August.

My father came on board the yacht next morning. As soon as he caught sight of my brother, he sprang upon him, and would have throttled him had not General Waldow liberated him. The king tore my brother's hair out in handfuls, and in one moment beat him till he bled. At length the entreaties of the gentlemen prevailed on the king to allow the crown prince to be removed to another vessel. They took his sword from

him and all his clothes, but discovered no papers of any kind, for the valet had taken possession of these before the search commenced, and burned them in my brother's presence. In doing this he had rendered my mother and myself a signal service. Nothing further of importance took place during the journey. The king never saw my brother, but swore he should die — an oath which he repeated constantly.

My brother meanwhile tried his utmost to discover some means of eluding the watchfulness of the two gentlemen.

In this manner Wesel was at last reached. The king strengthened the watch put on the prince by adding a company of soldiers, and treated him like a State prisoner. The next day he sent for my brother. There was nobody present with the king but General Mosel, a brave officer and a most upright man.

At first my father asked my brother in a furious tone why he wished "to desert"; this was his own expression. "Why did I wish to do so?" the prince replied, in a firm, calm voice, "because you do not treat me like your son, but like a slave." "You are a mean deserter; you have neither courage nor honor!" the king screamed at him.

"I have as much as you have," the prince answered, "and I have only done that which, as you yourself told me, a hundred times over, you would have done had you been in my place." This answer, and the voice in which it was made, drove the king into a perfect frenzy. He drew his sword, and would have pierced my brother through with it, had not General Mosel thrown himself between them. This honest man called out, "My sovereign, kill me, but spare your son!" He defended my brother so well with his own person that the king could not strike at him. From that day my father and my brother were never allowed to meet. It was represented to the king that my brother's life was at all times in his power, but that such behavior was opposed to all the principles of Christianity. Upon this the king never asked again to see his son.

A few days only were spent at Wesel, and the journey was then continued to Berlin. My brother — this was the king's order — was to follow in four days. My father, who did not sufficiently trust his two Arguses, appointed a third, General Dostow, who was as great a scoundrel as Derchow. In spite of the king's orders, Weldow and Rochow allowed the crown prince to receive visits. In that part of the country my brother

was adored; his generosity, courtesy, and goodness had won him all hearts. The cruel treatment he had received from the king was an excuse for everything, but at the same time made all tremble for his life. He had found numbers of people who would gladly have risked their lives to set him at liberty. Ropes had already been brought him, by which to let himself down from the windows, and a disguise in the shape of a peasant's dress, in which to escape, when General Dostow's appearance spoiled all his plans. As Dostow was a great favorite with the king, and was anxious to pay him as much court as possible, he offered to take the sole watch over the prince, pretending that he wished to lighten Waldow and Rochow's work. From this time forward my brother was so incessantly watched that it was quite impossible to try to think of escaping. He started four days after the king, and was by his orders taken to some place six or seven miles beyond Berlin.

After the king's arrival, the queen went alone to see him in his room. As soon as he saw her he said, in a furious tone, "Your son is dead!" and then at once, "Where is the casket with the letters?"

My poor mother cried out in great distress, saying how was it possible to believe that he could have made his son a victim of his "barbarous" fury.

"He is dead," the king repeated, "and I will have the casket." The queen fetched it, and as she brought it called out, "Oh, my God, my God!" I heard these lamentations, which pierced me through and through. The king had scarcely got hold of the casket, when he broke it open and tore the papers out of it, and therewith left the room. The queen lost not a moment in taking possession of the seals and whatever else there was which could rouse suspicion, and gave them to me to burn. My mother afterwards came and told us all that had passed between her and the king. God alone knows what I endured during this terrible tale, and I burst out crying violently.

At this moment my father entered the room. In the terrible state of uncertainty in which we were as to my brother's fate, I did not know what I had best do. My sisters and I approached the king to kiss his hand, but he had no sooner caught sight of me than he became black with rage, and hit me so violently in the face, one blow striking my temple, that I fell insensible to the ground. The king wanted to kick me

and repeat his blows ; but the queen and my sisters surrounded me like a wall, and prevented his touching me. One of my sisters, seeing me lying, as it were, lifeless, fetched a glass of water with a little spirits, to try and restore me to consciousness. The king was struggling meanwhile with my defenders, and prevented my being lifted up from the ground. After much rubbing, and smelling strong salts, I recovered sufficiently to be placed on a stool which stood in the window. How gladly would I have remained in my unconscious condition! It is impossible for me to describe our despairing condition. The king was almost choked with rage, and had a wild look in his eyes, while his face was red and swollen, and his mouth foaming. The queen was crying and wringing her hands. My sisters were kneeling at my father's feet — even our little tiny sister of three years old — all sobbing bitterly. Madame von Konnken and Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld stood there pale as death, unable to speak, and I — I was in the very depths of despair. I was shivering from head to foot, and a cold perspiration poured off my face. My father now said that my brother was not dead, but that "by all holy angels," he would kill him! These reiterated assertions roused me from my lethargy, and I cried out, "Spare my brother, and I will marry the Duke of Weissenfels!" The king was too angry to understand what I was saying, and Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, fearing that I should repeat these imprudent words, stuffed her pocket handkerchief into my mouth just as I was going to do so. My father now began to abuse me. He said I was the cause of all the trouble that had fallen on us, and that I should pay for it with my head. He could not then have granted me a greater favor than to have carried out his threat. My grief was so intense that I would gladly have left this world.

During this scene I saw poor Katt being led between two gendarmes to the king. He looked pale and disordered; and as he caught sight of me, he took off his hat, and I observed his distressed and frightened expression. My brother's boxes and his own were carried behind him. Immediately afterwards the king was informed of Katt's presence, and he rushed off saying, "Now at last I shall have proofs enough against the scoundrel Fritz to cost him his head." The mistress of the robes followed him, saying, "For God's sake, if you wish to put the crown prince to death, at least do not kill the queen!

I can assure you that she has known absolutely nothing of the whole business, and if you are kind to her you may succeed in obtaining much help from her." Madame von Konnken then continued in another tone: "Hitherto you have laid great stress on being a just and pious king, and God blessed you for it; but now you wish to become a tyrant. Take heed that God's wrath does not fall on you. Sacrifice your son to your fury, and be sure that God's vengeance will light upon you. Remember Peter the Great and Philip the Second: they died without heirs, and their memory is held in abhorrence." The king looked at her, and said, "You are very bold to say such things, but you are a good woman, and mean well. Go and calm my wife." I really admired this lady's courage in speaking at such a moment in the manner she did, because she ran the risk of being sent to Spandau. We were, on the other hand, much astonished when Ramen in the queen's presence insisted on having been ignorant of what had occurred. I was at last dragged out of the queen's room, for I shook all over, and was incapable of walking a step. I was brought into an apartment into which the king never came.

My father had meanwhile sent for Grumkow, Mylius, and Gerber to come to his room. Mylius was fiscal general, and a very bad man, and Gerber auditor general. As soon as the king entered the room, Katt threw himself on his knees before him. My father fell upon him, hit him with his stick, and treated him shamefully. The inquiry then commenced. Katt confessed at once that he had agreed with the crown prince about his flight, but that there had never been any designs against the king, and that their only intention had been to escape into England to be safe from his anger, and to put themselves under English protection. On being asked what had become of my letters and those of my mother, he answered that he had given them back to the queen. Katt was then asked if I had known of the plot: his answer was "No." He was then questioned as to whether he had been intrusted with letters from the crown prince to me, and if I had ever given him any for my brother. He replied that he remembered giving me a letter from the prince one Sunday morning as I came out of the Dom (Cathedral), but that he had no idea what were its contents. He had never any letters intrusted to him by me. Katt then confessed to having been several times secretly to Potsdam, where Lieutenant Span had let him into

the town; that Keith knew of the plan, and was to have accompanied them in their flight. After the inquiry was over, my brother's boxes and Katt's were searched, but not a single letter was discovered. Grumkow, who had hoped to have caught us this time safely in his net, was in despair at this, and said to the king, "These devils of women are cleverer than we are, and have cheated us."

The king returned again to the queen and said to her, "I have not made a mistake; I knew it must be so. Your worthless daughter has been mixed up in this plot. Katt has just confessed that he gave her letters from the prince; I shall have her conduct rigorously inquired into! Command her in my name not to leave her room. In three days I will have her removed to a place where she may repent of her misdeeds. Tell her this and that she is to be ready to start as soon as her examination is closed." The king was in a great rage as he said this. The queen swore that I had never received any letter through Katt, and offered to go and ask me about it. . . .

The whole town was horror-struck at the misery and sorrow which had fallen on our family. People spoke of me and my fate openly in the streets, for my mother's rooms were on the ground floor, and the windows stood open, so that passers-by must have witnessed that terrible scene. As I was carried to my room that day, I had to pass through quite a crowd, who all were sobbing and crying. Things were very much exaggerated, and in several parts of the town the rumor of my death was circulated, and also that of my brother, and this only tended to increase the general feeling of hopelessness.

I spent a very sad night, disturbed by dark and sinister forebodings. Fear of death did not trouble me, and I was not disturbed about the journey: but what I dreaded beyond description was being separated from Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld and being given over into strange hands. These sad reflections kept me awake till the news was brought me in the morning that the sentinels before my room had been doubled. I had scarcely risen when Ramen appeared, and brought me a message from my mother to the effect that the king would send the same people to examine me as had conducted Katt's inquiry, and that she begged me to be careful and not to forget my promise. I was much put out at receiving such a message through so suspicious a person, who could at any moment, by betraying the queen and myself to the king, ruin us.

She then continued in a hypocritical tone to say that my mother "was in great anxiety" about my examination, and feared I "should not retain my firmness." "I cannot understand," I replied, "how the queen can trouble herself about such a trivial matter. I need not be afraid, as I have had nothing whatever to do with the whole business, and if the king has me examined I shall simply say what I know about it." "Yes," she answered, "and other terrible things are happening. Your departure is decided on, and you are to be taken to a convent called 'The Holy Grave.' There you will be kept as a State prisoner. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld and all your own people are to be taken away from you, and you will be much to be pitied." I replied that the king was my father and my master, and that he would decide my fate as he pleased. "I trust in God and in my innocence, and know that Providence will watch over me." Ramen then proceeded to say, "You are only so full of courage because you believe these are mere threats; but I have seen the written order for your imprisonment, signed by the king himself. Besides which you must see by all that has taken place that the king is in earnest. Poor Mademoiselle von Bülow has received commands to leave the Court in two days, and to retire with her family to Lithuania. Lieutenant Span, who let Katt secretly into Potsdam, is cashiered, and has been sent to Spandau. A mistress of the crown prince who lives at Potsdam is to be flogged by the public hangman, and turned out of the town. Dühau (he was my brother's master, and devoted to him) is exiled to Memel. Jacques (his librarian) is also sent there, and your governess would have shared the same fate had she not been, as good luck would have it, not on good terms with the queen during this last winter." . . . I do not understand how I could listen to all this quietly. God does indeed give strength in the time of our sorest need. My great composure saved me, and made this old Megæra believe that I was either innocent or that nothing would shake my courage. When she had left me, I felt I need no longer control myself. The ruin of so many excellent people cut me to the heart. My brother's fate inspired me with deadly fear, and the separation from Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld filled me with the bitterest sorrow.

The day went by. I hourly expected my examination to commence, and every little sound made my heart beat faster. But I waited in vain; no one appeared, and I began to feel calmer. My face as well as my body were so bruised by my

fall, and I was so exhausted, that when the evening drew on I lay down.

The next morning Ramen made her appearance. She again repeated my mother's injunctions as to courage and determination, and then added that my inquiry had not yet taken place because it had been determined to confront me with my brother and Katt, and that to prevent the possibility of any disturbance, the crown prince would be brought to Berlin only in the dusk of the evening. I answered Ramen in the same way at which, the previous day, the queen had been so vexed. She thought I must be so overcome with fear that I should lose my head and mention the casket, because otherwise she could not understand my determination to say all I knew about this sad business. In the afternoon she sent me her faithful old page to implore me not to betray anything. I confided to him in what a difficult position I was placed by having Ramen sent to me with such messages, and begged him to assure the queen that she need fear nothing, and that I should never say anything which could compromise her. All I ventured to beg of her was not to send so often to me, as it might awaken the king's suspicions, but if she had any message to send it through her page and not through Ramen, who knew nothing about the business of the letters. I was obliged to treat the matter from this point of view to avoid vexing my mother. I knew she would have been annoyed if she had found out that I distrusted Ramen.

Another day passed in the same manner, and I remained standing at the window till one in the morning, only to have the comfort of seeing my brother pass by. The thought of seeing him made me wish ardently to be confronted with him at my examination. This wish was not fulfilled. My brother was taken to Küstrin on the 5th of September, and shut up in the fortress of that place. All his household and all his possessions were taken from him, so that he had nothing but the shirt and clothes he wore. Nobody waited on him, and his only means of occupation were a Bible and Prayer Book.

His expenditure was limited to fourpence a day. The room in which he was imprisoned received all its light from one tiny aperture. He had a candle only when his supper was brought him at seven o'clock; all the rest of the time he had to sit in the dark. What an awful fate for a prince that was already held in such high esteem! So much sorrow could only make him bitter and harsh.

MANON LESCAUT.

By ABBÉ PRÉVOST.

[Abbé Antoine François Prévost d'Exiles, better known as the Abbé Prévost, was born of good family at Hesdin, Artois, April 1, 1697; died near Chantilly, November 23, 1763. He served for a time in the army, and in 1719 joined the Benedictines of St. Maur, leaving the order in 1727. He then went to Holland and gave his time wholly to writing. He published "Mémoires d'un Homme de Qualité" (8 vols., 1728–1732), "L'Histoire de M. Cléveland" (8 vols., 1732–1739), "Le Doyen de Killerine" (6 vols., 1735), "Histoire du Chevalier des Grieux et de Manon Lescaut (1731), and many essays and translations. "Manon Lescaut" is his greatest work and one of the greatest of French novels.]

On quitting me my father went to pay a visit to M. G—— M——. He found him with his son, whom the guardsman had safely restored to liberty. I never learned the particulars of their conversation; but I could easily infer them from the disastrous results. They went together (the two old gentlemen) to the lieutenant general of police, from whom they requested one favor each: the first was to have me at once liberated from Le Châtelet; the second to condemn Manon to perpetual imprisonment or to transport her for life to America. They happened at that very period to be sending out a number of convicts to the Mississippi. The lieutenant general promised to have her embarked on board the first vessel that sailed. . . .

Never did apoplexy produce on mortal a more sudden or terrible effect than did the announcement of Manon's sentence upon me. I fell prostrate, with so intense a palpitation of the heart that as I swooned I thought that death itself was come upon me. This idea continued even after I had been restored to my senses. I gazed around me upon every part of the room, then upon my own paralyzed limbs, doubting, in my delirium, whether I still bore about me the attributes of a living man. It is quite certain that, in obedience to the desire I felt of terminating my sufferings, even by my own hand, nothing could have been to me more welcome than death at that moment of anguish and despair. Religion itself could depict nothing more insupportable after death than the racking agony with which I was then convulsed. Yet, by a miracle, only within the power of omnipotent love, I soon regained strength enough to express my gratitude to Heaven for restoring me to sense and reason. My death could have only been a relief and blessing to myself;

whereas Manon had occasion for my prolonged existence, in order to deliver her, to succor her, to avenge her wrongs; I swore to devote that existence unremittingly to these objects.

My first idea was nothing less than to make away with the two G—— M——s and the lieutenant general of police, and then to attack the hospital, sword in hand, assisted by all whom I could enlist in my cause. Even my father's life was hardly respected, so just appeared my feelings of vengeance; for the porter had informed me that he and G—— M—— were jointly the authors of my ruin.

But when I had advanced some paces into the street, and the fresh air had cooled my excitement, I gradually viewed matters in a more rational mood. The death of our enemies could be of little use to Manon; and the obvious effect of such violence would be to deprive me of all other chance of serving her. Besides, could I ever bring myself to be a cowardly assassin? By what other means could I accomplish my revenge? I set all my ingenuity and all my efforts at work to procure the deliverance of Manon, leaving everything else to be considered hereafter when I had succeeded in this first and paramount object.

[He finally does assail the escort, but his hired soldiers run away.]

Seeing nothing around me but despair, I took a final and indeed desperate resolution. This was, far from attacking the police, to go up with submission and implore them to receive me among them, that I might accompany Manon to Havre de Grace, and afterwards, if possible, cross the Atlantic with her. "The whole world is either persecuting or betraying me," said I to the guardsman; "I have no longer the power of interesting any one in my favor; I expect nothing more either from Fortune or the friendship of man; my misery is at its height; it only remains for me to submit; so that I close my eyes henceforward against every gleam of hope. May Heaven," I continued, "reward you for your generosity! Adieu! I shall go and aid my wretched destiny in filling up the full measure of my ruin.

Riding towards the cortège at a slow pace, and with a sorrowful countenance, the guards could hardly see anything very terrific in my approach. They seemed, however, to expect an attack. "Be persuaded, gentlemen," said I to them, "that I come not to wage war, but rather to ask favors."

I then begged of them to continue their progress without any distrust, and as we went along I made my solicitations.

They consulted together to ascertain in what way they should entertain my request. The chief of them spoke for the rest. He said that the orders they had received to watch the prisoners vigilantly were of the strictest kind; that, however, I seemed so interesting a young man that they might be induced to relax a little in their duty; but that I must know, of course, that this would cost me something. I had about sixteen pistoles left, and candidly told them what my purse contained. "Well," said the gendarme, "we will act generously. It shall only cost you a crown an hour for conversing with any of our girls that you may prefer, — that is the ordinary price in Paris."

I said not a word to Manon, because I did not wish to let them know of my passion. They at first supposed it was merely a boyish whim, that made me think of amusing myself with these creatures; but when they discovered that I was in love, they increased their demands in such a way that my purse was completely empty on leaving Mantes, where we had slept the night before our arrival at Passy.

Shall I describe to you my heartrending interviews with Manon during this journey, and what my sensations were when I obtained from the guards permission to approach her caravan? Oh, language never can adequately express the sentiments of the heart; but picture to yourself my poor mistress, with a chain round her waist, seated upon a handful of straw, her head resting languidly against the panel of the carriage, her face pale and bathed with tears, which forced a passage between her eyelids, although she kept them continually closed. She had not even the curiosity to open her eyes on hearing the bustle of the guards when they expected our attack. Her clothes were soiled and in disorder; her delicate hands exposed to the rough air; in fine, her whole angelic form, that face, lovely enough to carry back the world to idolatry, presented a spectacle of distress and anguish utterly indescribable.

I spent some moments gazing at her as I rode alongside the carriage. I had so lost my self-possession that I was several times on the point of falling from my horse. My sighs and frequent exclamations at length attracted her attention. She looked at and recognized me, and I remarked that on the first impulse she unconsciously tried to leap from the carriage

towards me, but being checked by her chain, she fell into her former attitude.

I begged of the guards to stop one moment for the sake of mercy; they consented for the sake of avarice. I dismounted to go and sit near her. She was so languid and feeble that she was for some time without the power of speech, and could not raise her hands: I bathed them with my tears; and being myself unable to utter a word, we formed together as deplorable a picture of distress as could well be seen. When at length we were able to speak, our conversation was not less sorrowful. Manon said little: shame and grief appeared to have altered the character of her voice; its tone was feeble and tremulous.

She thanked me for not having forgotten her, and for the comfort I gave her in allowing her to see me once more, and she then bade me a long and last farewell. But when I assured her that no power on earth could ever separate me from her, and that I was resolved to follow her to the extremity of the world, — to watch over her, — to guard her, — to love her, — and inseparably to unite my wretched destiny with hers, the poor girl gave way to such feelings of tenderness and grief that I almost dreaded danger to her life from the violence of her emotion; the agitation of her whole soul seemed intensely concentrated in her eyes; she fixed them steadfastly upon me. She more than once opened her lips without the power of giving utterance to her thoughts. I could, however, catch some expressions that dropped from her, of admiration and wonder at my excessive love, — of doubt that she could have been fortunate enough to inspire me with a passion so perfect, — of earnest entreaty that I would abandon my intention of following her, and seek elsewhere a lot more worthy of me, and which, she said, I could never hope to find with her.

In spite of the cruelest inflictions of Fate, I derived comfort from her looks, and from the conviction that I now possessed her undivided affection. I had in truth lost all that other men value; but I was the master of Manon's heart, the only possession that I prized. Whether in Europe or in America, of what moment to me was the place of my abode, provided I might live happy in the society of my mistress? Is not the universe the residence of two fond and faithful lovers? Does not each find in the other, father, mother, friends, relations, riches, felicity?

If anything caused me uneasiness, it was the fear of seeing Manon exposed to want. I fancied myself already with her in

a barbarous country, inhabited by savages. "I am quite certain," said I, "there will be none there more cruel than G—— M—— and my father. They will, at least, allow us to live in peace. If the accounts we read of savages be true, they obey the laws of nature: they neither know the mean rapacity of avarice, nor the false and fantastic notions of dignity, which have raised me up an enemy in my own father. They will not harass and persecute two lovers, when they see us adopt their own simple habits." I was, therefore, at ease upon that point.

But my romantic ideas were not formed with a proper view to the ordinary wants of life. I had too often found that there were necessaries which could not be dispensed with, particularly by a young and delicate woman, accustomed to comfort and abundance. I was in despair at having so fruitlessly emptied my purse, and the little money that now remained was about being forced from me by the rascally imposition of the gendarmes. I imagined that a very trifling sum would suffice for our support for some time in America, where money was scarce, and might also enable me to form some undertaking there for our permanent establishment.

This idea made me resolve on writing to Tiberge, whom I had ever found ready to hold out the generous hand of friendship. I wrote from the first town we passed through. I only alluded to the destitute condition in which I foresaw that I should find myself on arriving at Havre de Grace, to which place I acknowledged that I was accompanying Manon. I asked him for only fifty pistoles. "You can remit it to me," said I to him, "through the hands of the postmaster. You must perceive that it is the last time I can by possibility trespass on your friendly kindness; and my poor unhappy mistress being about to be exiled from her country forever, I cannot let her depart without supplying her with some few comforts, to soften the sufferings of her lot, as well as to assuage my own sorrows."

The gendarmes became so rapacious when they saw the violence of my passion, continually increasing their demands for the slightest favors, that they soon left me penniless. Love did not permit me to put any bounds to my liberality. At Manon's side I was not master of myself; and it was no longer by the hour that time was measured, rather by the duration of whole days. At length, my funds being completely exhausted, I found myself exposed to the brutal caprice of these six

wretches, who treated me with intolerable rudeness, — you yourself witnessed it at Passy. My meeting with you was a momentary relaxation accorded me by Fate. Your compassion at the sight of my sufferings was my only recommendation to your generous nature. The assistance which you so liberally extended enabled me to reach Havre, and the guards kept their promise more faithfully than I had ventured to hope.

We arrived at Havre. I went to the post office : Tiberge had not yet had time to answer my letter. I ascertained the earliest day I might reckon upon his answer : it could not possibly arrive for two days longer ; and by an extraordinary fatality our vessel was to sail on the very morning of the day when the letter might be expected. I cannot give you an idea of my despair. "Alas ! " cried I, "even amongst the unfortunate I am to be ever the most wretched ! "

Manon replied : "Alas ! does a life so thoroughly miserable deserve the care we bestow on ours? Let us die at Havre, dearest Chevalier ! Let death at once put an end to our afflictions ! Shall we persevere, and go to drag on this hopeless existence in an unknown land, where we shall no doubt have to encounter the most horrible pains, since it has been their object to punish me by exile? Let us die," she repeated, "or do at least in mercy rid me of life, and then you can seek another lot in the arms of some happier lover."

"No, no, Manon," said I, "it is but too enviable a lot, in my estimation, to be allowed to share your misfortunes."

Her observations made me tremble. I saw that she was overpowered by her afflictions. I tried to assume a more tranquil air in order to dissipate such melancholy thoughts of death and despair. I resolved to adopt the same course in future ; and I learned by the results that nothing is more calculated to inspire a woman with courage than the demonstration of intrepidity in the man she loves.

When I lost all hope of receiving the expected assistance from Tiberge, I sold my horse. The money it brought, joined to what remained of your generous gift, amounted to the small sum of forty pistoles. I expended eight in the purchase of some necessary articles for Manon ; and I put the remainder by, as the capital upon which we were to rest our hopes and raise our fortunes in America. I had no difficulty in getting admitted on board the vessel. They were at the time looking for young men as voluntary emigrants to the colony. The pas-

sage and provisions were supplied gratis. I left a letter for Tiberge, which was to go by the post next morning to Paris. It was no doubt written in a tone calculated to affect him deeply, since it induced him to form a resolution, which could only be carried into execution by the tenderest and most generous sympathy for his unhappy friend.

We set sail; the wind continued favorable during the entire passage. I obtained from the captain's kindness a separate cabin for the use of Manon and myself. He was so good as to distinguish us from the herd of our miserable associates. I took an opportunity on the second day of conciliating his attentions by telling him part of our unfortunate history. I did not feel that I was guilty of any very culpable falsehood in saying that I was the husband of Manon. He appeared to believe it, and promised me his protection; and indeed we experienced during the whole passage the most flattering evidences of his sincerity. He took care that our table was comfortably provided; and his attentions procured us the marked respect of our companions in misery. The unwearied object of my solicitude was to save Manon from every inconvenience. She felt this; and her gratitude, together with a lively sense of the singular position in which I had placed myself solely for her sake, rendered the dear creature so tender and impassioned, so attentive also to my most trifling wants, that it was between us a continual emulation of attentions and of love. I felt no regret at quitting Europe; on the contrary, the nearer we approached America the more did I feel my heart expand and become tranquil. If I had not felt a dread of our perhaps wanting by and by the absolute necessaries of life, I should have been grateful to Fate for having at length given so favorable a turn to our affairs.

After a passage of two months, we at length reached the banks of the desired river. The country offered at first sight nothing agreeable. We saw only sterile and uninhabited plains covered with rushes, and some trees rooted up by the wind; no trace either of men or animals. However, the captain having discharged some pieces of artillery, we presently observed a group of the inhabitants of New Orleans, who approached us with evident signs of joy. We had not perceived the town; it is concealed upon the side on which we approached it by a hill. We were received as persons dropped from the clouds.

The poor inhabitants hastened to put a thousand questions

to us upon the state of France, and of the different provinces in which they were born. They embraced us as brothers and as beloved companions who had come to share their pains and their solitude. We turned towards the town with them; but we were astonished to perceive as we advanced that what we had hitherto heard spoken of as a respectable town was nothing more than a collection of miserable huts. They were inhabited by five or six hundred persons. The governor's house was a little distinguished from the rest by its height and its position. It was surrounded by some earthen ramparts and a deep ditch.

We were first presented to him. He continued for some time in conversation with the captain; and then advancing towards us, he looked attentively at the women one after another; there were thirty of them, for another troop of convicts had joined us at Havre. After having thus inspected them, he sent for several young men of the colony who were desirous to marry. He assigned the handsomest women to the principal of these, and the remainder were disposed of by lot. He had not yet addressed Manon; but having ordered the others to depart, he made us remain. "I learn from the captain," said he, "that you are married; and he is convinced by your conduct on the passage that you are both persons of merit and of education. I have nothing to do with the cause of your misfortunes; but if it be true that you are as conversant with the world and society as your appearance would indicate, I shall spare no pains to soften the severity of your lot; and you may on your part contribute towards rendering this savage and desert abode less disagreeable to me."

I replied in a manner which I thought best calculated to confirm the opinion he had formed of us. He gave orders to have a habitation prepared for us in the town, and detained us to supper. I was really surprised to find so much politeness in a governor of transported convicts. In the presence of others he abstained from inquiring about our past adventures. The conversation was general; and in spite of our degradation, Manon and I exerted ourselves to make it lively and agreeable.

At night we were conducted to the lodging prepared for us. We found a wretched hovel composed of planks and mud, containing three rooms on the ground, and a loft overhead. He had sent there six chairs and some few necessaries of life.

Manon appeared frightened by the first view of this melancholy dwelling. It was on my account much more than upon

her own that she distressed herself. When we were left to ourselves, she sat down and wept bitterly. I attempted at first to console her; but when she enabled me to understand that it was for my sake she deplored our privations, and that in our common afflictions she only considered me as the sufferer, I put on an air of resolution, and even of content, sufficient to encourage her.

"What is there in my lot to lament?" said I; "I possess all that I have ever desired. You love me, Manon, do you not? What happiness beyond this have I ever longed for? Let us leave to Providence the direction of our destiny; it by no means appears to me so desperate. The governor is civil and obliging; he has already given us marks of his consideration; he will not allow us to want for necessaries. As to our rude hut and the squalidness of our furniture, you might have noticed that there are few persons in the colony better lodged or more comfortably furnished than we are; and then you are an admirable chemist," added I, embracing her; "you transform everything into gold."

"In that case," she answered, "you shall be the richest man in the universe; for as there never was love surpassing yours, so it is impossible for man to be loved more tenderly than you are by me. I well know," she continued, "that I have never merited the almost incredible fidelity and attachment which you have shown for me. I have often caused you annoyances, which nothing but excessive fondness could have induced you to pardon. I have been thoughtless and volatile; and even while loving you, as I have always done to distraction, I was never free from a consciousness of ingratitude. But you cannot believe how much my nature is altered; those tears which you have so frequently seen me shed since quitting the French shore have not been caused by my own misfortunes. Since you began to share them with me, I have been a stranger to selfishness; I only wept from tenderness and compassion for you. I am inconsolable at the thought of having given you one instant's pain during my past life. I never cease upbraiding myself with my former inconstancy, and wondering at the sacrifices which love has induced you to make for a miserable and unworthy wretch, who could not with the last drop of her blood compensate for half the torments she has caused you."

Her grief, the language, and the tone in which she expressed herself made such an impression that I felt my heart ready to

break within me. "Take care," said I to her, — "take care, dear Manon; I have not strength to endure such exciting marks of your affection; I am little accustomed to the rapturous sensations which you now kindle in my heart. — O Heaven!" cried I, "I have now nothing further to ask of you. I am sure of Manon's love. That has been alone wanting to complete my happiness; I can now never cease to be happy: my felicity is well secured."

"It is indeed," she replied, "if it depends upon me, and I well know where I can be ever certain of finding my own happiness centered."

With these ideas, capable of turning my hut into a palace worthy of earth's proudest monarch, I lay down to rest. America appeared to my view the true land of milk and honey, the abode of contentment and delight. "People should come to New Orleans," I often said to Manon, "who wish to enjoy the real rapture of love! It is here that love is divested of all selfishness, all jealousy, all inconstancy. Our countrymen come here in search of gold; they little think that we have discovered treasures of inestimably greater value."

We carefully cultivated the governor's friendship. He bestowed upon me, a few weeks after our arrival, a small appointment which became vacant in the fort. Although not one of any distinction, I gratefully accepted it as a gift of Providence, as it enabled me to live independently of others' aid. I took a servant for myself, and a woman for Manon. Our little establishment became settled: nothing could surpass the regularity of my conduct, or that of Manon; we lost no opportunity of serving or doing an act of kindness to our neighbors. This friendly disposition, and the mildness of our manners, secured us the confidence and affection of the whole colony. We soon became so respected that we ranked as the principal persons in the town after the governor.

The simplicity of our habits and occupations, and the perfect innocence in which we lived, revived insensibly our early feelings of devotion. Manon had never been an irreligious girl, and I was far from being one of those reckless libertines who delight in adding impiety and sacrilege to moral depravity; all the disorders of our lives might be fairly ascribed to the natural influences of youth and love. Experience had now begun with us to do the office of age; it produced the same effect upon us as years must have done. Our conversation,

which was generally of a serious turn, by degrees engendered a longing for virtuous love. I first proposed this change to Manon. I knew the principles of her heart; she was frank and natural in all her sentiments, qualities which invariably predispose to virtue. I said to her that there was but one thing wanting to complete our happiness: "It is," said I, "to invoke upon our union the benediction of Heaven. We have both of us hearts too sensitive and minds too refined to continue voluntarily in the willful violation of so sacred a duty. It signifies nothing our having lived while in France in such a manner, because there it was as impossible for us not to love as to be united by a legitimate tie; but in America, where we are under no restraint, where we own no allegiance to the arbitrary distinctions of birth and aristocratic prejudice, where besides we are already supposed to be married, why should we not actually become so, — why should we not sanctify our love by the holy ordinances of religion? As for me," I added, "I offer nothing new in offering you my hand and my heart; but I am ready to ratify it at the foot of the altar."

This speech seemed to inspire her with joy. "Would you believe it," she replied, "I have thought of this a thousand times since our arrival in America. The fear of annoying you has kept it shut up in my breast. I felt that I had no pretensions to aspire to the character of your wife."

"Ah, Manon!" said I, "you should very soon be a sovereign's consort, if I had been born to the inheritance of a crown. Let us not hesitate; we have no obstacle to impede us: I will this day speak to the governor on the subject, and acknowledge that we have in this particular hitherto deceived him. Let us leave," added I, "to vulgar lovers the dread of the indissoluble bonds of marriage; they would not fear them if they were assured, as we are, of the continuance of those of love." I left Manon enchanted by this resolution.

I am persuaded that no honest man could disapprove of this intention in my present situation, — that is to say, fatally enslaved as I was by a passion which I could not subdue, and visited by compunction and remorse which I ought not to stifle. But will any man charge me with injustice or impiety if I complain of the rigor of Heaven in defeating a design that I could only have formed with the view of conciliating its favor and complying with its decrees? Alas! do I say defeated? nay, punished as a new crime. I was patiently permitted to go

blindly along the highroad of vice; and the cruelest chastisements were reserved for the period when I was returning to the paths of virtue. I now fear that I shall have hardly fortitude enough left to recount the most disastrous circumstances that ever occurred to any man.

I waited upon the governor, as I had settled with Manon, to procure his consent to the ceremony of our marriage. I should have avoided speaking to him or to any other person upon the subject if I had imagined that his chaplain, who was the only minister in the town, would have performed the office for me without his knowledge; but not daring to hope that he would do so privately, I determined to act ingenuously in the matter.

The governor had a nephew named Synnelet, of whom he was particularly fond. He was about thirty; brave, but of a headstrong and violent disposition. He was not married. Manon's beauty had struck him on the first day of our arrival; and the numberless opportunities he had of seeing her during the last nine or ten months had so inflamed his passion that he was absolutely pining for her in secret. However, as he was convinced in common with his uncle and the whole colony that I was married, he put such a restraint upon his feelings that they remained generally unnoticed; and he lost no opportunity of showing the most disinterested friendship for me.

He happened to be with his uncle when I arrived at the government house. I had no reason for keeping my intention a secret from him, so that I explained myself without hesitation in his presence. The governor heard me with his usual kindness. I related to him a part of my history, to which he listened with evident interest; and when I requested his presence at the intended ceremony, he was so generous as to say that he must be permitted to defray the expenses of the succeeding entertainment. I retired perfectly satisfied.

In an hour after, the chaplain paid me a visit. I thought he was come to prepare me by religious instruction for the sacred ceremony; but after a cold salutation, he announced to me in two words that the governor desired I would relinquish all thoughts of such a thing, for that he had other views for Manon.

"Other views for Manon!" said I, as I felt my heart sink within me; "what views then can they be, Chaplain?"

He replied that I must be of course aware that the governor

was absolute master here; that Manon, having been transported from France to the colony, was entirely at his disposal; that hitherto he had not exercised his right, believing that she was a married woman; but that now, having learned from my own lips that it was not so, he had resolved to assign her to M. Synnelet, who was passionately in love with her.

My indignation overcame my prudence. Irritated as I was, I desired the chaplain instantly to quit my house, swearing at the same time that neither governor, Synnelet, nor the whole colony together should lay hands upon my wife, or mistress, if they chose so to call her.

I immediately told Manon of the distressing message I had just received. We conjectured that Synnelet had warped his uncle's mind after my departure, and that it was all the effect of a premeditated design. They were questionless the stronger party. We found ourselves in New Orleans as in the midst of the ocean, separated from the rest of the world by an immense interval of space. In a country perfectly unknown, a desert, or inhabited, if not by brutes, at least by savages quite as ferocious, to what corner could we fly? I was respected in the town; but I could not hope to excite the people in my favor to such a degree as to derive assistance from them proportioned to the impending danger. Money was requisite for that purpose, and I was poor. Besides, the success of a popular commotion was uncertain; and if we failed in the attempt, our doom would be inevitably sealed.

I revolved these thoughts in my mind; I mentioned them in part to Manon; I found new ones without waiting for her replies; I determined upon one course, and then abandoned that to adopt another; I talked to myself, and answered my own thoughts aloud; at length I sunk into a kind of hysterical stupor that I can compare to nothing, because nothing ever equalled it. Manon observed my emotion, and from its violence judged how imminent was our danger; and apprehensive more on my account than on her own, the dear girl could not even venture to give expression to her fears.

After a multitude of reflections, I resolved to call upon the governor, and appeal to his feelings of honor, to the recollection of my unvarying respect for him, and the marks he had given of his own affection for us both. Manon endeavored to dissuade me from this attempt: she said, with tears in her eyes, "You are rushing into the jaws of death; they will murder

you, — I shall never again see you, — I am determined to die before you." I had great difficulty in persuading her that it was absolutely necessary that I should go, and that she should remain at home. I promised that she should see me again in a few moments. She did not foresee, nor did I, that it was against herself the whole anger of Heaven, and the rabid fury of our enemies, was about to be concentrated.

I went to the fort: the governor was there with his chaplain. I supplicated him in a tone of humble submission that I could have ill brooked under other circumstances. I invoked his clemency by every argument calculated to soften any heart less ferocious and cruel than a tiger's.

The barbarian made to all my prayers but two short answers, which he repeated over and over again. "Manon," he said, "was at his disposal; and he had given a promise to his nephew." I was resolved to command my feelings to the last: I merely replied that I had imagined he was too sincerely my friend to desire my death, to which I would infinitely rather consent than to the loss of my mistress.

I felt persuaded, on quitting him, that it was folly to expect anything from the obstinate tyrant, who would have damned himself a hundred times over to please his nephew. However, I persevered in restraining my temper to the end, deeply resolved, if they persisted in such flagrant injustice, to make America the scene of one of the most horrible and bloody murders that even love had ever led to.

I was, on my return home, meditating upon this design, when Fate, as if impatient to expedite my ruin, threw Synnelet in my way. He read in my countenance a portion of my thoughts. I before said, he was brave. He approached me.

"Are you not seeking me?" he inquired. "I know that my intentions have given you mortal offense, and that the death of one of us is indispensable; let us see who is to be the happy man."

I replied that such was unquestionably the fact, and that nothing but death could end the difference between us.

We retired about one hundred paces out of the town. We drew: I wounded and disarmed him at the first onset. He was so enraged that he peremptorily refused either to ask his life or renounce his claims to Manon. I might have been perhaps justified in ending both by a single blow; but noble

blood ever vindicates its origin. I threw him back his sword. "Let us renew the struggle," said I to him, "and remember that there shall be now no quarter." He attacked me with redoubled fury. I must confess that I was not an accomplished swordsman, having had but three months' tuition at Paris. Love, however, guided my weapon. Synnelet pierced me through and through the left arm; but I caught him whilst thus engaged, and made so vigorous a thrust that I stretched him senseless at my feet.

In spite of the triumphant feeling that victory, after a mortal conflict, inspires, I was immediately horrified by the certain consequences of this death. There could not be the slightest hope of either pardon or respite from the vengeance I had thus incurred. Aware as I was of the affection of the governor for his nephew, I felt perfectly sure that my death would not be delayed a single hour after his should become known. Urgent as this apprehension was, it still was by no means the principal source of my uneasiness. Manon, the welfare of Manon, the peril that impended over her, and the certainty of my being now at length separated from her, afflicted me to such a degree that I was incapable of recognizing the place in which I stood. I regretted Synnelet's death: instant suicide seemed the only remedy for my woes.

However, it was this very thought that quickly restored me to my reason, and enabled me to form a resolution. "What," said I to myself, "die, in order to end my pain! Then there is something I dread more than the loss of all I love! No, let me suffer the cruelest extremities in order to aid her; and when these prove of no avail, fly to death as a last resource!"

I returned towards the town. On my arrival at home, I found Manon half dead with fright and anxiety; my presence restored her. I could not conceal from her the terrible accident that had happened. On my mentioning the death of Synnelet and my own wound, she fell in a state of insensibility into my arms. It was a quarter of an hour before I could bring her again to her senses.

I was myself in a most deplorable state of mind. I could not discern the slightest prospect of safety for either of us. "Manon," said I to her, when she had recovered a little, "what shall we do? Alas, what hope remains to us? I must necessarily fly. Will you remain in the town? Yes, dearest Manon, do remain; you may possibly still be happy here;

while I, far away from you, may seek death and find it amongst the savages or the wild beasts."

She raised herself in spite of her weakness, and taking hold of my hand to lead me towards the door, "Let us," said she, "fly together. We have not a moment to lose; Synnelet's body may be found by chance, and we shall then have no time to escape." "But, dear Manon," replied I, "to what place can we fly? Do you perceive any resource? Would it not be better that you should endeavor to live on without me, and that I should go and voluntarily place my life in the governor's hands?"

This proposal had only the effect of making her more impatient for our departure. I had presence of mind enough on going out to take with me some strong liquors which I had in my chamber, and as much food as I could carry in my pockets. We told our servants, who were in the adjoining room, that we were going to take our evening walk, as was our invariable habit; and we left the town behind us more rapidly than I had thought possible from Manon's delicate state of health.

Although I had not formed any resolve as to our future destination, I still cherished a hope without which I should have infinitely preferred death to my suspense about Manon's safety. I had acquired a sufficient knowledge of the country, during nearly ten months which I had now passed in America, to know in what manner the natives should be approached. Death was not the necessary consequence of falling into their hands. I had learned a few words of their language and some of their customs, having had many opportunities of seeing them.

Besides this sad resource, I derived some hopes from the fact that the English had, like ourselves, established colonies in this part of the New World. But the distance was terrific. In order to reach them, we should have to traverse deserts of many days' journey, and more than one range of mountains so steep and vast as to seem almost impassable to the strongest man. I nevertheless flattered myself that we might derive partial relief from one or other of these sources: the savages might serve us as guides, and the English receive us in their settlements.

We journeyed on as long as Manon's strength would permit, that is to say, about six miles; for this incomparable creature, with her usual absence of selfishness, refused my repeated entreaties to stop. Overpowered at length by fatigue, she ac-

knowledged the utter impossibility of proceeding farther. It was already night: we sat down in the midst of an extensive plain, where we could not even find a tree to shelter us. Her first care was to dress my wound, which she had bandaged before our departure. I in vain entreated her to desist from exertion: it would have only added to her distress if I had refused her the satisfaction of seeing me at ease and out of danger, before her own wants were attended to. I allowed her therefore to gratify herself, and in shame and silence submitted to her delicate attentions.

But when she had completed her tender task, with what ardor did I not enter upon mine! I took off my clothes and stretched them under her, to render more endurable the hard and rugged ground on which she lay. I protected her delicate hands from the cold by my burning kisses and the warmth of my sighs. I passed the livelong night in watching over her as she slept, and praying Heaven to refresh her with soft and undisturbed repose. You can bear witness, just and all-seeing God! to the fervor and sincerity of those prayers, and thou alone knowest with what awful rigor they were rejected.

You will excuse me if I now cut short a story which it distresses me beyond endurance to relate. It is, I believe, a calamity without parallel. I can never cease to deplore it. But although it continues, of course, deeply and indelibly impressed on my memory, yet my heart seems to shrink within me each time that I attempt the recital.

We had thus tranquilly passed the night. I had fondly imagined that my beloved mistress was in a profound sleep, and I hardly dared to breathe lest I should disturb her. As day broke, I observed that her hands were cold and trembling; I pressed them to my bosom in the hope of restoring animation. This movement roused her attention, and making an effort to grasp my hand, she said, in a feeble voice, that she thought her last moments had arrived.

I at first took this for a passing weakness, or the ordinary language of distress; and I answered with the usual consolations that love prompted. But her incessant sighs, her silence and inattention to my inquiries, the convulsed grasp of her hands, in which she retained mine, soon convinced me that the crowning end of all my miseries was approaching.

Do not now expect me to attempt a description of my feelings or to repeat her dying expressions. I lost her, — I re-

ceived the purest assurances of her love even at the very instant that her spirit fled. I have not nerve to say more upon this fatal and disastrous event.

My spirit was not destined to accompany Manon's. Doubtless, Heaven did not as yet consider me sufficiently punished, and therefore ordained that I should continue to drag on a languid and joyless existence. I willingly renounced every hope of leading a happy one.

I remained for twenty-four hours without taking my lips from the still beauteous countenance and hands of my adored Manon. My intention was to await my own death in that position; but at the beginning of the second day, I reflected that after I was gone, she must of necessity become the prey of wild beasts. I then determined to bury her, and wait my own doom upon her grave. I was already, indeed, so near my end, from the combined effect of long fasting and grief, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could support myself standing. I was obliged to have recourse to the liquors which I had brought with me, and these restored sufficient strength to enable me to set about my last sad office. From the sandy nature of the soil, there was little trouble in opening the ground. I broke my sword, and used it for the purpose; but my bare hands were of greater service. I dug a deep grave, and there deposited the idol of my heart, after having wrapped around her my clothes to prevent the sand from touching her. I kissed her ten thousand times with all the ardor of the most glowing love, before I laid her in this melancholy bed. I sat for some time upon the bank intently gazing on her, and could not command fortitude enough to close the grave over her. At length, feeling that my strength was giving way, and apprehensive of its being entirely exhausted before the completion of my task, I committed to the earth all that it had ever contained most perfect and peerless. I then lay myself with my face down upon the grave, and closing my eyes with the determination never again to open them, I invoked the mercy of Heaven and ardently prayed for death.

You will find it difficult to believe that during the whole time of this protracted and distressing ceremony not a tear or a sigh escaped to relieve my agony. The state of profound affliction in which I was, and the deep-settled resolution I had taken to die, had silenced the sighs of despair, and effectually dried up the ordinary channels of grief. It was thus impos-

sible for me, in this posture upon the grave, to continue for any time in the possession of my faculties.

Synnelet having been carried into the town and skillfully examined, it was found that, so far from being dead, he was not even dangerously wounded. He informed his uncle of the manner in which the affray had occurred between us, and he generously did justice to my conduct on the occasion. I was sent for; and as neither of us could be found, our flight was immediately suspected. It was then too late to attempt to trace me, but the next day and the following one were employed in the pursuit.

I was found, without any appearance of life, upon the grave of Manon; and the persons who discovered me in this situation, seeing that I was almost naked and bleeding from my wounds, naturally supposed that I had been robbed and assassinated. They carried me into the town. The motion restored me to my senses. The sighs I heaved on opening my eyes and finding myself still amongst the living, showed that I was not beyond the reach of art: they were but too successful in its application.

I was immediately confined as a close prisoner. My trial was ordered; and as Manon was not forthcoming, I was accused of having murdered her from rage and jealousy. I naturally related all that had occurred. Synnelet, though bitterly grieved and disappointed by what he heard, had the generosity to solicit my pardon: he obtained it.

I was so reduced that they were obliged to carry me from the prison to my bed, and there I suffered for three long months under severe illness. My aversion from life knew no diminution. I continually prayed for death, and obstinately for some time refused every remedy. But Providence, after having punished me with expiatory rigor, saw fit to turn to my own use its chastisements and the memory of my multiplied sorrows. It at length deigned to shed upon me its redeeming light, and revived in my mind ideas worthy of my birth and my early education.

My tranquillity of mind being again restored, my cure speedily followed. I began only to feel the highest aspirations of honor, and diligently performed the duties of my appointment, whilst expecting the arrival of vessels from France. I resolved to return to my native country, there to expiate the scandal of my former life by my future good conduct.

THE ANALOGY OF RELIGION TO THE COURSE OF NATURE.

By JOSEPH BUTLER.

[Joseph Butler, English theologian, was born at Mantage, in Berkshire, May 18, 1692. At first a Dissenter, he joined the English Church when a youth, and graduated at Oriel College. As preacher at the Rolls Chapel, he delivered the famous Sermons important in theological writing. After holding several rectorates he retired and wrote the "Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature" (1731). He was made bishop of Bristol in 1738, of Durham in 1750. He died at Bath, June 16, 1752.]

Of the Government of God by Rewards and Punishments, and Particularly of the Latter.

That which makes the question concerning a future life to be of so great importance to us is our capacity of happiness and misery. And that which makes the consideration of it to be of so great importance to us is the supposition of our happiness and misery hereafter depending upon our actions here. Without this, indeed, curiosity could not but sometimes bring a subject, in which we may be so highly interested, to our thoughts; especially upon the mortality of others, or the near prospect of our own. But reasonable men would not take any further thought about hereafter than what should happen thus occasionally to rise in their minds, if it were certain that our future interest no way depended upon our present behavior. Whereas, on the contrary, if there be ground, either from analogy or anything else to think it does, then there is reason also for the most active thought and solicitude to secure that interest; to behave so as that we may escape that misery and obtain that happiness in another life which we not only suppose ourselves capable of, but which we apprehend also is put in our own power. And whether there be ground for this last apprehension certainly would deserve to be most seriously considered, were there no other proof of a future life and interest than the presumptive one which the foregoing observations amount to.

Now, in the present state, all which we enjoy, and a great part of what we suffer, *is put in our own power*. For pleasure and pain are the consequences of our actions; and we are endued by the Author of our Nature with capacities of foreseeing these consequences. We find by experience He does not so

much as preserve our lives, exclusively of our own care and attention, to provide ourselves with and to make use of that sustenance by which He has appointed our lives shall be preserved, and without which He has appointed they shall not be preserved at all. And in general we foresee that the external things, which are the objects of our various passions, can neither be obtained nor enjoyed without exerting ourselves in such and such manners; but by thus exerting ourselves we obtain and enjoy these objects in which our natural good consists, or by this means God gives us the possession and enjoyment of them. I know not that we have any one kind or degree of enjoyment, but by the means of our own actions. And by prudence and care we may, for the most part, pass our days in tolerable ease and quiet; or, on the contrary, we may, by rashness, ungoverned passion, willfulness, or even by negligence, make ourselves as miserable as ever we please. And many do please to make themselves extremely miserable — *i.e.* to do what they know beforehand will render them so. They follow those ways, the fruit of which they know by instruction, example, experience, will be disgrace and poverty and sickness and untimely death. This every one observes to be the general course of things; though it is to be allowed we cannot find by experience that all our sufferings are owing to our own follies.

Why the Author of Nature does not give His creatures promiscuously such and such perceptions, without regard to their behavior, why He does not make them happy without the instrumentality of their own actions, and prevent their bringing any sufferings upon themselves, is another matter. Perhaps there may be some impossibilities in the nature of things which we are unacquainted with. Or less happiness, it may be, would upon the whole be produced by such a method of conduct than is by the present. Or perhaps divine goodness, with which, if I mistake not, we make very free in our speculations, may not be a bare single disposition to produce happiness, but a disposition to make the good, the faithful, the honest man happy. Perhaps an infinitely perfect mind may be pleased with seeing his creatures behave suitably to the nature which he has given them, to the relations which he has placed them in to each other, and to that which they stand in to himself, that relation to himself which, during their existence, is even necessary, and which is the most important one of all. Perhaps, I say, an infinitely perfect mind may be pleased with

this moral piety of moral agents, in and for itself, as well as upon account of its being essentially conducive to the happiness of his creation. Or the whole end for which God made and thus governs the world may be utterly beyond the reach of our faculties. There may be somewhat in it as impossible for us to have any conception of as for a blind man to have a conception of colors. But however this be, it is certain matter of universal experience that the general method of divine administration is forewarning us, or giving us capacities to foresee, with more or less clearness, that if we act so and so we shall have such enjoyments, if so and so such sufferings, and giving us those enjoyments and making us feel those sufferings in consequence of our actions.

"But all this is to be ascribed to the general course of nature." True. This is the very thing which I am observing. It is to be ascribed to the general course of nature — *i.e.* not surely to the words or ideas, "course of nature," but to him who appointed it, and put things into it; or to a course of operation, from its uniformity or constancy, called natural, and which necessarily implies an operating agent. For when men find themselves necessitated to confess an Author of Nature, or that God is the natural governor of the world, they must not deny this again, because His government is uniform; they must not deny that He does all things at all, because He does them constantly; because the effects of His acting are permanent, whether His acting be so or not, though there is no reason to think it is not. In short, every man, in everything he does, naturally acts upon the forethought and apprehension of avoiding evil or obtaining good; and if the natural course of things be the appointment of God, and our natural faculties of knowledge and experience are given us by Him, then the good and bad consequences which follow our actions are His appointment, and our foresight of those consequences is a warning given us by Him how we are to act.

"Is the pleasure, then, naturally accompanying every particular gratification of passion intended to put us upon gratifying ourselves in every such particular instance, and as a reward to us for so doing?" No, certainly. Nor is it to be said that our eyes were naturally intended to give us the sight of each particular object to which they do or can extend; objects which are destructive of them, or which, for any other reason, it may become us to turn our eyes from. Yet there is no doubt but

that our eyes were intended for us to see with. So neither is there any doubt but that the foreseen pleasures and pains belonging to the passions were intended, in general, to induce mankind to act in such and such manners.

Now from this general observation, obvious to every one, that God has given us to understand, He has appointed satisfaction and delight to be the consequence of our acting in one manner, and pain and uneasiness of our acting in another, and of our not acting at all, and that we find the consequences, which we were beforehand informed of, uniformly to follow, we may learn that we are at present actually under His government in the strictest and most proper sense, in such a sense as that He rewards and punishes us for our actions. An Author of Nature being supposed, it is not so much a deduction of reason as a matter of experience that we are thus under His government; under His government in the same sense as we are under the government of civil magistrates. Because the annexing pleasure to some actions, and pain to others, in our power to do or forbear, and giving notice of this appointment beforehand to those whom it concerns, is the proper formal notion of government. Whether the pleasure or pain which thus follows upon our behavior be owing to the Author of Nature's acting upon us every moment which we feel it, or to His having at once contrived and executed His own part in the plan of the world, makes no alteration as to the matter before us. For, if civil magistrates could make the sanctions of their laws take place without interposing at all, after they had passed them, without a trial and the formalities of an execution; if they were able to make their laws execute themselves, or every offender to execute them upon himself, we should be just in the same sense under their government then as we are now, but in a much higher degree and more perfect manner. Vain is the ridicule with which one foresees some persons will divert themselves upon finding lesser pains considered as instances of divine punishment. There is no possibility of answering or evading the general thing here intended without denying all final causes. For final causes being admitted, the pleasures and pains now mentioned must be admitted too as instances of them. And if they are, if God annexes delight to some actions, and uneasiness to others, with an apparent design to induce us to act so and so, then He not only dispenses happiness and misery, but also rewards and punishes actions. If, for example, the pain which

we feel upon doing what tends to the destruction of our bodies — suppose upon too near approaches to fire, or upon wounding ourselves — be appointed by the Author of Nature to prevent our doing what thus tends to our destruction, this is altogether as much an instance of His punishing our actions, and consequently of our being under His government, as declaring by a voice from heaven, that if we acted so He would inflict such pain upon us, and inflicting it, whether it be greater or less.

Thus we find that the true notion or conception of the Author of Nature is that of a master or governor, prior to the consideration of His moral attributes. The fact of our case, which we find by experience, is, that He actually exercises dominion or government over us at present, by rewarding and punishing us for our actions, in as strict and proper a sense of these words, and even in the same sense, as children, servants, subjects, are rewarded and punished by those who govern them.

And thus the whole analogy of Nature, the whole present course of things, most fully shows that there is nothing incredible in the general doctrine of religion; that God will reward and punish men for their actions hereafter — nothing incredible, I mean, arising out of the notion of rewarding and punishing. For the whole course of Nature is a present instance of His exercising that government over us which implies in it rewarding and punishing.

PEN CARICATURES AND SELF-PORTRAITURE.

By ALEXANDER POPE.

[For biographical sketch, see page 373.]

'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.
Boastful and rough, your first son is a squire;
The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar;
Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will sneaks a scriv'ner, an exceeding knave:
Is he a churchman? then he's fond of power:
A quaker? sly: a presbyterian? sour:
A smart free-thinker? all things in an hour.
Ask men's opinions: Scoto now shall tell
How trade increases, and the world goes well;

Strike off his pension, by the setting sun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.
That gay freethinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a stupid, silent dunce?
Some god, or spirit he has lately found;
Or chanced to meet a minister that frowned.
Judge we by nature? habit can efface,
Interest o'ercome, or policy take place:
By actions? those uncertainty divides:
By passions? these dissimulation hides:
Opinions? they still take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.
Manners with fortunes, humors turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.
Search then the ruling passion: there, alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known;
The fool consistent, and the false sincere;
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
This clew once found, unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confessed.
Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise:
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies;
Though wond'ring senates hung on all he spoke,
The Club must hail him master of the joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too;
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores:
Enough, if all around him but admire,
And now the punk applaud, and now the friar.
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
And most contemptible to shun contempt;
His passion still to covet general praise,
His life to forfeit it a thousand ways:
A constant bounty which no friend has made;
An angel tongue, which no man can persuade;
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,
Too rash for thought, for action too refined;
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A rebel to the very king he loves:

He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great.
Ask you why Wharton broke through ev'ry rule?
'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool. . . .

A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This, who can gratify? for who can guess?
The bard whom pilfered pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains, from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year;
He, who still wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
And he, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
All these, my modest satire bade translate,
And owned that nine such poets made a Tate.
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
And swear, not Addison himself was safe.
Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and templars ev'ry sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise —
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep if Atticus were he? . . .

Proud as Apollo on his forkèd hill,
Sate full-blown Bufo, puffed by every quill;
Fed with soft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song.
His library (where busts of poets dead
And a true Pindar stood without a head)
Received of wits an undistinguished race,
Who first his judgment asked, and then a place:
Much they extolled his pictures, much his seat,
And flattered ev'ry day, and some days eat:
Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid some bards with port, and some with praise;
To some a dry rehearsal was assigned,
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
Dryden alone escaped this judging eye:
But still the great have kindness in reserve,
He helped to bury whom he helped to starve.
May some choice patron bless each grey goose quill!
May ev'ry Bavius have his Bufo still!
So when a statesman wants a day's defense,
Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense,
Or simple pride for flattery makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!
Blessed be the great, for those they take away,
And those they left me, for they left me Gay;
Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameless life the sole return
My verse, and Queensberry weeping o'er thy urn! . . .

A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.
Let Sporus tremble —
A. What, that thing of silk?
Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?
Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.
His wit all see-saw, between that and this,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's temper thus the rabbins have exprest,
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest,
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
  Not fortune's worshiper, nor fashion's fool,
Not lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool,
Not proud, nor servile; be one poet's praise,
That, if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways:
That flattery, even to kings, he held a shame,
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same.
That not in fancy's maze he wandered long,
But stooped to truth, and moralized his song:
That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laughed at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed trash, and dullness not his own;
The morals blackened when the writings 'scape,
The libeled person, and the pictured shape;
Abuse, on all he loved, or loved him, spread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead:
The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his sovereign's ear —
Welcome for thee, fair virtue! all the past:
For thee, fair virtue! welcome ev'n the last!

ESSAY ON MAN.

By ALEXANDER POPE.

[Alexander Pope: An English poet; born May 22, 1688. His whole career was one of purely poetic work and the personal relations it brought him into. He published the "Essay on Criticism" in 1710, the "Rape of the Lock" in 1711, the "Messiah" in 1712, his translation of the Iliad in 1718–1720, and of the Odyssey in 1725. His "Essay on Man," whose thoughts were mainly suggested by Bolingbroke, appeared in 1733. His "Satires," modeled on Horace's manner, but not at all in his spirit, are among his best-known works. He died May 30, 1744.]

I. Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of Mankind is Man.
Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A Being darkly wise, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the Skeptic side,
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a God, or Beast;
In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confused;
Still by himself abused, or disabused;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of Truth, in endless Error hurled:
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

Go, wondrous creature! mount where Science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun;
Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God;
As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!

Superior beings, when of late they saw

A mortal Man unfold all Nature's law,
Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And showed a NEWTON as we show an Ape.
Could he, whose rules the rapid Comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his Mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?
Alas what wonder! Man's superior part
Unchecked may rise, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.
Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of Pride;
Deduct what is but Vanity, or Dress,
Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleness;
Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
Of all our Vices have created Arts;
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which served the past, and must the times to come!
II. Two Principles in human nature reign:
Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to restrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation still,
Ascribe all Good; to their improper, Ill.
Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And but for this, were active to no end:
Fixed like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteorlike, flame lawless thro' the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroyed.
Most strength the moving principle requires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Formed but to check, delib'rate, and advise.
Self-love still stronger, as its objects nigh;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.

The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to Reason still attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains.
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite;
And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like Fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, Pleasure their desire;
But greedy That, its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flower;
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.
III. Modes of Self-love the Passions we may call;
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:
But since not every good we can divide,
And Reason bids us for our own provide;
Passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair,
List under Reason, and deserve her care;
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some Virtue's name.
In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast
Their Virtue fixed; 'tis fixed as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is Exercise, not Rest:
The rising tempest puts in act the soul,
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but Passion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.
Passions, like Elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet, mixed and softened, in his work unite:
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes Man, can Man destroy?
Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain,
These mixed with art, and to due bounds confined,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind:
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife

Gives all the strength and color of our life.
Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise:
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike;
Hence diff'rent Passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak, the organs of the frame;
And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.
As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength:
So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The Mind's disease, its RULING PASSION came;
Each vital humor which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse;
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and power;
As Heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.
We, wretched subjects, tho' to lawful sway,
In this weak queen some fav'rite still obey:
Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend,
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong:
So, when small humors gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driven them out.
Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferred;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard:
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe:
A mightier Power the strong direction sends,
And sev'ral Men impels to sev'ral ends:

Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let power or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease;
Thro' life 'tis followed, even at life's expense;
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find Reason on their side.

Th' Eternal Art educing good from ill,
Grafts on this Passion our best principle:
'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fixed,
Strong grows the Virtue with his nature mixed;
The dross cements what else were too refined,
And in one int'rest body acts with mind.

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear;
The surest Virtues thus from Passions shoot,
Wild Nature's vigor working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
Even av'rice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;
Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refined,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learned or brave;
Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice allied:
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery soul abhorred in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

This light and darkness in our chaos joined,
What shall divide? The God within the mind:
Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,
In Man they join to some mysterious use;
Tho' each by turns the other's bound invade,
As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
And oft so mix, the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice.

Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,

That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
'Tis to mistake them costs the time and pain.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed:
Ask where's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbor further gone than he;
Even those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious every Man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
And even the best, by fits, what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still;
Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal;
But Heaven's great view is One, and that the Whole.
That counterworks each folly and caprice;
That disappoints th' effect of every vice;
That, happy frailties to all ranks applied,
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
That, Virtue's ends from Vanity can raise,
Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise;
And builds on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of Mankind.

Heaven forming each on other to depend
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one Man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common int'rest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;

Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign;
Taught half by Reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.
Whate'er the Passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbor with himself.
The learned is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows nó more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blest, the poet in his Muse.
See some strange comfort every state attend,
And Pride bestowed on all, a common friend;
See some fit Passion every age supply,
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.
Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer books are the toys of age:
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before;
'Till tired he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.
Meanwhile Opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happiness by hope supplied,
And each vacuity of sense by Pride:
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy;
One prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a vanity is given in vain;
Even mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
See! and confess, one comfort still must rise,
'Tis this, Tho' Man's a fool, yet God is WISE.

A DIALOGUE TO THE MEMORY OF MR. ALEXANDER POPE.

By AUSTIN DOBSON.

[Henry Austin Dobson: English poet and biographer; born at Plymouth, England, January 18, 1840. He was educated as a civil engineer, but since 1856 has held a position in the Board of Trade, devoting his leisure hours to literary work. He domesticated the old French stanza form in English verse, and has done much to revive an interest in English art and literature of the eighteenth century. "Vignettes in Rhyme," "At the Sign of the Lyre," and "Proverbs in Porcelain" constitute his chief poetical works. In prose he has written biographies of Bewick, Walpole, Hogarth, Steele, and Goldsmith; "Eighteenth-Century Vignettes," etc.]

Poet —
I sing of Pope ——
Friend —
What, Pope, the *Twitnam* Bard,
Whom *Dennis, Cibber, Tibbald* pushed so hard!
Pope of the *Dunciad!* Pope who dared to woo,
And then to libel, *Wortley-Montagu!*
Pope of the *Ham-walks* story ——
Poet — Scandals all!
Scandals that now I care not to recall.
Surely a little, in two hundred Years,
One may neglect Contemporary Sneers: —
Surely Allowance for the Man may make
That had all *Grub-street* yelping in his Wake!
And who (I ask you) has been never Mean,
When urged by Envy, Anger, or the Spleen?
No: I prefer to look on Pope as one
Not rightly happy till his Life was done;
Whose whole Career, romance it as you please,
Was (what he called it) but a "long Disease":
Think of his Lot, — his Pilgrimage of Pain,
His "crazy Carcass" and his restless Brain;
Think of his Night Hours with their Feet of Lead,
His dreary Vigil and his aching Head;
Think of all this, and marvel then to find
The "crooked Body with a crooked Mind!"
Nay, rather marvel that, in Fate's Despite,
You find so much to solace and delight, —
So much of Courage and of Purpose high
In that unequal Struggle *not* to die.

I grant you freely that POPE played his Part
Sometimes ignobly — but he loved his Art;
I grant you freely that he sought his Ends
Not always wisely — but he loved his Friends;
And who of Friends a nobler Roll could show —
Swift, St. John, Bathurst, Marchmont, Peterb'ro',
Arbuthnot ——

Friend — ATTICUS?

Poet — Well (*entre nous*),
Most that he said of *Addison* was *true.*
Plain truth, you know ——

Friend — Is often not polite
(So *Hamlet* thought) ——

Poet — And *Hamlet* (Sir) was right.
But leave POPE's Life. To-day, methinks, we touch
The Work too little and the Man too much.
Take up the *Lock*, the *Satires, Eloise* —
What Art supreme, what Elegance, what Ease!
How keen the Irony, the Wit how bright,
The Style how rapid, and the Verse how light!
Then read once more, and you shall wonder yet
At Skill, at Turn, at Point, at Epithet.
"True Wit is Nature to Advantage dressed" —
Was ever Thought so pithily expressed?
"And ten low Words oft creep in one dull Line" —
Ah, what a Homily on Yours . . . and Mine!
Or take — to choose at Random — take but This —
"Ten censure wrong for one that writes amiss."

Friend —
Packed and precise, no doubt. Yet surely those
Are but the Qualities we ask of Prose.
Was he a POET?

Poet — Yes: if that be what
Byron was certainly and *Bowles* was not;
Or say you grant him, to come nearer Date,
What *Dryden* had, that was denied to *Tate* ——

Friend —
Which means, you claim from him the Spark divine,
Yet scarce would place him on the highest Line ——

Poet —
True, there are Classes. POPE was most of all
Akin to *Horace, Persius, Juvenal;*
POPE was, like them, the Censor of his Age,
An Age more suited to Repose than Rage;
When Rhyming turned from Freedom to the Schools,

And shocked with License, shuddered into Rules;
When *Phœbus* touched the Poet's trembling Ear
With one supreme Commandment *Be thou Clear;*
When Thought meant less to reason than compile,
And the *Muse* labored . . . chiefly with the File.
Beneath full Wigs no Lyric drew its Breath
As in the Days of great ELIZABETH;
And to the Bards of ANNA was denied
The Note that *Wordsworth* heard on *Duddon* side.
But POPE took up his Parable, and knit
The Woof of Wisdom with the Warp of Wit;
He trimmed the Measure on its equal Feet,
And smoothed and fitted till the Line was neat;
He taught the Pause with due Effect to fall;
He taught the Epigram to come at Call;
He wrote ——

Friend — His *Iliad!*

Poet — Well, suppose you own
You like your *Iliad* in the Prose of *Bohn*, —
Tho' if you'd learn in Prose how *Homer* sang,
'Twere best to learn of *Butcher* and of *Lang*, —
Suppose you say your Worst of POPE, declare
His Jewels Paste, his Nature a Parterre,
His Art but Artifice — I ask once more
Where have you seen such Artifice before?
Where have you seen a Parterre better graced,
Or gems that glitter like his Gems of Paste?
Where can you show, among your Names of Note,
So much to copy and so much to quote?
And where, in Fine, in all our English Verse,
A Style more trenchant and a Sense more terse?

So I, that love the old *Augustan* Days
Of formal Courtesies and formal Phrase;
That like along the finished Line to feel
The Ruffle's Flutter and the Flash of Steel;
That like my Couplet as Compact as Clear;
That like my Satire sparkling tho' severe,
Unmixed with Bathos and unmarred by Trope,
I fling my Cap for Polish — and for POPE!

PEG WOFFINGTON'S PORTRAIT; AND MABEL VANE.

By CHARLES READE.

[CHARLES READE: A distinguished English novelist, born at Ipsden, Oxfordshire, June 8, 1814; died at London, April 11, 1884. He graduated at Magdalen College, Oxford (1835); was elected to a Vinerian fellowship (1842); and was admitted to the bar at Lincoln's Inn (1847). He made his début as a novelist with "Peg Woffington" (1852), which had an immediate success. His subsequent works include: "Christie Johnstone"; "It is Never Too Late to Mend"; "Love me Little, Love me Long"; "The Cloister and the Hearth," a powerful historical novel; "Hard Cash"; "Griffith Gaunt"; "Foul Play"; "Put Yourself in his Place." Among his plays are: "Masks and Faces" (with Tom Taylor); "Drink," an adaptation of Zola's "L'Assommoir"; and dramatizations of some of his own novels.]

MRS. WOFFINGTON sat in Triplet's apartment; and Triplet, palette in hand, painted away upon her portrait.

Mrs. Woffington was in that languid state which comes to women after their hearts have received a blow. She felt as if life was ended, and but the dregs of existence remained; but at times a flood of bitterness rolled over her, and she resigned all hope of perfect happiness in this world, — all hope of loving and respecting the same creature; and at these moments she had but one idea, — to use her own power, and bind her lover to her by chains never to be broken; and to close her eyes, and glide down the precipice of the future.

"I think you are master of this art," said she, very languidly, to Triplet, "you paint so rapidly."

"Yes, madam," said Triplet, gloomily; and painted on. "Confound this shadow!" added he; and painted on.

His soul, too, was clouded. Mrs. Woffington, yawning in his face, had told him she had invited all Mr. Vane's company to come and praise his work; and ever since that he had been *morne et silencieux.*

"You are fortunate," continued Mrs. Woffington, not caring what she said; "it is so difficult to make execution keep pace with conception."

"Yes, ma'am;" and he painted on.

"You are satisfied with it?"

"Anything but, ma'am;" and he painted on.

"Cheerful soul! — then I presume it is like?"

"Not a bit, ma'am;" and he painted on.

Mrs. Woffington stretched.

"You can't yawn, ma'am, — you can't yawn."

"O yes, I can. You are such good company;" and she stretched again.

"I was just about to catch the turn of the lip," remonstrated Triplet.

"Well, catch it, — it won't run away."

"I'll try, ma'am. A pleasant half-hour it will be for me, when they all come here like cits at a shilling ordinary, — each for his cut."

"At a sensitive goose!"

"That is as may be, madam. Those critics flay us alive!"

"You should not hold so many doors open to censure."

"No, ma'am. Head a little more that way. I suppose you *can't* sit quiet, ma'am? — then never mind!" (This resignation was intended as a stinging reproach.) "Mr. Cibber, with his sneering snuff box! Mr. Quin, with his humorous bludgeon! Mrs. Clive, with her tongue! Mr. Snarl, with his abuse! And Mr. Soaper, with his praise! — arsenic in treacle I call it! But there, I deserve it all! For look on this picture, and on this!"

"Meaning, I am painted as well as my picture!"

"O no, no, no! But to turn from your face, madam, — on which the lightning of expression plays continually, — to this stony, detestable, dead daub! — I could — And I will, too! Imposture! dead caricature of life and beauty, take that!" and he dashed his palette knife through the canvas. "Libelous lie against nature and Mrs. Woffington, take that!" and he stabbed the canvas again; then, with sudden humility: "I beg your pardon, ma'am," said he, "for this apparent outrage, which I trust you will set down to the excitement attendant upon failure. The fact is, I am an incapable ass, and no painter! Others have often hinted as much; but I never observed it myself till now!"

"Right through my pet dimple!" said Mrs. Woffington, with perfect *nonchalance*. . . .

They sat opposite each other, in mournful silence. At length the actress suddenly rose. She struggled fiercely against her depression, and vowed that melancholy should not benumb her spirits and her power. . . .

She sat gently down again, and leaned her head on her hand, and thought. She was beautiful as she thought! Her body seemed bristling with mind! At last her thoughtful gravity was illumined by a smile. She had thought out something.

"Triplet, the picture is quite ruined!"

"Yes, madam. And a coach load of criticism coming!"

"Triplet, we actors and actresses have often bright ideas."

"Yes, ma'am."

"When we take other people's!"

"He, he!" went Triplet. "Those are our best, madam!"

"Well, sir, I have got a bright idea."

"You don't say so, ma'am!"

"Don't be a brute, dear!" said the lady, gravely.

Triplet stared.

"When I was in France, taking lessons of Dumesnil, one of the actors of the Théâtre Français had his portrait painted by a rising artist. The others were to come and see it. They determined, beforehand, to mortify the painter and the sitter, by abusing the work in good set terms. But somehow this got wind, and the patients resolved to be the physicians. They put their heads together, and contrived that the living face should be in the canvas, surrounded by the accessories: these, of course, were painted. Enter the actors, who played their little prearranged farce; and, when they had each given the picture a slap, the picture rose and laughed in their faces, and discomfited them! By the bye, the painter did not stop there: he was not content with a short laugh, he laughed at them five hundred years!"

"Good gracious, Mrs. Woffington!"

"He painted a picture of the whole thing; and as his work is immortal, ours an April snowflake, he has got tremendously the better of those rash little satirists. Well, Trip, what is sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose; so give me the sharpest knife in the house."

Triplet gave her a knife, and looked confused, while she cut away the face of the picture, and by dint of scraping, cutting, and measuring, got her face two parts through the canvas. She then made him take his brush and paint all round her face, so that the transition might not be too abrupt. Several yards of green baize were also produced. This was to be disposed behind the easel, so as to conceal her.

Triplet painted here, and touched and retouched there. Whilst thus occupied, he said, in his calm, resigned way: "It won't do, madam. I suppose you know that?"

"I know nothing," was the reply. "Life is a guess. I don't think we could deceive Roxalana and Lucy this way, because their eyes are without colored spectacles; but, when peo-

ple have once begun to see by prejudices and judge by jargon, what can't be done with them? Who knows? do you? I don't; so let us try."

"I beg your pardon, madam; my brush touched your face."

"No offense, sir; I am used to that. And I beg, if you can't tone the rest of the picture up to me, that you will instantly tone me down to the rest. Let us be in tune, whatever it costs, sir."

"I will avail myself of the privilege, madam, but sparingly. Failure, which is certain, madam, will cover us with disgrace."

"Nothing is certain in this life, sir, except that you are a goose. It succeeded in France; and England can match all Europe for fools. Besides, it will be well done. They say Davy Garrick can turn his eyes into bottled gooseberries. Well, Peg Woffington will turn hers into black currants. Haven't you done? I wonder they have not come. Make haste!"

"They will know by its beauty I never did it."

"That is a sensible remark, Trip. But I think they will rather argue backwards; that, as you did it, it cannot be beautiful, and so cannot be me. Your reputation will be our shield."

"Well, madam, now you mention it, they are like enough to take that ground. They despise all I do; if they did not——"

"You would despise them."

At this moment the pair were startled by the sound of a coach. Triplet turned as pale as ashes. Mrs. Woffington had her misgivings; but, not choosing to increase the difficulty, she would not let Triplet, whose self-possession she doubted, see any sign of emotion in her.

"Lock the door," said she, firmly, "and don't be silly. Now hold up my green-baize petticoat, and let me be in a half-light. Now put that table and those chairs before me, so that they can't come right up to me; and, Triplet, don't let them come within six yards, if you can help it. Say it is unfinished, and so must be seen from a focus."

"A focus! I don't know what you mean."

"No more do I; no more will they, perhaps; and, if they don't, they will swallow it directly. Unlock the door: are they coming?"

"They are only at the first stair."

"Mr. Triplet, your face is a book, where one may read strange matters. For Heaven's sake, compose yourself: let all the risk lie in one countenance. Look at me, sir. Make your

face like the Book of Daniel in a Jew's back parlor. Volto Sciolto is your cue."

"Madam, madam, how your tongue goes! I hear them on the stairs: pray don't speak!"

"Do you know what we are going to do?" continued the tormenting Peggy. "We are going to weigh goose's feathers! to criticise criticism, Trip ——"

"Hush! hush!"

A grampus was heard outside the door, and Triplet opened it. There was Quin leading the band.

"Have a care, sir," cried Triplet; "there is a hiatus the third step from the door."

"A *gradus ad Parnassum* a wanting," said Mr. Cibber.

Triplet's heart sank. The hole had been there six months, and he had found nothing witty to say about it, and at first sight Mr. Cibber had done its business. And on such men he and his portrait were to attempt a preposterous delusion. Then there was Snarl, who wrote critiques on painting, and guided the national taste. The unlucky exhibitor was in a cold sweat. He led the way like a thief going to the gallows.

"The picture being unfinished, gentlemen," said he, "must, if you would do me justice, be seen from a — a focus: must be judged from here, I mean."

"Where, sir?" said Mr. Cibber.

"About here, sir, if you please," said poor Triplet, faintly.

"It looks like a finished picture from here," said Mrs. Clive.

"Yes, madam," groaned Triplet.

They all took up a position, and Triplet timidly raised his eyes along with the rest: he was a little surprised. The actress had flattened her face! She had done all that could be done, and more than he had conceived possible, in the way of extracting life and the atmosphere of expression from her countenance. She was "dead still"!

There was a pause.

Triplet fluttered. At last some of them spoke as follows: —

Soaper — "Ah!"

Quin — "Ho!"

Clive — "Eh!"

Cibber — "Humph!"

These interjections are small on paper, but as the good creatures uttered them they were eloquent; there was a cheerful variety of dispraise skillfully thrown into each of them.

"Well," continued Soaper, with his everlasting smile.

Then the fun began.

"May I be permitted to ask whose portrait this is?" said Mr. Cibber, slyly.

"I distinctly told you, it was to be Peg Woffington's," said Mrs. Clive. "I think you might take my word."

"Do you act as truly as you paint?" said Quin.

"Your fame runs no risk from me, sir!" replied Triplet.

"It is not like Peggy's beauty! Eh?" rejoined Quin.

"I can't agree with you," cried Kitty Clive. "I think it a very pretty face; and not at all like Peg Woffington's."

"Compare paint with paint," said Quin. "Are you sure you ever saw down to Peggy's real face?"

Triplet had seen with alarm that Mr. Snarl spoke not; many satirical expressions crossed his face, but he said nothing. Triplet gathered from this that he had at once detected the trick. "Ah!" thought Triplet, "he means to quiz them, as well as expose me. He is hanging back; and, in point of fact, a mighty satirist like Snarl would naturally choose to quiz six people rather than two."

"Now I call it beautiful!" said the traitor Soaper. "So calm and reposeful; no particular expression."

"None whatever," said Snarl.

"Gentlemen," said Triplet, "does it never occur to you that the fine arts are tender violets, and cannot blow when the north winds ——"

"Blow!" inserted Quin.

"Are so cursed cutting?" continued Triplet.

"My good sir, I am never cutting!" smirked Soaper. "My dear Snarl," whined he, "give us the benefit of your practiced judgment. Do justice to this ad-mirable work of art," drawled the traitor.

"I will!" said Mr. Snarl; and placed himself before the picture.

"What on earth will he say?" thought Triplet. "I can see by his face, he has found us out."

Mr. Snarl delivered a short critique. Mr. Snarl's intelligence was not confined to his phrases; all critics use intelligent phrases and philosophical truths. But this gentleman's manner was very intelligent; it was pleasant, quiet, assured, and very convincing. Had the reader or I been there, he

would have carried us with him, as he did his hearers; and as his successors carry the public with them now.

"Your brush is by no means destitute of talent, Mr. Triplet," said Mr. Snarl. "But you are somewhat deficient, at present, in the great principles of your art; the first of which is a loyal adherence to truth. Beauty itself is but one of the forms of truth, and nature is our finite exponent of infinite truth."

His auditors gave him a marked attention. They could not but acknowledge, that men who go to the bottom of things like this should be the best instructors.

"Now, in nature, a woman's face at this distance — aye, even at this short distance — melts into the air. There is none of that sharpness; but, on the contrary, a softness of outline." He made a lorgnette of his two hands; the others did so too, and found they saw much better — oh, ever so much better! "Whereas yours," resumed Snarl, "is hard; and, forgive me, rather tea-board-like. Then your *chiaroscuro*, my good sir, is very defective; for instance, in nature, the nose, intercepting the light on one side the face, throws, of necessity, a shadow under the eye. Caravaggio, Venetians generally, and the Bolognese masters do particular justice to this. No such shade appears in this portrait."

"'Tis so, stop my vitals!" observed Colley Cibber. And they all looked, and, having looked, wagged their heads in assent, — as the fat, white lords at Christie's waggle fifty pounds more out for a copy of Rembrandt, a brown levitical Dutchman, visible in the pitch dark by some sleight of sun Newton had not wit to discover.

Soaper dissented from the mass.

"But, my dear Snarl, if there are no shades, there are lights, loads of lights."

"There are," replied Snarl; "only they are impossible, that is all. You have, however," concluded he, with a manner slightly supercilious, "succeeded in the mechanical parts; the hair and the dress are well, Mr. Triplet; but *your* Woffington is not a woman, nor nature."

They all nodded and waggled assent; but this sagacious motion was arrested as by an earthquake.

The picture rang out, in the voice of a clarion, an answer that outlived the speaker: "She's a woman! for she has taken four men in! She's nature! for a fluent dunce doesn't know her when he sees her!"

Imagine the tableau! It was charming! Such opening of eyes and mouths! Cibber fell by second nature into an attitude of the old comedy. And all were rooted where they stood, with surprise and incipient mortification, except Quin, who slapped his knee, and took the trick at its value.

Peg Woffington slipped out of the green baize, and, coming round from the back of the late picture, stood in person before them; while they looked alternately at her and at the hole in the canvas. She then came at each of them in turn, *more dramatico*.

"A pretty face, and not like Woffington. I owe you two, Kate Clive."

"Who ever saw Peggy's real face? Look at it now if you can without blushing, Mr. Quin."

Quin, a good-humored fellow, took the wisest view of his predicament, and burst into a hearty laugh.

"For all this," said Mr. Snarl, peevishly, "I maintain, upon the unalterable principles of art—" At this they all burst into a roar, not sorry to shift the ridicule. "Goths!" cried Snarl, fiercely. "Good morning, ladies and gentlemen," cried Mr. Snarl, *avec intention*, "I have a criticism to write of last night's performance." The laugh died away to a quaver. "I shall sit on your pictures one day, Mr. Brush."

"Don't sit on them with your head downwards, or you'll addle them," said Mr. Brush, fiercely. This was the first time Triplet had ever answered a foe. Mrs. Woffington gave him an eloquent glance of encouragement. He nodded his head in infantine exultation at what he had done.

"Come, Soaper," said Mr. Snarl.

Mr. Soaper lingered one moment to say: "You shall always have my good word, Mr. Triplet."

"I will try—and not deserve it, Mr. Soaper," was the prompt reply.

"Serve 'em right," said Mr. Cibber, as soon as the door had closed upon them; "for a couple of serpents, or rather one boa-constrictor. Soaper slavers, for Snarl to crush. But we were all a little too hard on Triplet here; and, if he will accept my apology——"

"Why, sir," said Triplet, half trembling, but driven on by looks from Mrs. Woffington, "'Cibber's Apology' is found to be a trifle wearisome."

"Confound his impertinence!" cried the astounded laureate. "Come along, Jemmy."

"O sir," said Quin, good-humoredly, "we must give a joke and take a joke. And when he paints my portrait, — which he shall do ——"

"The bear from Hockley Hole shall sit for the head!"

"Curse his impudence!" roared Quin. "I'm at your service, Mr. Cibber," added he, in huge dudgeon.

Away went the two old boys.

"Mighty well!" said waspish Mrs. Clive. "I did intend you should have painted Mrs. Clive. But after this impertinence ——"

"You will continue to do it yourself, ma'am!"

This was Triplet's hour of triumph. His exultation was undignified, and such as is said to precede a fall. He inquired gravely of Mrs. Woffington, whether he had or had not shown a spirit. Whether he had or had not fired into each a parting shot, as they sheered off. To repair which, it might be advisable for them to put into friendly ports.

"Tremendous!" was the reply. "And when Snarl and Soaper sit on your next play, they won't forget the lesson you have given them."

"I'll be sworn they won't!" chuckled Triplet. But, reconsidering her words, he looked blank, and muttered: "Then perhaps it would have been more prudent to let them alone!"

"Incalculably more prudent!" was the reply.

"Then why did you set me on, madam?" said Triplet, reproachfully.

"Because I wanted amusement, and my head ached," was the cool answer, somewhat languidly given.

"I defy the coxcombs!" cried Triplet, with reviving spirit. "But real criticism I respect, honor, and bow to. Such as yours, madam; or such as that sweet lady's at Mr. Vane's would have been; or, in fact, anybody's who appreciates me. O madam, I wanted to ask you, was it not strange your not being at Mr. Vane's, after all, to-day?"

"I was at Mr. Vane's, Triplet."

"You were? Why, I came with my verses, and she said you were not there! I will go fetch the verses."

"No, no! Who said I was not there?"

"Did I not tell you? The charming young lady who helped me with her own hand to everything on the table. What wine that gentleman possesses!"

"Was it a young lady, Triplet?"

"Not more than two and twenty, I should say."

"In a traveling dress?"

"I could not see her dress, madam, for her beauty, — brown hair, blue eyes, charming in conversation ——"

"Ah! What did she tell you?"

"She told me, madam — Ahem!"

"Well, what did you tell her? And what did she answer?"

"I told her that I came with verses for you, ordered by Mr. Vane. That he admired you. I descanted, madam, on your virtues, which had made him your slave."

"Go on," said Mrs. Woffington, encouraging him with a deceitful smile. "Tell me all you told her."

"That you were sitting to me for your portrait, the destination of which was not doubtful. That I lived at 10 Hercules Buildings."

"You told that lady all this?"

"I give my honor. She was so kind, I opened my heart to her. But tell me now, madam," said Triplet, joyously dancing round the Woffington volcano, "do you know this charming lady?"

"Yes."

"I congratulate you, madam. An acquaintance worthy even of you; and there are not many such. Who is she, madam?" continued Triplet, lively with curiosity.

"Mrs. Vane," was the quiet, grim answer.

"Mrs. Vane? His mother? No — am I mad? His sister! O, I see, his ——"

"His wife!"

"His wife! Why, then Mr. Vane's married?"

"Yes."

"O, look there! — O, look here, now! Well, but, good Heavens! she wasn't to know you were there, perhaps?"

"No."

"But then I let the cat out of the bag?"

"Yes."

"But, good gracious! there will be some serious mischief!"

"No doubt of it."

"And it is all my fault?"

"Yes."

"I've played the deuce with their married happiness?"

"Probably."

"And ten to one if you are not incensed against me too?"

Mrs. Woffington replied by looking him in the face, and turning her back upon him. She walked hastily to the window, threw it open, and looked out of it, leaving poor Triplet to very unpleasant reflections. She was so angry with him she dared not trust herself to speak.

"Just my luck," thought he. "I had a patron and a benefactress; I have betrayed them both." Suddenly an idea struck him. "Madam," said he, timorously, "see what these fine gentlemen are! What business had he, with a wife at home, to come and fall in love with you? I do it forever in my plays — I am obliged — they would be so dull else; but in *real* life to do it is abominable."

"You forget, sir," replied Mrs. Woffington, without moving, "that I am an actress, — a plaything for the impertinence of puppies and the treachery of hypocrites. Fool! to think there was an honest man in the world, and that he had shone on me!"

With these words she turned, and Triplet was shocked to see the change in her face. She was pale, and her black, lowering brows were gloomy and terrible. She walked like a tigress to and fro, and Triplet dared not speak to her: indeed she seemed but half conscious of his presence. He went for nobody with her. How little we know the people we eat and go to church and flirt with! Triplet had imagined this creature an incarnation of gayety, a sportive being, the daughter of smiles, the bride of mirth; needed but a look at her now to see that her heart was a volcano, her bosom a boiling gulf of fiery lava. She walked like some wild creature; she flung her hands up to heaven with a passionate despair, before which the feeble spirit of her companion shrank and cowered; and, with quivering lips and blazing eyes, she burst into a torrent of passionate bitterness.

"But who is Margaret Woffington," she cried, "that she should pretend to honest love, or feel insulted by the proffer of a stolen regard? And what have we to do with homes, or hearts, or firesides? Have we not the playhouse, its paste diamonds, its paste feelings, and the loud applause of tops and sots — hearts? — beneath loads of tinsel and paint? Nonsense! The love that can go with souls to heaven, — such love for us? Nonsense! These men applaud us, cajole us, swear to us, flatter us; and yet, forsooth, we would have them respect us too."

"My dear benefactress," said Triplet, "they are not worthy of you."

"I thought this man was not all dross; from the first I never felt his passion an insult. O Triplet! I could have loved this man, — really loved him! and I longed so to be good. O God! O God!"

"Thank Heaven, you don't love him!" cried Triplet, hastily. "Thank Heaven for that!"

"Love him? Love a man who comes to me with a silly second-hand affection from his insipid baby face, and offers me half, or two thirds, or a third of his worthless heart? I hate him! — and her! — and all the world!"

"That is what I call a very proper feeling," said poor Triplet, with a weak attempt to soothe her. "Then break with him at once, and all will be well."

"Break with him? Are you mad? No! Since he plays with the tools of my trade I shall fool him worse than he has me. I will feed his passion full, tempt him, torture him, play with him, as the angler plays a fish upon his hook. And, when his very life depends on me, then by degrees he shall see me cool, and cool, and freeze into bitter aversion. Then he shall rue the hour he fought with the Devil against my soul, and played false with a brain and heart like mine!"

"But his poor wife? You will have pity on her?"

"His wife! Are wives' hearts the only hearts that throb, and burn, and break? His wife must defend herself. It is not from me that mercy can come to her, nor from her to me. I loathe her, and I shall not forget that you took her part. Only, if you are her friend, take my advice, don't you assist her. I shall defeat her without that. Let her fight *her* battle, and *I* mine."

"Ah, madam! she cannot fight; she is a dove."

"You are a fool! What do you know about women? You were with her five minutes, and she turned you inside out. My life on it, whilst I have been fooling my time here, she is in the field, with all the arts of our sex, simplicity at the head of them."

Triplet was making a futile endeavor to convert her to his view of her rival, when a knock suddenly came to his door. A slovenly girl, one of his own neighbors, brought him a bit of paper, with a line written in pencil.

"'Tis from a lady, who waits below," said the girl.

Mrs. Woffington went again to the window, and there she saw getting out of a coach, and attended by James Burdock, Mabel Vane, who had sent up her name on the back of an old letter.

"What shall I do?" said Triplet, as soon as he recovered the first stunning effects of this *contretemps*. To his astonishment, Mrs. Woffington bade the girl show the lady upstairs. The girl went down on this errand.

"But *you* are here," remonstrated Triplet. "O, to be sure, you can go into the other room. There is plenty of time to avoid her," said Triplet, in a very natural tremor. "This way, madam!"

Mrs. Woffington stood in the middle of the room like a statue.

"What does she come here for?" said she, sternly. "You have not told me all."

"I don't know," cried poor Triplet, in dismay; "and I think the Devil brings her here to confound me. For Heaven's sake, retire! What will become of us all? There will be murder, I know there will!"

To his horror, Mrs. Woffington would not move. "You are on her side," said she, slowly, with a concentration of spite and suspicion. She looked frightful at this moment. "All the better for me," added she, with a world of female malignity.

Triplet could not make head against this blow; he gasped, and pointed piteously to the inner door. "No; I will know two things: the course she means to take, and the terms you two are upon."

By this time Mrs. Vane's light foot was heard on the stair, and Triplet sank into a chair. "They will tear one another to pieces," said he.

A tap came to the door.

He looked fearfully round for the woman whom jealousy had so speedily turned from an angel to a fiend; and saw with dismay that she had actually had the hardihood to slip round and enter the picture again. She had not quite arranged herself when her rival knocked.

Triplet dragged himself to the door. Before he opened it, he looked fearfully over his shoulder, and received a glance of cool, bitter, deadly hostility, that boded ill both for him and his visitor. Triplet's apprehensions were not unreasonable. His benefactress and this sweet lady were rivals!

Jealousy is a dreadful passion, it makes us tigers. The jealous always thirst for blood. At any moment when reason is a little weaker than usual, they are ready to kill the thing they hate or the thing they love.

Any open collision between these ladies would scatter ill consequences all round. Under such circumstances, we are pretty sure to say or do something wicked, silly, or unreasonable. But what tortured Triplet more than anything was his own particular notion that fate doomed him to witness a formal encounter between these two women, and of course an encounter of such a nature as we in our day illustrate by "Kilkenny cats."

To be sure, Mrs. Vane had appeared a dove, but doves can peck on certain occasions, and no doubt she had a spirit at bottom. Her coming to him proved it. And had not the other been a dove all the morning and afternoon? Yet jealousy had turned her to a fiend before his eyes. Then if (which was not probable) no collision took place, what a situation was his! Mrs. Woffington (his buckler from starvation) suspected him, and would distort every word that came from Mrs. Vane's lips.

Triplet's situation was, in fact, that of Æneas in the storm.

> Olim et hæc meminisse juvabit—
> But, while present, such things don't please any one a bit.

It was the sort of situation we can laugh at, and see the fun of it six months after, if not shipwrecked on it at the time.

With a ghastly smile the poor quaking hypocrite welcomed Mrs. Vane, and professed a world of innocent delight that she had so honored his humble roof.

She interrupted his compliments, and begged him to see whether she was followed by a gentleman in a cloak.

Triplet looked out of the window.

"Sir Charles Pomander!" gasped he.

Sir Charles was at the very door. If, however, he had intended to mount the stairs he changed his mind, for he suddenly went off round the corner with a businesslike air, real or fictitious.

"He is gone, madam," said Triplet.

Mrs. Vane, the better to escape detection or observation, wore a thick mantle and a hood that concealed her features. Of these Triplet debarrassed her.

"Sit down, madam;" and he hastily drew a chair so that her back was to the picture.

She was pale, and trembled a little. She hid her face in her hands a moment, then, recovering her courage, "she begged Mr. Triplet to pardon her for coming to him. He had inspired her with confidence," she said; "he had offered her his services, and so she had come to him, for she had no other friend to aid her in her sore distress." She might have added, that with the tact of her sex she had read Triplet to the bottom, and came to him as she would to a benevolent, muscular old woman.

Triplet's natural impulse was to repeat most warmly his offers of service. He did so; and then, conscious of the picture, had a misgiving.

"Dear Mr. Triplet," began Mrs. Vane, "you know this person, Mrs. Woffington?"

"Yes, madam," replied Triplet, lowering his eyes, "I am honored by her acquaintance."

"You will take me to the theater where she acts?"

"Yes, madam: to the boxes, I presume?"

"No! O no! How could I bear that? To the place where the actors and actresses are."

Triplet demurred. This would be courting that very collision, the dread of which even now oppressed him.

At the first faint sign of resistance she began to supplicate him, as if he was some great, stern tyrant.

"O, you must not, you cannot refuse me. You do not know what I risk to obtain this. I have risen from my bed to come to you. I have a fire here!" She pressed her hand to her brow. "O, take me to her!"

"Madam, I will do anything for you. But be advised; trust to my knowledge of human nature. What you require is madness. Gracious Heavens! you two are rivals, and when rivals meet there's murder or deadly mischief."

"Ah! if you knew my sorrow, you would not thwart me. O Mr. Triplet! little did I think you were as cruel as the rest." So then this cruel monster whimpered out that he should do any folly she insisted upon. "Good, kind Mr. Triplet!" said Mrs. Vane. "Let me look in your face? Yes, I see you are honest and true. I will tell you all." Then she poured in his ear her simple tale, unadorned and touching as Judah's speech to Joseph. She told him how she loved her husband; how he had loved her; how happy they were for the first six months; how her heart sank when he left her; how he had promised she should join him, and on that hope she lived.

"But for two months he had ceased to speak of this, and I grew heartsick waiting for the summons that never came. At last I felt I should die if I did not see him; so I plucked up courage and wrote that I must come to him. He did not forbid me, so I left our country home. O sir! I cannot make you know how my heart burned to be by his side. I counted the hours of the journey; I counted the miles. At last I reached his house; I found a gay company there. I was a little sorry, but I said: 'His friends shall be welcome, right welcome. He has asked them to welcome his wife.'"

"Poor thing!" muttered Triplet.

"O Mr. Triplet! they were there to do honor to ——, and the wife was neither expected nor desired. There lay my letters with their seals unbroken. I know all *his* letters by heart, Mr. Triplet. The seals unbroken — unbroken! Mr. Triplet."

"It is abominable!" cried Triplet, fiercely.

"And she who sat in my seat — in his house, and in his heart — was this lady, the actress you so praised to me."

"That lady, ma'am," said Triplet, "has been deceived as well as you."

"I am convinced of it," said Mabel.

"And it is my painful duty to tell you, madam, that, with all her talents and sweetness, she has a fiery temper; yes, a very fiery temper," continued Triplet, stoutly, though with an uneasy glance in a certain direction; "and I have reason to believe she is angry, and thinks more of her own ill usage than yours. Don't you go near her. Trust to my knowledge of the sex, madam; I am a dramatic writer. Did you ever read the 'Rival Queens'?"

"No."

"I thought not. Well, madam, one stabs the other, and the one that is stabbed says things to the other that are more biting than steel. The prudent course for you is to keep apart, and be always cheerful, and welcome him with a smile — and — have you read 'The Way to keep him'?"

"No, Mr. Triplet," said Mabel, firmly, "I cannot feign. Were I to attempt talent and deceit, I should be weaker than I am now. Honesty and right are all my strength. I will cry to her for justice and mercy. And if I cry in vain, I shall die, Mr. Triplet, that is all."

"Don't cry, dear lady," said Triplet, in a broken voice.

"It is impossible!" cried she, suddenly. "I am not learned,

but I can read faces. I always could, and so could my Aunt Deborah before me. I read you right, Mr. Triplet, and I have read her too. Did not my heart warm to her amongst them all? There *is* a heart at the bottom of all her acting, and that heart is good and noble."

"She is, madam! she is! and charitable too. I know a family she saved from starvation and despair. O yes! she has a heart — to feel for the *poor* at all events."

"And am I not the poorest of the poor?" cried Mrs. Vane. "I have no father nor mother, Mr. Triplet; my husband is all I have in the world, — all I *had*, I mean."

Triplet, deeply affected himself, stole a look at Mrs. Woffington. She was pale; but her face was composed into a sort of dogged obstinacy. He was disgusted with her. "Madam," said he, sternly, "there is a wild beast more cruel and savage than wolves and bears; it is called 'a rival,' and don't you get in its way."

At this moment, in spite of Triplet's precaution, Mrs. Vane, casting her eye accidentally round, caught sight of the picture, and instantly started up, crying, "She is there!" Triplet was thunderstruck. "What a likeness!" cried she, and moved towards the supposed picture.

"Don't go to it!" cried Triplet, aghast; "the color is wet."

She stopped; but her eye and her very soul dwelt upon the supposed picture; and Triplet stood quaking. "How like! It seems to breathe. You are a great painter, sir. A glass is not truer."

Triplet, hardly knowing what he said, muttered something about "critics and lights and shades."

"Then they are blind!" cried Mabel, never for a moment removing her eye from the object. "Tell me not of lights and shades. The pictures I see have a look of paint; but yours looks like life. O that she were here, as this *wonderful* image of hers is. I would speak to her. I am not wise or learned; but orators never pleaded as I would plead to her for my Ernest's heart." Still her eye glanced upon the picture; and I suppose her heart realized an actual presence, though her judgment did not; for by some irresistible impulse she sank slowly down and stretched her clasped hands towards it, while sobs and words seemed to break direct from her bursting heart. "O yes! you are beautiful, you are gifted, and the eyes of thousands wait upon your very word and look. What wonder

that he, ardent, refined, and genial, should lay his heart at your feet? And I have nothing but my love to make him love me. I cannot take him from you. O, be generous to the weak! O, give him back to me! What is one heart more to you? You are so rich, and I am so poor, that without his love I have nothing, and can do nothing but sit me down and cry till my heart breaks. Give him back to me, beautiful, terrible woman! for, with all your gifts, you cannot love him as his poor Mabel does; and I will love you longer perhaps than men can love. I will kiss your feet, and Heaven above will bless you; and I will bless you and pray for you to my dying day. Ah! it is alive! I am frightened! I am frightened!" She ran to Triplet and seized his arm. "No!" cried she, quivering close to him; "I'm not frightened, for it was for me she — O Mrs. Woffington!" and, hiding her face on Mr. Triplet's shoulder, she blushed, and wept, and trembled.

What was it had betrayed Mrs. Woffington? *A tear!*

During the whole of this interview (which had taken a turn so unlooked for by the listener) she might have said with Beatrice, "What fire is in mine ears?" and what self-reproach and chill misgiving in her heart too. She had passed through a hundred emotions, as the young innocent wife told her sad and simple story. But anxious now above all things to escape without being recognized, — for she had long repented having listened at all, or placed herself in her present position, — she fiercely mastered her countenance; but, though she ruled her features, she could not rule her heart. And when the young wife, instead of inveighing against her, came to her as a supplicant, with faith in her goodness, and sobbed to her for pity, a big tear rolled down her cheek, and proved her something more than a picture or an actress.

Mrs. Vane, as we have related, screamed and ran to Triplet.

Mrs. Woffington came instantly from her frame, and stood before them in a despairing attitude, with one hand upon her brow. For a single moment her impulse was to fly from the apartment, so ashamed was she of having listened, and of meeting her rival in this way; but she conquered this feeling, and, as soon as she saw Mrs. Vane too had recovered some composure, she said to Triplet, in a low but firm voice: —

"Leave us, sir. No living creature must hear what I say to this lady!"

Triplet remonstrated, but Mrs. Vane said faintly: —

"O yes, good Mr. Triplet, I would rather you left me."

Triplet, full of misgivings, was obliged to retire.

"Be composed, ladies," said he, piteously. "Neither of you could help it;" and so he entered his inner room, where he sat and listened nervously, for he could not shake off all apprehension of a personal encounter.

In the room he had left there was a long, uneasy silence. Both ladies were greatly embarrassed. It was the actress who spoke first. All trace of emotion, except a certain pallor, was driven from her face. She spoke with very marked courtesy, but in tones that seemed to freeze as they dropped one by one from her mouth.

"I trust, madam, you will do me the justice to believe I did not know Mr. Vane was married?"

"I am sure of it!" said Mabel, warmly. "I feel you are as good as you are gifted."

"Mrs. Vane, I am not!" said the other, almost sternly. "You are deceived!"

"Then Heaven have mercy on me! No! I am not deceived, you pitied me. You speak coldly now; but I know your face and your heart, — you pity me!"

"I do respect, admire, and pity you," said Mrs. Woffington, sadly; "and I could consent nevermore to communicate with your — with Mr. Vane."

"Ah!" cried Mabel; "Heaven will bless you! But will you give me back his heart?"

"How can I do that?" said Mrs. Woffington, uneasily; she had not bargained for this.

"The magnet can repel as well as attract. Can you not break your own spell? What will his presence be to me, if his heart remain behind?"

"You ask much of me."

"Alas! I do."

"But I could do even this." She paused for breath. "And perhaps if you, who have not only touched my heart, but won my respect, were to say to me, 'Do so,' I should do it." Again she paused, and spoke with difficulty; for the bitter struggle took away her breath. "Mr. Vane thinks better of me than I deserve. I have — only — to make him believe me — worthless — worse than I am — and he will drop me like an adder — and love you better, far better — for having known — admired — and despised Margaret Woffington."

"Oh!" cried Mabel, "I shall bless you every hour of my life." Her countenance brightened into rapture at the picture, and Mrs. Woffington's darkened with bitterness as she watched her.

But Mabel reflected. "Rob you of your good name?" said this pure creature. "Ah, Mabel Vane! you think but of yourself!"

"I thank you, madam," said Mrs. Woffington, a little touched by this unexpected trait; "but some one must suffer here, and ——"

Mabel Vane interrupted her. "This would be cruel and base," said she, firmly. "No woman's forehead shall be soiled by me. O madam! beauty is admired, talent is adored; but virtue is a woman's crown. With it, the poor are rich; without it, the rich are poor. It walks through life upright, and never hides its head for high or low."

Her face was as the face of an angel now; and the actress, conquered by her beauty and her goodness, actually bowed her head and gently kissed the hand of the country wife whom she had quizzed a few hours ago.

Frailty paid this homage to virtue!

Mabel Vane hardly noticed it; her eye was lifted to heaven, and her heart was gone there for help in a sore struggle.

"This would be to assassinate you; no less. And so, madam," she sighed, "with God's help, I do refuse your offer; choosing rather, if needs be, to live desolate, but innocent, — many a better than I hath lived so, — aye! if God wills it, to die, with my hopes and my heart crushed, but my hands unstained; for so my humble life has passed."

How beautiful, great, and pure goodness is! It paints heaven on the face that has it; it wakens the sleeping souls that meet it.

At the bottom of Margaret Woffington's heart lay a soul, unknown to the world, scarce known to herself, — a heavenly harp, on which ill airs of passion had been played, — but still it was there, in tune with all that is true, pure, really great and good. And now the flush that a great heart sends to the brow, to herald great actions, came to her cheek and brow.

"Humble!" she cried. "Such as you are the diamonds of our race. You angel of truth and goodness, you have conquered!"

"O yes! yes! Thank God, yes!"

"What a fiend I must be could I injure you! The poor

heart we have both overrated shall be yours again, and yours forever. In my hands it is painted glass; in the luster of a love like yours it may become a priceless jewel." She turned her head away and pondered a moment, then suddenly offered to Mrs. Vane her hand with nobleness and majesty: "Can you trust me?" The actress too was divinely beautiful now, for her good angel shone through her.

"I could trust you with my life!" was the reply.

"Ah! if I might call you friend, dear lady, what would I not do — suffer — resign — to be worthy that title!"

"No, not friend!" cried the warm, innocent Mabel; "sister! I will call you sister. I have no sister."

"Sister!" said Mrs. Woffington. "O, do not mock me! Alas! you do not know what you say. That sacred name to me, from lips so pure as yours; Mrs. Vane," said she, timidly, "would you think me presumptuous if I begged you to — to let me kiss you?"

The words were scarce spoken before Mrs. Vane's arms were wreathed round her neck, and that innocent cheek laid sweetly to hers.

Mrs. Woffington strained her to her bosom, and two great hearts, whose grandeur the world, worshiper of charlatans, never discovered, had found each other out and beat against each other. A great heart is as quick to find another out as the world is slow.

Mrs. Woffington burst into a passion of tears and clasped Mabel tighter and tighter, in a half-despairing way. Mabel mistook the cause, but she kissed her tears away.

"Dear sister," said she, "be comforted. I love you. My heart warmed to you the first moment I saw you. A woman's love and gratitude are something. Ah! you will never find me change. This is for life, look you."

"God grant it!" cried the other poor woman. "O, it is not that, it is not that; it is because I am so little worthy of this. It is a sin to deceive you. I am not good like you. You do not know me!"

"You do not know yourself if you say so!" cried Mabel; and to her hearer the words seemed to come from heaven. "I read faces," said Mabel. "I read yours at sight, and you are what I set you down; and nobody must breathe a word against you, not even yourself. Do you think I am blind? You are beautiful, you are good, you are my sister, and I love you!"

"Heaven forgive me!" thought the other. "How can I resign this angel's good opinion? Surely Heaven sends this blessed dew to my parched heart!" And now she burned to make good her promise, and earn this virtuous wife's love. She folded her once more in her arms, and then, taking her by the hand, led her tenderly into Triplet's inner room. She made her lie down on the bed, and placed pillows high for her like a mother, and leaned over her as she lay, and pressed her lips gently to her forehead. Her fertile brain had already digested a plan, but she had resolved that this pure and candid soul should take no lessons of deceit. "Lie there," said she, "till I open the door, and then join us. Do you know what I am going to do? I am not going to restore you your husband's heart, but to show you it never really left you."

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